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JESSIE OF BOULOGNE;

OR THE

HISTORY OF A FEW MINUTES.

BY THE

REV. C. GILLMOR, M.A.

“They sin who tell us Love can die.”—SOUTHEY.

IN THREE VOLUMES,

VOL. I.



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PREFACE.



“There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
Omnific; His most holy name is Love.
Truth of subliming import! with the which
Who feels and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small particular orbit flies,
With blest outstarting; from himself he flies,
Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze
Views all creation: and he loves it all,
And blesses it, and calls it very good.”

COLERIDGE.

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JESSIE OF BOULOGNE.

CHAPTER I.

CYRIL.

"For a day is coming to quell the tone
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one ;
And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,
Under the gloss of its clustering hair."

MRS. HEMANS.

AN ordinary observer would perhaps have said, that Cyril Grosvenor had lived more than his twenty-three summers ; because the outside world came in contact with more thoughtfulness in him, than is usually to be found in young men of that age. Still, there was much liveliness and even joyousness in his character. In him, an air of deep intelligence seemed naturally to combine with every element of manly beauty ; and there was cheerfulness also, to impart its zest : so that the genial transitions of temperament may perhaps be best drawn for him by

the smart little poet Pope, who bids us aspire to range "From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Cyril was not one of those young men, who, simply because they are religious, always affect to wear an aspect of solemnity and studied gloom. Such fanatical long faces do a great deal of harm to the cause of truth. There is no reason why a person may not be well-disposed, and also simultaneously merry and light-hearted. There is no discrepancy between a ready smile at one time, and a reverence for religion at all times. Nor is there any contradiction between genuine piety enshrined in the inmost recesses of the heart, and a sunny gladsome mode of going forth to meet mankind.

It may indeed be doubted whether there can be much true godliness in those grim puritans, who along with their high sanctimonious pretensions, offer only a sour, sullen, and morose front to all comers. The repulsive demeanor of such ghastly good scarecrows, is sadly calculated to make the religion which they caricature, be simply odious in the eyes of the unreflecting.

It always seems to me that those gloomy religionists, who think there neither can be, nor ought to be, such a thing as a Sunday tale or good sound novel, are singularly untrue to Nature. Nature is beautiful; and, the God of Nature is also the God of Scripture. So, those dark and bilious pietists who plume themselves on being supereminently scriptural, are all the while peculiarly in conflict with that book of beauty, the Bible, which is all clothed in loveli-

ness, just as Nature is. Why should Nature be so arrayed in every charm, with a bright blue canopy above us, and a rich green carpet beneath our feet, if we, in the middle of such splendors, are to be only lowering, growling, and melancholic? The very wild flowers, pink, white, and azure, along our path, seem to rebuke, and refute, the black-souled frowners.

With respect indeed to the charms and wonders of Nature, many men are too discontented to be properly observant. Their murmuring mood seems only capable of eliciting from them the growl of Ancient Pistol, "I eat, and eke I swear." Such is the retranslated "cuss" of those who think it a sin to smile. They are worse than those who are simply inattentive. It is worse for men to needlessly hiss at their work, like ostlers; than, like idle urchins, to exemplify Dryden's sarcasm about the churl who "whistled as he went, for want of thought." It is true, there are many who never, even when in good temper, give any higher symptom of sagacity than may be found in the celebrated "loud laugh" which has been immortalized by Goldsmith as indicating "the vacant mind." But still, what is wanted is, a reasonable tone of cheerfulness, along with a judicious estimate of the state of things around us. Though we know but little, we may know at least this, that we ought to be thankful. This, surely, we can trace, even though we only "know in part." Nature is like a book which God has written; and our little lore, respecting it, is only as if we saw a father

writing an important work, when his dear little son, who has only arrived at months of discretion, comes beside him, and playfully turns over some of the written leaves, having very little idea what the book is really about, even when it is explained by the author. And then, if the fond father takes his little son on his knee, and points out to him some of the more prominent initial letters, that one letter is A, and another is B, getting the little man perhaps to go so far as to spell out a short word or two ; this resembles the researches of the chiefest children of science, compared with the mighty stores of latent truth. Every such lesson is an increase of wisdom. And therefore it may well be in a cheerful spirit that we seek to go on and prosper, dipping reverently into those glad founts of Nature's glories, which emancipate the mind equally from corroding cares, and from depressing darkness.

It may then be very true, that (as we are sure to be told by very serious people,) a mere lust for foolish talking and jesting is one of the vices of the day. In some men, the eternal tendency to stale jokes and senseless glee, is little better than the leers and grins of a confirmed imbecile. Such people are always laughing and cackling, they are always bursting with merriment, and it is all fatuous ; nor have they ever any serious thoughts.

But Cyril Grosvenor, without degenerating into folly or levity, was often foremost in fun, and usually buoyant in spirits ; nor did he the less display at suitable seasons all that yearning after wisdom which

best befits an immortal soul. His Christianity was always at the helm of his career ; and thus he gave a most attractive exemplification of that somewhat rare character, a cheerful Christian.

At present, a degree of perplexity seemed to gather on his brow. It was however no more than a passing indecision with reference to the course he had best pursue. There was nothing in his position to minister to anxiety or depression. In fact, Fortune seemed in many respects to shower upon him her choicest gifts. Blessed with health and strength, and friends and wealth, he was master of his own actions, and he possessed to the full all that is implied in the thrilling word Liberty ; and the fact that his heart had hitherto remained unshackled by devotion to any fair one, might seem to crown the climax that would take him as the very impersonation of the bliss of freedom.

And yet there were some bitter ingredients which had already mingled in his cup.

He had neither brother nor sister surviving ; and, eight years ago, he had lost both his parents. They had died within a day of each other ; so that the shock had fallen on him with great intensity of anguish. Fondly were their memories revered, as was due to a noble-hearted father, and a sweet affectionate mother ; and often did the sorrow for their removal still cast a pang across his path.

During the six years of his minority, the resources of his princely family estate had largely accumulated, under the prudent management of honorable guar-

dians ; so that now he found himself with a magnificent rent-roll, and also with a vast amount of ready money at his command. He had lately completed his studies at Cambridge ; and the world was all before him where to choose ! as Milton says of Adam : only at present there was no Eve.

In the course of the two years since all his property came to his disposal, he devoted his time to acquiring a knowledge of his native land, exploring all the matchless scenes of Scotland, the Lakes, and Wales ; whence he proceeded to Ireland, and was much charmed with the varied scenery of that lovely isle. He even treated himself to a rapid run through Canada and the "United" or very nearly Un-tied States ; returning from which, with the impulse of travel still upon him, he felt a strong desire to visit India and Australia : he even had a theory about Ceylon, that it was a beautiful sleepy body, that wanted to be roused, roughly, and almost punched into having a soul. (Theories are bad things.) Such a boundless desire for voyage and travel and exploring, is often a feature in intellectual young men who are fancy-free. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any high spirited youths are ever devoid of the desire, though it may often be checked by prudence, thwarted by engagements or duties, or more often extinguished by insufficient means ; for, to travel is an expensive amusement.

But, in Cyril's case, there was all the due freedom with all the requisite wealth. He had in previous years, before the close of his minority, gone through

the usual tutorial pilgrimages to Norway, the Rhine, the Pyrenees, and Algiers. But now he planned some mightier excursions, among which the names of China, Thibet, and the Caucasus were rather strongly pronounced. His first design had been to start across Europe and Asia, and reach India and Ceylon, and thence proceed to Australia, and so home by sea. In part pursuance of this project, he had come to the Continent.

But, on reconsideration of his purposed route, he felt it would perhaps be preferable for him to reverse his plan; and that it would be wiser, to go out by sea, and work his way home by land. One advantage would thus be, that during the voyage out, he could brush up his knowledge of one or two languages which would be useful in the wild tracts he meant to visit. Besides, as the sea would not be to him exhausting, but rather exhilarating and invigorating, he would thus enter fresh, upon the more arduous part of his work; and thus he should be able to address himself to his real object with all his fullest energies.

In short, he now saw, like as many a man does after he has made a start (and some see it in vain all their lives!) that he had best alter his course, at once, and amend his goings.

This inversion of procedure brought him back from Paris to the coast of France; and at present we find him at Boulogne, slightly undecided whether he was right after all? for, we all know, our own best logic sometimes fails to convince ourselves, nor are the

best of us at times exempt from a very contradictory recurrence to our own discarded resolves.

In this little perplexity, where plainly a friend's intervention was needed, Cyril thought he had best consult his college friend and loved associate, George Thornton. This idea soon branched into the question, whether George might not, after all, like to join him in his projected wanderings? It is true, Cyril had, by very particular self-persuasions, already made up his mind to the fate of going alone ; but, man being a gregarious animal, Cyril was now free to confess that he felt, at last, a desperate gulp or qualm, at the thought of diving into the most desolate regions, without any companion except some dragoman whom he might hire.

Then again, on the other side, George might not like to set out on so protracted an enterprise, all of a sudden, with scarce any warning? On the perils indeed of such suddenness of decision, Cyril laid little stress ; for, it is the fact, that very often those things which are quite unpremeditated, are repeatedly the identical matters which answer best and satisfy us most. Not that I would glorify Hap-hazard or rash Imprudence ; but still, it is the sheer truth, that some of men's most highly elaborated courses, are those which fail the most egregiously : they please the least, and work the worst : because, in them, human pride rests on itself, as if it was competent to shape its own ends, impiously ignoring any supreme Disposer of events.

Cyril's friend George was the only son of General

Sir William Thornton, G.C.B. ; and the two young men had been mutually drawn together by similarity of tastes and pursuits. There was only a difference of three days between their ages ; and in the intervals between Cyril's longer journeys, he had always delighted in the companionship of George, who had shared with him the pains and pleasures of his visits to the Rhine and Naples and some of his shorter pilgrimages.

In consequence of certain diplomatic appointments which Sir William undertook, it so happened that Cyril Grosvenor had never met the General or Lady Thornton ; and hence Cyril felt a proportionate degree of doubt whether such loving parents would be willing that their only son should expatriate himself for so long a while, to brave the dangers of the orient. Cyril had acquainted George already by letter, that he intended to make a protracted tour in the far east ; he couched this intimation in general terms, nor did he then directly ask George to join him, since George was then (or at least had been lately) in attendance on his father, at a foreign court : and with true delicacy and gentlemanly instinct Cyril would not even seem to draw his friend aside from his filial duties, because reverence for a parent ranked at the right place in his decalogue.

But, Cyril, while making some monetary arrangements in Paris, "chanced," as the world calls it (for, the world really believes only in the god Chance Accident and Luck) to see a paragraph in a foreign

newspaper, which stated that owing to some ministerial changes, which were very vaguely explained, Sir William Thornton and family had come or were coming from Dresden to London ; and it was even supposed that his Excellency had retired from official life.

No sooner did Cyril *happen* to see this, than the eager thought arose anew, "O that I could have my friend of friends, to go with me ! and now there is no reason why I should shrink from inviting him and urging him to join my expedition."

The Thorntons were very wealthy ; and their only son George had every advantage lavished upon him, among which may specially be enumerated that costly luxury, a superb yacht, the 'Amaranth.'

No sooner thus had the idea of George's freedom, and the remembrance of this beautiful vessel, occurred together to Cyril, than he resolved that, if possible, the voyage should be made by him and George to India in the 'Amaranth.'

Full of this idea, and revolving it in all its bearings, Cyril paced up and down the pretty curving pier at Boulogne ; till soon he went home to his hotel, and feeling that the danger of delay made it be a work of "necessity" if not of "mercy" to write at once, he indited a very demonstrative letter to George, dated on this Sunday, August 31, explaining all to him.

The simplest expedient of course would be, for Cyril to hurry to England, and see George, and discuss the subject by word of mouth. But then,

some expressions which George had dropped in a recent letter of his, had intimated, that he also was shaping a grand excursion; and this made Cyril fear whether he should meet his friend, if he now went after him: and on the whole, Cyril naturally felt that it would be better for his letter to go astray, than for himself to do so. He was, in fact, not even certain that George had yet returned to England.

Besides, Cyril had a feeling which he could scarce have described or even confessed, but which nevertheless hung about his heart; and it made him shrink from taking the Thorntons by storm, just then. The feeling was not an unusual one, and it may be classed among the timidities of courtesy; caused sometimes, as such a feeling is, by the mere lapse of time, sometimes by the absentee sins of acquaintanceship, and sometimes by the byelaws of "Society," who is a horrible old ogre in its way. Many a young man, brave as a lion, would rather face a battery, than ascend the steps of a house which seems to him barricaded by a phalanx of superstitious conventionalisms. Possibly this indefinite sentiment may often have more to do, than some think, with the creation of many a needless suspicion, degenerating into an air of ever-increasing estrangement.

Cyril Grosvenor indeed knew that he was loved and liked by the Thorntons; notwithstanding, he hung back, and avoided any formal introduction "to the family," nor did he want to present himself before them, just now, if ever.

Perhaps, if he had been pressed for a tangible reason, he could or would not have vouchsafed more than that he did not wish the high ideal standard, at which he was aware he was rated, to be brought down to what he would too modestly describe as the ignoble measure of his real predicaments. Smile though he might thus, the stand-off had become a habit ; and some habits, the older they grow, are the less likely to be cast off, like garments.

His case was the not uncommon one which arises where two families hold each other in high esteem, without having had the opportunity to see much of each other. In General Thornton's small home circle, Cyril Grosvenor was a synonym for all that was deemed noble and amiable, because George was always raving about him to this tune ; moreover, the Thorntons were predisposed towards this favourable estimate, because there had been more domestic intimacy between the old people than between the young ones. Cyril's and George's parents had been fond associates in their youth ; the mothers, though but distantly related, had lived together as chosen sisters, under the same roof, till their marriages, which took place on the same day, abroad : and the fathers had lived all their younger years together in the same halls.

But the death of the Grosvenors, and the dignified exile of the Thorntons, made the amity of the families have a good deal of traditionary guise about it.

As for Cyril, the Thorntons were with him as if a

latent term for perfection, as unapproachable as the evening star ; nor was his admiration of their qualities lessened by the fact that he had seen none of them but his friend George, and him only at intervals.

Nor did George speak about *his* home, lest the griefs of his orphaned friend might be reopened ; and the delicacy of this silence, though not acknowledged or referred to, was felt and appreciated by Cyril, who all the more esteemed his friend for it, and felt the truth of the sacred description, " thy friend, which is as thine own soul."

This sort of genuine friendship is somewhat rare ; there may be many an Orestes and Pylades, and many a Nisus and Euryalus, and yet not many a David and Jonathan. Religion is the only firm bond of friendship ; though, indeed, many " religious " people have no friends at all : but then, have they any religion ? How can I love a " good " man who only scowls at me ?

One sadly uncomfortable and prosaic item in this question is, that friendship is very much dependent upon the mutual balances at one's bankers. We have it on the authority of the pitiless adage, concerning connubial bliss, that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window. So also we are assured by a still uglier maxim, that the true definition of a friend, is simply, one who will not borrow money.

Alas for the romance of the thing, alas for the poetry of life (whatever that may mean), there is too

much truth in the proverbial connection between friendship and cash. Of course there may be, and are, many friendships, between downright poor men; but possibly they have had it tacitly established long ago, that there is nothing which they could borrow one of the other: and this comes to the same thing.

However this may be, there was not anything which either George or Cyril wanted of the other, except pure voluntary companionship, and the loving communion of two quite kindred souls.

On the whole, after pondering well over the entire complexion of matters, it seemed best for Cyril to disregard a little delay, and to write as he did to George, in order to discover whether he was available. And at the worst, our hero could rove away to the east, after all, without any crony, if so it must be.

Cyril told his friend that should the voyage appear at the first blush to touch his fancy, he would meet him in London or anywhere, and make all arrangements for a delightful dash "Over the water and over the brine."

But if, as we have said, Cyril was not in love with any pretty girl, it is not to be inferred from this that there was in him any misogynist tendency, or any lack of chivalry, gallantry, or ladylove-ishness. As for George, he had been in love more than once; nor did Cyril say much to George on the subject, as George was rather sore, or at least romantic about it: nor did Cyril think that disappointments of heart are of course fit matters for unfeeling gibes.

In fact, the putting together of the materials, out of which Cyril's great heart was built up, predisposed him to be very summarily the slave of woman, whenever the fated lass should appear. So, Cyril's love was only a thing to come.

And the difference between George and Cyril would be this, that whereas George's loves were somewhat multifarious, so were they rather evanescent; but, Cyril's would be *one love, and that, eternal.*

Nor do I see why, if I thus set up to be a philosopher of Love, I may not be as good and respectable a philosopher as any of the other philosophers going. One fellow is a weather sage, and he studies the clouds, the air, and all meteorological changes, with all the perseverance of a weathercock. Another will drink in the science of water, and all its wonders, whether seen in seas, rivers, cataracts, or waterspouts, pumps, fire-engines, or hydraulic presses; and as water always finds its own level, so must the water philosopher, whether he be a teetotaler, or only a Commissioner of Sewers, or both, though I do not know anyone who is both, doubtless because from fellow-feeling the Commissioner of Sewers always loves a drain. Why then may not I be a philosopher of love, and take my "legis legumque doctor" degree in it, LL.D., Double Doctor of Loves, the loves of two hearts? How can Weather or Water, not to say Fossils or Soyer's Cookery, compare with the human Heart, when the very being is worked and thrilled with the most paramount and exquisite emo-

tions? I seek therefore to portray some of the thoughts that burn, in the hearts, of two tried and unadulterated lovers.

If then you want to know the object of the book in hand, I will expound to you that it is, to glorify pure love. My philosophical position is, that the love between the sexes is not only of great importance, but also it is intrinsically a holy and an ennobling impulse; nor need it ever be base, selfish, or impure. Love is the completion of Human Nature; and, to sneer at love, or to sidle round the question of love, is downright stupid, as well as utterly unpractical. Love should be judged as it springs in two fresh young hearts, where the master-passion swells of its own accord; rising for the first time, in the young man and the maiden, considered simply as two human beings, and free from any adventitious incidents of rank, family, or fortune. Their love may be perfect, as we shall see, even though they do not know each other's names.

Look at such Love; I say it is as generous as the young man's warm devotion, and as chaste as the maiden's guileless breast.

I believe, Love in its excellence is connected with every sentiment that is genial, gracious, and beneficent. Therewith is linked every motive that is ingenuous and honorable; thence flows every legitimate aspiration to excel: while delicacy and a due regard for the feelings of others, are made to be the very pulses of the being.

Apparent slights or repulses cannot extinguish

true love ; it is cherished despite every test of time or distance : and at last when it gains its goal, in the marriage of souls, there is begun, the blissful union, which is the one joy of life, and which is to last for ever in our Heavenly Father's home, among the bright mansions of eternal love.

CHAPTER II.

BOULOGNE.

"In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are shown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone."

BP. HEBER.

THE letter being written and despatched, Cyril sauntered out next morning about the place, and soon came to the conclusion that, compared with any other small town of forty thousand inhabitants or thereabouts, Boulogne-sur-Mer, which ranks in size as number thirty-five among the cities of France, is one of the most agreeable residences imaginable. Being built chiefly on the slopes of a hill, there is a very good fall, whence the well-paved streets are singularly clean, and the spot most healthy. The ramparts, fifty feet high, built in 1231, are rather quaint and grim and dull, like any other obsolete engine of war, such as cross-bows or coats of mail; still, like the old armor in one's hall, the frowning castellated walls give an air of grandeur, the dignity of antiquity: and the top of the ramparts offers a fine broad step-out place, with a most commanding view,

making this promenade be quite the Constitution Hill of the place. "Here," as the topographical men say (I hate that unavoidable "Here") "*Here* are to be found all the moderately dyspeptic and valetudinarian celebrities of the town, very dingily attired ; and also all the bold robust walkers, emphatically *Walkers*, who prance round and round a set number of times, to keep down the fat. What leads up to these ramparts, is the chief street of Boulogne, the celebrated Grande Rue, whose glory is built on its own name "Grande," which the British public interpret not as big but as superb ; connecting it also in some occult way with their own "Great" Britain. Apart from such delusions, the street would not have been so renowned ; it would not have been so noted, if it had been called Bouledogue Street or Rue Goutterre : however, it is superior to either the Milsom Street of Bath or the Bold Street of Liverpool. There is a very fine Museum ; and a public Library unusually rich for a provincial town.

The quays are a never-failing source of amusement ; indeed, a very entertaining aspect is given to the scene by the picturesque fishermen, and their masters, that is to say, their wives, the redoubtable fishwomen, who have quite the upper hand of their husbands. These women do all the porter's work at the packet wharf, lifting out and carting, or else actually carrying on their backs, immense boxes and the weightiest luggage ; their remuneration being settled with their own Queen bee, the Semiramis of the fish-fags, an ugly flabby old harridan, who lays

down the law in a white cap, for them and for you. Though the work looks rather hard to be done by females, they seem to like it; and certainly there would be a pretty "shindy" if anyone tried to take it from them. In fact, the principle of giving employment to meritorious industrious women, is highly praiseworthy, and might, unlike brandy, be imported with advantage to England from France, by good old stiff stubborn John Bull, who *might* condescend to learn a few things even from the land of snails and frogs.

As Cyril roved about, he could not help being struck, with what he had often observed before, that there is much more grace and courtesy amongst the French working people, than you would ever meet with in the corresponding class of English townspeople. The English "boors," the rustics of Herts and Buckinghamshire and so on, are anything but boorish, being usually civil and good-natured. But the reverse is the rule in English towns; the worst is Sheffield, which hideous spot is one of the most infidel and deistical dens on earth, and consequently it is the most truculent, since scepticism and ferocity always go together: and, "by the same token," Sheffield is the scene of trade outrages, where obnoxious artisans are blown up with gunpowder by their "brethren."

Who would ever expect to be treated with civility by the rabble of Yarmouth or Ipswich? How rude and brutal and beery and blaspheming, are the operatives and low denizens of the slums of

Brighton or Margate. On the contrary, how kindly and polite are the "lower orders" of Boulogne or Bordeaux. Occasionally you see a drunken Frenchman ; but, such a sight is rare : whereas the working classes, through their whole strata, in London and large English towns, are thoroughly saturated with the poison of drink. The superior comfort of the French town-cottager, is simply attributable to the Frenchman's superior sobriety.

The Frenchman himself, as an animal, zoologically considered, is much inferior to the stalwart Briton. There are but few exceptions to the one wide fact, that when you see a French *man*, you see an ugly little monkey.

There is no such deficiency of beauty in the French women. The Boulogne-esses are generally handsome. The woman who sells those potatoes is decidedly good-looking ; the modest maiden, over there, who is vending (goat and donkey) milk, is positively pretty. Is this because they work so hard ? Doubtless it is exercise which develops their forms, and makes the hens so much finer than the cocks. Now, stop and look at those two girls, or follow them now while they trot on before you ; they turn back to glance at you with unaffected unstarving curiosity. They are obviously sisters ; one is about nine, the other fourteen or so. How elegant and sprightly do they look, with such a juicy gentle air, with such fringy beamy eyes, and such a buoyancy of motion ; they are doubtless the daughters of one of the humblest workmen : yet how much more lady

like are they, than any fat scions of the rich grocer of Bristol or the stout "stout"-drinking bloated bloater-merchant of Harwich ['ARRIDGE].

On the other hand, the "old" Frenchwomen are mostly very ill-favoured ; sere, yellow, and puckered, like old apples. They are old when they are only middle-aged. Still, the oldness may explain the ugliness. However, whether young or old, the common Frenchman, with scarce an exception, is painfully repulsive. With a pinched cast of features, goatee beard, poor carcass, and visage of a yellowish brown, as if steeped in tobacco, giving him (as tobacco always does) the "hue cadaverous of a mouldy toad" ; the ordinary Frenchman is an uncommonly ordinary mortal. It is true, ugly creature as he is, he manages to do everything with a degree of gentility and polish. Look at that man in his little garden, raking up the remains of his onion stalks ; every stretch and fetch of his arms would seem to be actuated by an inward swagger of heart : he throws a sort of military air and strut, into the most everyday actions. And the ironmonger's journeyman, hastening through the rain with a "mended" pipkin, runs with the slow plopping swing of the French military long-trot ; as if it was a reminiscence, of the days when he went soldiering, a long time ago.

Even the waiter at the Hotel d'Andanté, a withered old boy of fifty-four, a literal boy all but the shrivel, comes into your presence with a finical little suavity, which may have to be paid for in the bill, or it may

be mere chivalric nervousness ; but it certainly has a winning welcoming flavor, well worth a franc a day.

"Yes," said Cyril, laughing to himself, "I noticed that as the waiter bustled into the room at the time when he evidently thought I surely must have finished my meal, but over which I was loitering with a newspaper ; he contrived to circulate through the furniture, and coming near me, he saw I was undeniably far behind as regards the deglutitory process, so he dexterously went up and wiped off with his napkin some imaginary crumbs from a faultless tablecloth, as if this was what he came for : and so he beat a retreat, covered with 'glory.' That little patient feat, of giving a wipe where it was not needed, was an instinct of civility and deference, which may be favorably contrasted with the manner in which a solemn doctor-of-divinity of an English waiter would have broadly looked, if not more broadly said, 'Ben't yer done yet?' The little Frenchman's instinctive tone evinced as true an innate spirit of politeness, as did it manifest a nice little stroke of social generalship.

"But I protest," said Cyril merrily, "now that I am noticing the amenities or elegancies of Frenchmen, the ugliest sight in France is the French soldier. Like as the French policemen, as human specimens, are ludicrously inferior to the grand big bobbies of the English police, the British 'peeler' being always so portly, clean, tidy, dapper, and well-fed ; so also the common French soldier is per-

fectly hideous, when compared with any linesman of any English regiment."

No doubt, the immense standing army of the French empire is too expensive for much money to be spent on adornment; but this is no excuse for the men being individually so ugly.

As to the Zouaves, they are very gallant and very brave; as a Frenchman said to me, drawing a rather hyperbolical case. "If," quoth he, "five hundred Zouaves were ordered to take a fort, and if four hundred and ninety-nine were killed, still, the five-hundredth man would rush on, and take the place" (with glory, etc.). Notwithstanding, brave as they are, if considered merely as objects to look at, the Zouaves are outrageously ungainly, and may positively be pronounced to be the most tasteless-looking savages that can be seen on the face of the earth.

Our English soldiers have indeed not been improved in appearance, by the German influence which has shortened their skirts and dressed them in Austrian coatees; but still they are paragons when contrasted with the uncouthest of all earthly objects, the French soldiers.

I was lately jammed in an omnibus at Kensington, waiting for a regiment of first-rate English troops to march past; they were splashed, in a dirty day, and they were only in shell-jacket undress. Still they looked the most magnificent samples of humanity that could be imagined; I had leisure to note that whole dozens of them were sheer Adonises, with not

only such tall splendid figures and matchless forms, but also with such "loves" of faces : the whole thing was a march of beauty. Such were my meditations on English soldiers in the mud.

But, now, stop and look at this French sentinel, who is a fairly-taken representative of his kind. How stunted he is, what a poor *little* creature, what an under-sized half-human, with a pushed-down look from the head, as if he had been bumped into the world by Prometheus with disgust, saying, "There, go, you dummy, you—you—dump ! !" His own opinion is that he would thrash half-a-dozen Bavarians ; but nevertheless, even if this be so, still I say, as a thing to look at, what a frivolous face he has, what a hideous hat, what bad taste in those red trousers and that long blue coat : and then, see the absurd extinguisher or packing-case he has on, in the shape of a snuffy brown greatcoat, with such a preposterous hood, and the whole set-out, such a withered frowsy dowdy deformity. Search the whole "universe," and inspect every costume from the Albanian to the Laplander, and absolutely you will not find any so pitilessly plain and awkward as the dress of the French soldier. On every such stumpy soldier's broad brown back, I always think I see inscribed a remark which a lady made to me about them, "The dress is so frightful."

How strange, that the French, who once were supposed to be such masters of fashion, cannot dress themselves and their soldiers better, nor even trim their beards with any taste. How is it that even the

young Gallic men have none of the good looks of the young French women ?

“ I declare,” said Cyril gaily, “ it is one of the most unutterable freaks of that queer old jade, dame Nature.

“ Come along, Floss,” said Cyril, to a very fine and unusually large spaniel, which was his constant companion, and which was called after one his father once had ; “ I confess to thee, O Floss, however, that if the Boulogne men are no beauties, they have a very lovely place to defend.”

Our bluff king, old Harry the Eighth, wound up his amicable parade on the Field of the Cloth of Gold near Guines in 1520, by taking hostile possession of Boulogne with thirty thousand troops in 1544 ; and it was an exploit creditable to that stout monarch, the place being considered very strong.

In the High or Upper Town, the popish cathedral of Notre Dame has a handsome tower with dome and lantern, something like St. Paul's on a small scale ; it looks tolerably well from a distance, but the rest of the edifice is meagre and out of proportion, giving an exact sample of popish ambition, the head being held too high, without good grounds beneath. The dome is spoiled by being plastered with crosses, and scored with idolatrous divine ascriptions to the Virgin.

Certainly, all such extravagant honors paid to the Virgin Mary, are mere heathenism ; they are not Christianity. All true and sound Protestant Churchmen feel great respect for the Virgin Mother of our Saviour ; and they best respect her, when they

decline to make her more than that which is her true claim, to be the most highly-favored woman that ever existed, though a mere woman. Because, if there was anything more than woman in herself, then our Lord could not be human, as He deigned to derive His humanity from her ; consequently, any attempt to make her in the least a goddess, or privileged with an immaculate conception at her own birth, would fatally vitiate the Incarnation, and bereave us of our best blessing, a Saviour jointly human and divine. This Redeemer, to be human, must be born ; and to be born, He had a mother : and this was a high honor to the mother : but, then, how perverse is it of the Papists, to seize upon the mother, and give *her* all the homage which her son came to receive ! There is in it something so tortuous, so crookedly artful, and so stupidly ingenious, that we may justly consider all such Mariolatry as not Christian at all, but no other than heathen, literally the Pagan devotion to *Venus and Cupid*, which were the family divinities of *Æneas and Cæsar and Rome*.

All the false worship, however, though so utterly repugnant to Christianity, is desperately prevalent. And it is certainly melancholy to see, not so fully in Paris, as in the other cities of France, how strong a hold the childish ultramontane errors have upon the general population ; though indeed it is not so much the case that the people love or adopt the chief doctrines of popery, as that they dandle the doctrines even while they doubt them, being entirely ignorant

of the solid Gospel truths which could so summarily and happily replace them.

The two main drawbacks in Boulogne are, that there is a glut of English, and that there is also an overabundance of nuns and priests. Great trains of fat "nuns" meet us, walking two and two like schools; some of them are called White Sisters because they are *not* dressed in white: at least, they have on very dirty-white flannel or serge "bed-gowns," and oh! how they do smell: *such* a whiff you get as you pass them! Their whole appearance is more woe-begone-looking than any English work-house cut; and they are so outlandish, so utterly out of harmony with the present century and the march of ideas, and "withal" so peculiarly ugly, that you could not imagine any one improvising such a rig, except some mischievous wight who wanted to masquerade as a ghost. Fancy such "nuns" parading and mooning gloomily along damp corridors and twilight cloisters, attired in such unearthly sepulchral suits; so horrible! How such an unnatural system continues to this day, is one of the oddest of all puzzles.

But, the old priests! they go along through the streets, "reading" breviary books, turned upside down; books about saints who carried their heads under their arms, or sailed about on their cloaks. And the home missionaries, or school teachers, who dress like priests, are heavy old juveniles (one I am confident was a woman); they generally go about in twos and fours, and sometimes in double sixes, like a

flock of crows. They are not allowed to go alone. Some of them are "brothers," and a whole rookery of them all live together ; and one of them leans the boots, another "man" makes the beds, another man cooks the meals, and so on : a den of degradation ! But, the best sight is, to see the young priests. Their hats have huge shadowy black brims, as benighted and darkling as their wearers ; their long black duds or cassocks hang down straight and slim, the skirts flapping about their fat shanks. Look at that one, there, a youngish priest ; what a powerful thick being he is, literally lusty, with the brawn moving and twitching on his gibbous flanks : how I should like to see him set to digging or some steady "hard work."

I cannot regard these priests otherwise than as the bonzes of an effete error soon to be exploded. Such men, with their black gabardines and black dogmas, have no place in the present day. No apparition, such as an ostrich coming round a corner with a pipe in his mouth, and sporting a red crinoline ; or a cow on her hind-legs, with an umbrella clasped to her bovine "buzzum," could seem more out of place or unreal, than these sooty-tailed, broad-hatted, white-wattled, old-world priests, dodging about the streets, like black shower-baths. A child hit them off very well, by calling them "ridiculous," and abbreviating the epithet (*Doricè*) into "The 'Diculouses."

As to the other disadvantage in Boulogne, the numbers of English people ; it is plain that they are overdone : there never being less than from

three to five thousand of them in Boulogne. They quite infest the streets, nor can anything stop their influx. All that the ablest malice could do, has been tried, in vain. Not long ago, a high emissary of the *Times* newspaper got handsomely snubbed in Boulogne, and in revenge he tried to run the place down in English estimation ; but the Printing-house "thunderer" failed egregiously. The place is too lively to be ruined by print.

The *Times'* attack, however, still rankles in the conscience of Boulogne, whose "home" authorities know there was a doctorial mortality among children which gave rise to the slander ; not the place, but its quackery ought to have been criticized : so they know they rather "protest too much" about the injustice of the *Times*.

The newspaper onslaught is understood to be constantly still referred to, in all the little cliques of refugee officers and "outlaws," who are grotesquely presided over by those gentlemen who in a Boulogne sense are the *chief* culprits. At least, this was the impression Cyril received from what was said to him by the proprietor of his Andanté hotel. Even a captain who has come to grief for sixty thousand pounds, ranks above a general who has only failed for a paltry four or five thousand. The Boulogne opinion is strongly against there being any punishment for debt at all ; they say, and with some truth, that the debtor is usually the dupe, and the creditor is the knave, who gambles in giving credit, knowing there is "the law" to pick his prey for him. If dealers and

traders could not recover their "little bills" in any way, they would not give credit, and all would be ready money ; indeed, when a seller hands you over an article, it is his business, and not the business of the public, to see that he gets his cash in return for the goods. If he does not get paid, it is he who ought to be punished, at least by the loss. Such is the Boulogne contention ; and the logic may be tenable, or even true, although it emanates from "circles" which have not been squared, and are supposed to be notorious for questionable morality.

All the while, Boulogne has many very nice, and a few well-dressed, people ; because amid the vast and unconscionable inroad of English, there are many estimable and some genteel and refined persons, who come to Boulogne for educational purposes, or with a view to health, or merely for a cheerful change of scene.

No sooner had Cyril got into this train of thought, than he stumbled on a local specimen, a talkative man, with a slouching hat, brown tone of toggery, Irish accent, and no whiskers. Cyril knew no more of him than consisted in his handing him a newspaper at a reading-room a few hours before, whereon the individual took occasion to launch out into a strain of remarkably nonsensical politics. The man was simply a bore ; however, he sufficed to make Cyril see, what is the fact, that if you go to Boulogne, you cannot walk up and down the Grande Rue, and interchange a word with any steamboat or newsroom acquaintances, without hearing one universal chorus

of complaints and grievances. Whether or not, in England, the "Boulogne visitors" had been the vultures, or (more probably) the mere victims of the cupidity of others; certainly, here, at Boulogne, in a "foreign land," they are plundered to an extent which deserves *some* attention at the hands of the local authorities. The Frenchmen in power look on, and take no notice, while the English every day are harried by the extortioners. Such a case as this is common:—A gentleman takes an unfurnished house, and fancies it is more convenient and "more economical" to eke out his own scanty furniture by hiring some for three months; the amount of the hire is perhaps 300 francs, being 33 per cent. on the value of the furniture. The tradesman seems a respectable one, and the Englishman feels assured all is right; so there is no written agreement. The three months expire, and at the end thereof the Frenchman insists that the rate of 300 francs was only for *each* month; so that, for the three months, you have to pay 900 francs, or actually the whole value of the things. You have no redress. This is a common trick. Or, again, a lady, "studying economy," hires a piano on the common English footing that the hire goes towards the purchase; she writes out her own agreement, and the man signs it, but it is in English, and therefore it is not good in (French) law. At the end of the period, three years, the lady fondly imagines that the piano has become her own property; and perhaps she has planned to go off to England, with it and her other possessions. Whereupon the Frenchman steps

in, and carries off the piano, amid her packing ; he coolly ignores his own arrangement altogether, and hints menacingly at his having been just in time to save his goods from being fraudulently abstracted, muttering also something about Proc. Imperial, and the like. When remonstrated with, and shown his own signature, he maintains that the exceptionally high payment which the lady made every quarter, was only the customary rate of mere hiring ; so Madame Anglaise has to swallow her chagrin as best she may, in the packet, *which is not so easy to do*, when one is sea-sick. It is utterly useless to combat these rapacities. The French jurists are all dead against you. And these artifices are chiefly in operation against those who are known to be “going away ;” and thus, what with your English agreements, and your English jabber, and your wish to leave, you are easily and neatly trounced.

Such fleecing of the English in every form and shape, is the only thing like an excuse for the Great British Boulogne vengeance, which consists in cheating the French post-office. Everyone smuggles over one's letters to one's friends ; and every ordinary Englishman affects to see no harm in so doing. The postage [1862] is fourpence ; yet very few indeed of the letters of the Boulogne English to England, go in the orthodox way, with that knavish groat. Everyone puts an English penny stamp on his letter ; and the letter is taken and posted in England by the next friend who goes. Whenever Major this or Colonel that or the Rev. the other, crosses to England, he

always carries concealed on his person a sheaf of thirty-five letters at least ; thus robbing the French post of fourteen francs each time. Some of the late (not the present) stewards of the packets used to take over quite a drawer-full at a trip ; and it was the custom for Captain, Colonel, the Rev. and Co. to fee the said steward, every now and then, with tidy tips. One schoolboy, going to England, had his pockets stuffed with about fifty letters ; when some mischievous wag hoaxed the boy, and told him, the mounted police (worse than the horse marines) were coming to search him, and he should be sure to be guillotined : so getting afraid, the boy threw the fifty letters on the sea, where they floated about, to the great amusement of the fishes. I beg to propound that it would be worth while for the French harpies suddenly to search the amateur post-deliverers ; and then, if “ proceedings ” were also taken, we should get to the bottom of the current English palliation, which is an interesting piece of morality in its way, inasmuch as the British argument is, that there is nothing wrong in sending English letters with English stamps by friends, because, otherwise, *why are English penny stamps sold* publicly in the French shops ? They also allege, that “ postage ” is never a punishment, but always a privilege ; and thus *you need not avail yourself* of the French postal machinery, unless you like ! Really, there is at least a bit of truth in both exculpations. Nevertheless, the very fact of such an occurrence at all, is a full proof, that there is too much of the English element in Boulogne.

The English become a nuisance by their numbers. Like as you "cannot see the wood for the trees," so also you cannot see the Boulogne people for the Boulogne English. Look at that fellow, over there ; he is a thirty-year old, short in stature, and short of cash : he wants to be thought a French count : but he is only an English rake. Look at him, I say, as a specimen. He is always prancing up and down the Grande Rue and the Port, attired in a rough coat, and shining black leggings, and a porkpie cap, over dirty dark hair, with shaggy muzzle, and pipe by way of tompion ; dealing out slang and indecent remarks right and left. He is sadly in want of a good dusting. Such fast, or rather loose, old urchins, of whom there is an extensive assortment, give a prejudicial idea of the English to the French.

"Still," said Cyril, "I believe there are many nice people ; and, they say, there are lots of pretty girls. So, let us go again to the tasty pier or *Jetée de l'Est*, as that is where we shall be sure to see Mr. Alltheworld, and his wife and daughters. Come along, Floss."

In this lightsome, but still keenly observant manner, did Cyril proceed to the spot which was now to have so much influence on all his future life. Little did he anticipate what was to betide him there. Sometimes amid our liveliest moments, the threads of our destiny are weaving fastest ; so true is it, that we know not what a day may bring forth.

Our future may have its mystery, and the present its storms of sorrow ; still the whole can be viewed

as working together for our eventual good. This result may be likened to the blue of the beauteous sky which arches itself around our world. The blue is really black, which is however softened down by the tears of the atmosphere, so as to wear the lovely azure hue. The blue tint of the heavens is caused by the reflection of light upon the watery particles held in solution in the air ; and when the rays fall upon the “waters which are above the firmament,” the beams of light subdue to us that native darkness of space, which the most venturesome aëronauts at their loftiest elevations have noted as appearing almost black : like as Coleridge in his Alpine hymn finely characterizes the air seen from the summit of Mont Blanc, as “substantial, black, an ebon mass.” How correctly then are we told concerning the Deity, that “it was dark under his feet” ; and how true is the sacred history which describes light as having supervened over a previously darkened chaos. So that now, for our enjoyment, the deep black of illimitable Space is sobered down into the fair cerulean aspect, which results from the action of light upon the vapors of the sky. Like as then the eternal night of the heavens’ expanse, is toned down by the sunbeams into day’s sapphire bloom of beauty ; so also the darknesses of earth and earthly trials, may be seen to have over them a “vail of blue,” telling, that the true light which now shineth, is flowing from a God whose name is Love.

And in this very spirit, it is desirable, that such a subject as pure love, should be treated in the very

manner that may make the topic of "Love" not unsuitable for perusal. The emotion of love is a necessity of our nature; it is therefore best to *make* love a "proper" theme, and to direct it according to the pure principles of religion. Nothing is gained by trying to ignore love. Though love is what every man and woman thinks most about, the way of the world hitherto has been to treat it as something shameful or absurd, or at best a transitory fantasy; and the result has been, misery, vice, and death. So true is what the pious Southey asserts, "They *sin* who tell us love can die."

CHAPTER III.

TEDDY.

“Life’s May-day may be jocund, and its eve
Of summer close auspicious, while the sun
Of pleasure shines unclouded ; few perceive,
When dangers are remote, the risks they run :
All hope the goal of happiness is won.”

CAUNTER’S “ISLAND BRIDE.”

WE must now follow the letter to George Thornton, who received it with both delight and surprise, it seemed so incredibly to chime in with the very plans which he had just been revolving. The few, but attached, members of his family had usually been a good deal scattered, because of the public duties and responsible offices which (as we saw) his father was inspired by patriotism to fulfil in different lands ; hence the General was often in one place, George in another, his mother in another, and so on. Yet their hearts were all lovingly united ; and at present Sir William and George happened to be alone, in their fine baronial mansion, Limelands, in Hertfordshire. Sir William himself was of an ancient Wiltshire race, of good estate (Pinwell) ; his wife Gwendoline was baroness of Edensor in her own right : she had brought him the stately Hertfordshire seat, Lime-

lands, with all its broad acres. Nor could any couple be better suited for each other ; she had been a most dazzlingly lovely girl : and now as a matron she seemed almost as handsome as ever, her beauty being only changed in degree : she was one of those concerning whom we often hear the remark, that “she looked like an elder sister to her own daughter.” Nowhere except in England is this characteristic seen.

Other countries may boast of pretty maidens ; England alone can also produce the lovely matron. The reason of this is not so clear. Why should the well-formed and fine-faced French damsel develop into the sour and crabbed middle-aged female ? Is it someway ascribable to French vinegar ? or is ugliness catching, so that they are inoculated with it by their husbands ? In the case of American ladies, as is well known, nothing is so rare to see as a comely matron ; but this sad effect can at once be assigned to its cause, the destructive habits of life to which American women resort. But, why should German women get so flabby and coarse ? it may be natural for elderly Spanish dames to become sallow, and bronzy, and wrinkled ; but why should the ladies of Saxony be so gross at forty, when the Anglo-Saxon women of England maintain their charms so well at the same age ? The fact is easier stated than explained ; for my own part, I have some idea that the permanence of British beauty is the result of the happy and holy Bible spirit, which so specially animates the women of England.

But as Lady Thornton was not now at Limelands, we must confine ourselves to what passed between George and his father. Sir William Thornton had not given up his diplomatic life ; but on the contrary had just accepted a most honorable and responsible post in the distant East, to which he intended at once to set out, proceeding overland to India with his family. But he had doubted whether it would be well to take his only son George with him ?

And yet the natural desire not to be parted from one so dear, pulled hard against his resolution.

So, Cyril's letter was all that was wanting, to turn the scale. And as the 'Amaranth' might be an advantage and a comfort in the new regions, it was decided that George should start in the yacht, and pick up Cyril, and proceed as rapidly as possible to the General's destination, leaving subsequent events to shape themselves.

But when George began to make ready, and fuss and pack, he found that he could not be prepared so expeditiously as he imagined.

As for Cyril, he was accustomed to content himself with but few accoutrements, since like most young bachelors he considered luggage a nuisance ; so his stock was small, but very choice and select : whereas George, perhaps as having been more regularly in the way of female influence, took more haversacks with him than was quite consistent with rapid motion.

They usually quizzed each other about it ; Cyril would have it that George went about everywhere,

with enough "goods" to set up two or three upholstery, and haberdashery, and ironmongery establishments : and in reply, George declared that Cyril took nothing with him but a nightcap : and when Cyril responded that he did not wear one, George insisted, that the only load Cyril took with him, was the burden of his song.

However this may be, George, who had merely written back to Cyril to say "I'm coming to you," discovered, that besides a certain Edith affair, there were numerous little matters which made it necessary that he should allow himself a little more elbow-room of hours or even days. So he sent for Mr. Tyne, or Captain Tyne, or Tom Tyne as he had once been called by boys, strangers, and inferiors ; and if the truth must be told, there were many lofty people who were everyway Mr. Tyne's inferiors. He was a sort of captain, with a mixture of boatswain and "master ;" and he presided most efficiently over the nautical department of the 'Amaranth.' He had once been only a man-of-war's man ; but, possessing a very good education, and being unusually intelligent, he wished for time to study, and so he left the service and married. After a few years of domestic bliss, his wife had died, leaving him one little girl, of whom he was passionately fond. He placed her at a good school, Mr. Tyne being decidedly in easy circumstances ; and in order to shake off the melancholy which his wife's death had caused, he was glad to embrace the opportunity of following his old love, "the glad waters of the dark blue sea."

The yacht was all the way off at Plymouth ; so George arranged with Mr. Tyne that it should be brought on to Newhaven, where he would join it, as he had rather a particular farewell visit to pay in that quarter.

Mr. Tyne set sail, as he called going by train ; and he contrived to treat himself to a look at his little daughter on the way, little Mary, whom he found, though at school, as happy and cheerful as possible : and the visit to her made his own worthy heart be filled afresh, with the most pure and joyful emotions.

After Mr. Tyne had left, George still had one of his crew with him at Limelands. This individual was Teddy, an Irishman, of course.

Teddy was "from the north of Ireland, your honor ;" he was a Protestant, and a most faithful chivalric fellow. He was not supposed to have any relations ; and thus his enforced silence on that topic was in singular contrast with the usual course of his countrymen, Irishmen being commonly so communicative on the score of grand relations, or imaginative, in default of facts.

Nor was any wife of Teddy "to the fore," nor, for that matter, any father or mother ; since he had been picked off a wreck, and no surname of Teddy was known. It may have been O'Flanagan, or O'Dowd, or *the* O'Driscoll, or some other such mellifluous appellation, redolent of bogs and praties ; if so, nobody knew it. Even the very name "Teddy" had the Irish twist ; for, it was understood to be the

abbreviation, not as we would think of Edward or of Edmund, but of Thaddeus : so Teddy was a substitute for Thady. And he declared in confidence to all enquirers, that one name was enough for one person ; two names, quoth he, might do very well for two people : but what did one person want with more than one ? He clinched this, by enquiring triumphantly, “ Did you ever know me to be taken for any other Teddy but myself ? ”

Unique he was, certainly ; still, very safe, sober, and reliable. His only drawback was, his habit of making mistakes ; still these were rather in word than in deed. What he had to do, he did ; but the way he set about it was often as peculiar as himself. He was a handsome fellow, tall, rather slight, but very strong, about two-and-twenty or so, with dark eyes and curly locks ; always merry was Teddy, with a pleasant word for everybody, and with an excuse ever ready for himself. When he once made a mistake in spelling a word, altering biscuit to basket, he defended himself superbly by contending, it was all along of the goose with whose quill he wrote. His talk was only partly Irish ; the Irish (bigger) half was derived from his youthful remembrances, and from his Irish nurse : in the remainder, such peculiarities were much softened down by his English domicile. Despite his bulls and blunders, his meaning could mostly be made out, especially if the matter was at all important.

But whenever any little anecdote was told by him, you generally had to “ heave the lead ” for yourself,

and take soundings, independent of the narrator ; else you could not make head or tail of his description. Thus in referring to the loss of a Belfast steamer, he spoke of it as a sad business, because there were only two men saved, and one was the mate, and the other was the stewardess, and she was insured for six thousand pounds, and was full of pigs.

Again, it required some ingenuity to fathom his drift, when he sought to teach one of his cronies, a patent mode of extemporizing a fire and boiling a kettle quickly ; so he insisted that you would save lots of time, if you heated the kettle first : although the case was one where there was no other fire to heat it with : and indeed, if there was another fire, why might not *it* do, both to warm and to boil ? But Teddy's idea was, that, where a cold kettle had to go on a solitary fire, you would accelerate the tay-making amazingly, if you first "took the chill off" : "Yes," vociferated Teddy, "first make your kettle warrum, and then, down with it on the blazes."

George usually kept Teddy about him, or not far off, partly because Teddy amused him, partly because he had a real liking for the honest fellow, and also a little to keep him out of harm's way. The fear was, not that he would stray into any improper courses, against which Teddy seemed to be proof ; but that his generous and dauntless spirit of Irish knight-errantry would bring him into some row or rumpus, where he *might* be overmastered, though it would take a dozen men to do it : still of course he might

be overcome and taken to the station-house as a disturber of the Queen's peace. Any unjust or mean act that he witnessed in the streets, he felt prompted to take in hand and avenge on the spot. Thus once at a crossing in the Strand, where the mud was deep on either side, Teddy observed that a great long lout of a fellow stood in the middle of the swept place, trying to vend a large bundle of bootlaces or shoeties, holding them up in the face of everyone who passed, and crying with a squeaking accent, "*Shoestrings, shoestrings.*" Just as Teddy came up, this wretch managed to manœuvre a woman off into the mud ; she was a decent widow-looking woman, who, nervous about the cabs, rushed through the sludge, ankle-deep, to get rid of the fellow's importunity. Grinning at her discomfiture, he came up next to operate on Teddy, and held the wisp of tags in *his* face. Whereon our broth of a boy, having unusually strong and iron sinews, with simply a crank motion of the wrist, brought up the trifle of a shillelah which he commonly carried, so as to come *crack* against the back of the fellow's hand, enough to smash the very bones, and making the "*shoestrings*" fly in a rainbow right and left over the slushy street, while their late lord doubled himself up and danced with pain : and as for Teddy, he passed calmly on, as if nothing had happened. Such doings were magnanimous, but scarcely fit for London streets. Teddy had no notion of the philosophy of the man who when told by some churl he would "take the wall," replied, "Yes, take the wall, and 'take' the

house too, if you can agree with the landlord." Teddy could not brook the idea of either himself or anyone else being "put upon." If some three or four unmannerly loungers did not want to leave him room to pass, he was quite prepared to stop and "fight the whole lot," on the flags.

There was not, in this, much of the science of Trivia, or the art of Walking the Streets. Whenever a lady was in the case, Teddy was most determined in her favor. He used to say *he* never had anything whatsoever to do with any woman ; how he was born, his hearers could therefore never make out : still, he asserted, that though neither girl nor female ever had anything to do with him, bedad, any man or mortal who ill-treated any one woman, would have *another* to square accounts with, in himself.

And yet there was one way in which, our gallant Teddy taught a lesson, to many a lady, in the streets, as regards politeness.

That a gentleman should, if necessary, go out into the street, however muddy, to make room for a lady, is of course an axiom of Irish civilized life. Up to the knees in the dirt, he must go, as a disciple of Sir Walter Raleigh and potatoes and good breeding, if it be really needful to save the lady from bespatterment.

Yet sometimes we see "ladies" marching on, three deep, with amplitude of skirts, and meeting one gentleman, when he, as in duty bound, edges off to the verge of the flagway ; but the ladies make no

return of politeness, nor bate an inch, for him, but sail on, widespread as ever, as if they were unconscious of the existence of the gentleman, who has to betake himself to the gutter. This is far from being an uncommon phenomenon.

But Teddy had his own remedy ; he went to the very outside of the footway, but he would not go off it : and as the ladies came on, as if for a collision, he stopped, and took off his "caubeen" or hat, as if to say, You see I have done all I can ! and thus, half smiling, half ashamed, they drew aside enough to let him pass on.

Even this, though so just, might, where gentlemen were in attendance on the ladies, provoke a brawl, which would be just what Teddy would enjoy. Thus Teddy, though big and brave enough to be an Argonaut or any other hero, was one who in some respects rather wanted "his nurse." George therefore felt bound to look after him a little, especially as Teddy had more than once saved his life ; once was, when he was in a boat which got upset in a squall on Windermere.

"You'll go to Boulogne, then ?" says George.

"Yes, your honor," says Teddy.

"You know where it is, I suppose ?"

"O, somewhere among the furriners."

"But do you think you can find it ?"

"O, leave me alone for that, your honor."

"Well," says George, "here is a full memorandum of how I should go if I were you ; but, as I am not, there is no knowing how you will pull along."

"Pull through, it is, your honor."

"Yes, but you'll be swimming across, or flying, or hiring a mermaid, or something. However, I envy you, how you can manage to do without even a kit or sailor's bundle."

"It is, your honor, because I am not an elephant, with my trunk always under my eye."

"Yes, but, we are going among the elephants, and therefore, Teddy, as you are to be amid foreigners and dangerous cattle, had you not better make your will?"

"O, be asy, your honor; *will*, is it? arrah, I'll not make one till I get a wife, and then I should have no will of my own. If I did leave anything it would be to the Bible Society. All the while, the sort of Will I'd like, is of this sort:—As I have no property, I bequeath it all to my enemies; my debts I leave to my friends, and the remainder I give to the poor: the whole to be free of legacy duty:—that's what I call a Will that would make it worth any man's while to die and be waked. But now, your honor, your *will* is the thing, about my starting?"

"Off at once, my good Teddy; but, let me see, when you cross the Channel, what are you to do?"

"To make out Mr. Cyril; though I confess I do not like your going among the Cabanas people."

"Hush, Teddy; not a word about *Cabanas*, please: the subject is too painful to be referred to thus. But when you find Mr. Cyril tell him that the 'Amaranth' and I are coming there, to him, as fast as our boots

can bring us, when we get all straight, which is likely to be very soon. And here is a word or two for him."

"All right, sir."

And so Teddy started, with a full purse, and a light heart. There was no fear of his missing any place he set out for, once he had it described to him; though his geographical accomplishments were very defective. Nor was George particularly afraid that Teddy would get into any quarrel or scrape "abroad," because George was well aware that, especially in so Anglicanized a place as Boulogne, it was an accepted fact, that the English were all either mad or very odd, and so they were a privileged race, permitted (as long as they had lots of money) to take all sorts of liberties with impunity. This civil system of making every allowance for "English" peculiarities, would be Master Paddy's safeguard.

George laid only one embargo on him, and that was, not to box, nor strike any Frenchman with his fist. He told him he had better use a poker or club, or bayonet, or stiletto, or anything, rather than his FIST, as regards the sensation it would make. The French populace entertain a most ludicrous horror of the English fist. The mace of Thor could not be deemed more prostrating. The Frenchmen themselves seem to have no tendency to employ their fists. Two French fellows, if they quarrel, come up to each other, looking very black and wicked, and they clench their hands with their arms held down stiff at their sides, as if they meant to cuff or spar; but it all

ends, not in manual exercise, but in kicks, yerked out as scientifically as any jackass could deliver: one of these lads will actually kick you on your chin, (if you catch hold of his leg, you will have him down, nicely :) they are also great in pelting stones. But as to the British fist, it is understood to be the greatest and deadliest concussionist the world has ever seen, since battering-rams have gone out of fashion.

Teddy's plan of getting across to France, was original like himself. He could not have any adventure between Limelands and London, because George sent him in his dogcart with his groom to the station; so Teddy had to go to town by rail like any other Christian.

But once he was afloat on his own legs in Euston Square, he set out on foot, regardless of what the streets were, as if he was sailing by compass; and he came to his harbour, just where he meant, in a street near the Tower, where lived a waterman, with whom he bargained to be taken down the river, to Deal. Arrived there, he scraped an acquaintance with one of the celebrated Deal boatmen, who engaged to put him on board one of the Boulogne fishing boats.

These Boulogne vessels come sometimes nearer to the English shores, for fish, than they are supposed to be entitled to do. Sometimes also they are pugnacious; they often carry several men, from a dozen to seventeen or twenty, and move rapidly, being furnished not only with sails, but also with "sweeps,"

which are very long and very lazy enormous oars. The sea-faring population of Boulogne amounts to the formidable total of above 3,200 men; and of these, 679 are at the beck of the Government, forming a sort of Naval Reserve. The number is remarkable. One of these strong Boulogne boats lately attacked in mid-channel an inoffensive small English fishing boat, in which there were not more than five hands; the Frenchmen pelted the Englishmen most unmercifully, with large stones which they probably had among the ballast of their boat, and caused severe injuries.

Teddy however was more fortunate. His Deal pilot having brought him alongside the big Boulogne boat, No. 702, named *LE FILS DE DIEU* (the Son of God!! a fact), at once Teddy hailed it, with the only French he knew, "*Parlez vous Boulogne?*" whereto the Frenchman, seeming to catch only the last word, answered, "*Oui.*"

"O," says Teddy, "it is *We*, is it? to be sure, that will be the French polite way of saying, *I, I*, sir."

Teddy scrambled on board; and going up to the chief fisherman, who, as being ugliest, dirtiest, and biggest-booted, was apparently the skipper, Teddy addressed him in the universally intelligible language, (whether it is in answer to *Backsheesh* in the Nubian deserts, or, "*Gie me penny*" in the Gaelic Highlands, it is always understood :) so Teddy tendered his diplomatic credentials in the shape of a couple of five-franc pieces, in silver, (the French like silver better than gold,) and the coins were gratefully and grace-

fully accepted. He was made free of the boat, and he lent a hand at the fishing, which was very successful.

But when the weather changed, and something equal to a whole gale of wind sprung up very suddenly Teddy showed his seamanlike qualities, to the surprise of the Continentals; for, Teddy had not been taken by them to be a seaman, since it was one of his merry whims to dress himself like a land-lubber when he was not on yacht-service: and with his Irish impudence to help him, he made quite a gentlemanly appearance. He vowed he could pass himself off as a pretty girl, only he was a trifle too tall. It was credibly reported among his comrades, that on one occasion, he attired himself like a young clergyman, with white "choker," small umbrella, and all, and looked better than many specimens of the *raal* article.

Now, however, his rig was that of a private gentleman or plain Mussoo. So, when he manifested how good practical knowledge he had of marine matters, and when he saw their surprise, he pulled open his coat, and showed the anchor buttons (another whim of his) which he wore on his inner vest, quite smart; whereon he was voted by the boatmen to be at least a friend of the Marquis of Downshire, who it seems had a fine yacht, and was well known and respected by the men of the Boulogne waters. And as that nobleman's name caught Teddy's ear, he understood that they took him to be the Marquis himself, which tickled his vanity amazingly.

Having made himself uncommonly useful, and declining the offer of a magnificent turbot, on the score that he had "no wife-ee," which perhaps was understood by the warm-hearted Frenchmen as saying that he was not stopping anywhere that he could cook it ; he left the storm-tost boat, and landed on the Port.

Here he found no difficulty in making himself understood, since almost every Frenchman in the place, except the police, knows some English "as well as French," and is proud of the acquirement. A Frenchman can always say "no good," if he can express nothing else in English ; and, if he can say "vara gud," he considers himself a sound English scholar. Very unsuitably, the public officials of institutions in Boulogne, such as the Law courts, the College, the Museum, being old men or imported wiseacres, know no English ; but the tradesmen know it, and often very sagaciously send over their children to England for a couple of years, to be taught English in English schools : knowing well how signally such English diction will enhance their trade among the Great Britons of Boulogne. It is remarkable how fashionable everything English is becoming in France. I see Shakespeare (King Richard the Second, II, 1) speaks as if not French, but Italian "fashions" were followed in England, in the days of Queen Elizabeth ; and I would compare the fact, that the first "bonnet" (in Italian, bonetto) came to England from Italy, in the reign of that same Queen Bess. However, now, English fashions

and English everything are all the rage in France; to mark a thing "Anglais" is to ensure its sale, whatever it may be, textile stuff, or hardware, or any thing. But among all the goods which our little island produces, none seems to be more appreciated than "an English wife," for which good credit, we may not a little thank our good Queen Victoria, and the Crown Princess of Prussia, and the Princess Alice of Hesse, all, such good wives, prime patterns of English-women.

Englishwomen are admirable, because they are never unnatural. One of the most marked and pleasing traits of English character, is its naturalness. Men and women share in this; and it goes far to redeem the roughness of the oft surly Briton. Other specimens of humanity, among all the fraternities which *ought* to compose the "solidarity of peoples," may be mostly forced, stilted, and artificial; John Bull is natural: whether rough-hewn or polished, he is a good plain reality, as substantial and true as his own goods. English men and boys, women and girls, have generally a natural *honest* air about them. And I like them for it. Whatever Art may be, in marble or on canvas; Art is not so good as Nature, in the breathing being.

I am a great admirer of Nature. Take a bad man out into the fields, and you go far to rebuke the passions which have rankled in his breast. The flowers remonstrate with him; the sweet red rose shames him and blushes for him: the two-faces must twit him: the modest violet can abash him: and even the

darling daisies give him a sound reproof. Talking of daisies, I remember that when once I passed through my friend Earl Stanhope's park at Chevening, in Kent, I had a chat with the good old gardener, to whom I pointed out how plentifully the grass was dappled with the daisies ; whereon he told me that this was something special, in honor of the younger scions of the family, who were to return home to-morrow: "Ah," said he, "whenever the family come down from London, the young people always say they 'love to look out upon the daisies': so we just let the daisies be once looked at, and then we keep the lawns smooth shorn, as usual." In this manner, homely Nature and her instincts are sure to rule, in lordly halls, as well as in rustic cottages ; the one as much as the other : like as Shakspeare says,

"Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

Even such an utter cockney as Falstaff, when dying, "'a babbled of green fields." Indeed, a modern writer expressly says, "Were I condemned to an eternal residence in the metropolis, the sweetest jasmine, the finest moss rose, the noblest camellia, the rarest, handsomest, and most odorous of exotics, would have less value in my eyes, than a common field daisy ; and a pot of them, when in London, I generally contrive to have : counting the coming buds, as a miser would count his guineas." Much in the same way is it that the most mischievous boy spares the redbreast ; he will shy a stone at any bird

but a cock robin; he would as soon think of letting off his rusty pistol at his granny, as at a robin. In the opinion of almost every boy, the act of killing a robin is considered to be, as Teddy would say, down-right manslaughter. This is Nature's conscience. And the boy who could make a sparrow pudding of cock robins, may be set down as fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; let no such imp be trusted. By a similar dictate of Nature, there is in many places a "superstition" against destroying isolated whitethorn trees; they smell so sweet and look so pretty when "the may" is in bloom: so I suppose, some knowing old Druid friend of theirs, gave out, that it is "very unlucky" to extirpate them: accordingly they stand unmolested, hedged round invisibly by Mercy.

I believe, in every case, the counsel which Nature gives, has on the human heart an influence which is not only softening and refining, but also strengthening. There is a degree of obstinate regularity in plants, which seems to urge us to have fixed principles of our own. Thus if wild sorrel be nourished with nothing but sugar and water, it will secrete its acid, as usual. If the wild sea-kale be planted ever so far from the sea, it will continue to endow itself with salt, as before. This pertinacity in a plant suggests to us the propriety of rational perseverance. If we look at a field of wheat, the grains of corn do not contain flint, because it is not needed; but the stalk or straw does possess an abundance of silex or flint, to make the straw stiff enough to support

the ears of corn. This fact was only found out when a child happened to tell Sir Humphrey Davy that if two pieces of bonnet-cane were rubbed together, they emitted a faint light ; which he found to be because of the flint or silicious earth in the skin of canes, reeds, and corn. Look at a cornfield, and think of the straw being all furnished with flint, to stiffen the stalk ! Seeing such contrivances in Nature around us, we may well feel ourselves in the hands of an Almighty Father ; and for my part, I hold, that Nature is the running commentary upon God, which he who runs may read.

But if to be natural, be an “ English ” characteristic, our Irish Teddy possessed the same merit to the full, and so he was a son of nature, in the best sense ; especially as regards the excellent kind of nature which consists in simply being good-natured.

CHAPTER IV.

FLOSS.

“The gentle budding rose,” quoth she, “behold,
That first scant peeping forth with morning beams,
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth unfold
In its fair leaves, and less seen, fairer seems ;
And after spreads them forth, more fair and bold.”

FAIRFAX.

WHILE Teddy, as George's forerunner, is proceeding to meet Cyril ; we must see how Cyril had, in the meanwhile, been employing himself. He set out for the Pier, as we saw ; and on his way, it struck him, that he, like yourself, “dear reader,” would not be the worse for a new pair of gloves.

He entered a shop, and was served by a nice damsel, with whom he chatted agreeably. She was gentle and modest, or Cyril would not have wasted an extra word on her ; she also saw that her customer was a very handsome young man, and so she pursued the little conversation with ease and pleasure.

Now here, someone, with the prurient spirit of Sterne in his “Sentimental Journey,” would think that a flirtation of evil tendency was begun.

Some men go about the world with the uniform

spirit of a seducer, nor can they talk to any grisette without an impure *liaison* in prospect ; and if they have no opportunity for actual licentiousness, they like to hover on the brink, and dally with the thought.

Not so with Cyril. He simply thought (and why should he not think ?) that a nice girl is, what she is, the best part of creation. If she was respectable, he could respect her ; and whether she was his equal in station, or beneath him, he could enjoy the interchange of a pleasant word or two with her. Why should not a sweet girl be capable of being looked at with emotions as pure as when we admire anything else that is delicious, such as a fragrant rose or a lovely landscape ? I say it can be so, and ought to be so. If some would sneer at this as platonic, or if others would sourly pronounce it dangerous ; Cyril had his retort cut and dry in the timehonored royal repartee, Evil to him who evil thinks.

Cyril could talk with any nice girl, as he would with a sister, if he had still been blessed with one. A lovely gentle maiden is something admirable ; and, he would say, why should not what is admirable, *be* admired ? Her sweet voice, her graceful ways, her poetry of motion, her sympathetic temperament, all had charms for him ; her excellencies were realities : and he was too honest to be indifferent to them, and too honorable to trifle with them.

Woman's wit is generally very rapid and sure in taking approvingly the measure of such a man ; mutual confidence is established even in the briefest

colloquy : and though neither heart may flutter, a tacit feeling of esteem subsists. Cyril and the pretty maiden felt at least that they had an agreeable five minutes' chattification ; and therefore when she handed him his gloves, she opened a desk and wrapped them in an extremely tasty and ornamental paper, which seemed almost too good to be a mere covering. His civility and courtesy had gained him this little tribute ; nor was it quite immaterial to him in its results afterwards : sometimes very small matters have their bearing on our destinies.

Putting his little parcel in his coat pocket, he bade good morning to the girl, whom he was never to see again ; nor was he conscious that any benignity was wasted on the occasion.

He had not long resumed his walk, when he remembered how he had got the gloves not to go to pouch, like young opossums, but to be "on his hands," as befits superficial things. So he took off the envelope, which looked too tasteful to be thrown away at once ; besides, it had just been as if a silent signal of goodwill : hence it was replaced in his pocket, while he proceeded onwards.

One of the Folkstone packets had just come in ; and the custom then (though now abolished) was, for ropes to be stretched from the packet to the Office where the officials searched the clothing and carpet-bags of the voyagers, and examined their passports. "This barrier," says Cyril, "bids me to pause ; and Floss, you my darling doggy, have paws already : here then we both halt." Cyril looked at the in-

comers, who seemed so jaded, after the *sick* transit (*gloria mundi*) of the Channel.

It is rather a ridiculous and unfeeling rule of the place, for all the visitors and loafers in general, to congregate on both sides of those barrier ropes, or to make a lane, and stare at the poor immigrants who have to "run the gauntlet" of relentless eyes. Thus the poor things land; and though they sometimes have enough "stomach" left to rouse themselves, and put on a strut and swash, as if *they* did not mind being scanned, or as if they knew they had to brave the pitiless ordeal: still, they *clearly do not like it*, especially when some demonstrative or lackadaisical individual gets loudly laughed at by way of sympathy and consolation.

Cyril felt rather indignant at the poor waifs and strays being thus made an exhibition of in their misery; though perhaps he himself looked as much like a mere spectator as any of the others, whereas he was there "by accident." He thought, "I wish some one of the new comers would pretend to be worse than he is, and would wrap his rug round his head in some invalided way, to attract particular attention; then let him fall on his face (on purpose): there would be a shout of laughter: and then let him rise with dignity, without the rug ruff, and tell them, loud and clear, 'Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I'm a *fallen* fugitive, just like you.'"

The air of the Boulogne residents, while watching each disembarking voyager, struck Cyril as if they said, "O, so you, *and you* have got away from YOUR

creditors?" and the whole aspect of the lookers-on might remind one of what we have heard of the prisons of the Revolution, when decapitation was in full work: for then, as the turnkey opened the door to let in a new victim, all the previous prisoners stared keenly at their new brother in misfortune: and, if he had to go on to the "Secret" cells, there was a murmur of pity. Like that gaunt gaze of those jail birds, is the Boulogne inspection of incomers; with this exception, that there is no sympathy, nothing but brutal selfish curiosity, amused and delighted by others' sufferings.

When there were no more passengers to be stared and gaped and guffaw'd at, the ropes were dropped, and Cyril passed on to the mouth of the harbour. In so doing, he held an animated discussion with Floss, who, as a dog of extreme intelligence, answered with bounds and frisks, Whether the name of the town Boulogne, or pronuncially Bullong, beginning with the sound of Bull; must not be what attracts so many of the John Bull species to the spot? to which Floss replied with an eloquent bow-wow, which perhaps was as good an answer as need be, and certainly as congruent as human ums, and humphs, and pshaws, and what-did-you-says. The bull (dog) explanation may in fact be said to be borne out by the old way of spelling Boulogne; because in ancient documents, the name appears as "Boullongne," which surely must be, all along of the John Bulls. In fact, Boulogne is fated to have particularly to do with perfidious Albion; it is not only

bullish to begin with, but it has even got the John Bull "mouth": because, the London tavern name, the *Bull and Mouth*, meant, the Boulogne Mouth, the Boulogne harbour. So, just as much as Portsmouth, Plymouth, Yarmouth, there is Boulogne-mouth; British to the lips.

The Boulogne harbour is the sea-mouth of the small river Liane, which was originally called Elna or the elbow, implying that it is only fit to water the spirits of people out-at-elbows. This river rises some fifteen miles up the country, and affords "good angling," as some local sportsmen (!) have the hardihood to allege; but, as Teddy would say, it is doubtful whether there are any other trout except eels: it is indeed a household boast in Boulogne, that one salmon was once seen, and not caught, at a point called Pont de Briques.

The Boulogne harbour terminates in two piers, each with a lighthouse; the idea is, a French snail, with its two horns, and an eye at the end of each. The pier to the west is called *Jetée de l' Ouest*, and is the longer of the two, but is rather sombre and dismal, being unfrequented and sequestered, and is understood to be dedicated to old bachelors and disappointed lovers; some call it the Bridge of Sighs, or Pont Penniless: others style it the Pont-aux-Anes (asses' bridge), and thus it just befits its Capecure people, who are the offscourings of Boulogne, and who are the same foils to the rest of the town, that the Boulogne Britons are to the English of England.

But if the western pier be forlorn ; its smaller neighbour, in front of it to the east, might be dubbed the Trot of Joy, so jaunty and cheerful does it seem : this is named the *Jetée de l'Est*. It is a stone and sand embankment, on which a high wooden framework is raised, making a good promenade, which is exactly six hundred yards long, if you will believe deponent's legs ; if you will not, you may pace it yourself. Whatever you do, you will have to pronounce it a very pretty affair, as it curves archly round like your lady-love's eyebrow. (The authorities are said to be going to lengthen it 400 feet, for which I do not vote ; as they'll only spoil *my* pier). It is very sociable, on the footing that two are company, and a third is none ; for, part of it has only room enough for two to walk abreast, as if it was designed for a French string of Corydons and Phillises : its dimensions of width in fact are on the delicious scale of "three steps and overboard." (However, alas, they are widening it, and spoiling it ; they will only succeed in commonplacing it, since in a concern of this sort, the narrower a thing is, the nicer, and the wider the worse.

Like the broad handle to a sabre, this *Jetée de l'Est* bulges out, not only into a funny little lighthouse, but also into a wider platform at the end, as if for the aforesaid couples to finish off with a dance. This broad end of the wooden pier, is the final piece of the French "soil," to which enthusiastic bidders of good-bye, rush, to wave hats and handkerchiefs, while the outgoing packets career forth impetuously

beneath. You can sit comfortably and see all the fun, as this widened end of the pier is backed all round with seats ; and the waves come in bouncing merrily under your feet, with the seething waters visible below, between the beams and planks, through the interstices, which are very convenient for a pipe to drop through : and the urchins, at low water, pick up the pencil-cases and sous and other sweetmeats, for which this place is an excellent trap.

Cyril at present had this part of the structure all to himself, since the sight-seers, (who had been giving what I beg to stigmatize as *the Refugees' Welcome* to the disembarking packetites) had not yet strayed thither as fast as he had, his walk and Floss's having been somewhat of a scamper as regards lightness and speed. There were no people here at all as yet, except two old women of both sexes, who seemed to be having a quarrel ; and they soon went off, to quarrel elsewhere: Mem., some married people quarrel all their lives.

So, now, as Cyril was alone, he made Floss sit by him on the seat with all the gravity of a reasonable being ; and Cyril amused himself watching the uncouth manœuvres of a small dilapidated steamer and a string of big barges, which were no doubt bent on some dredging operation, but certainly ought to be very useful, to make up for their want of ornamental attributes.

Another thing Cyril could not comprehend was, that four men and one woman went out in a small boat a short way, and then came back, and went out

again. What was this for? were they waiting for some one? or were they fishing? or were they watching some ship? The woman seemed to militate against any such suppositions.

So Cyril began to lay down the law to Floss, that the woman was an invalid, and they were taking her in and out, just to give her a taste of sea-air and motion, and to invigorate her constitution.

"You see, my dear sir,"—But, while saying this to the dog, Cyril perceived, from the faithful and enlightened animal's manner, that some visitors had in the meantime come up. Floss was quite sagacious enough to know that his master would not go on declaiming to him about the valetudinarian woman as he did, only that he thought there were no observers. So Floss looked quite abashed (a fact) at his master being caught fooling, and would have whined and whimpered next.

Cyril perceived from his concerned manner, that there were spectators of the sporting; so he partly turned round, from noticing the woman in the boat, to be conscious that two ladies had come up close behind him. They now moved on a little further, to one side, as if to inhale the pleasant breeze, or to scan the horizon, dotted with numerous sails.

Cyril could now look at them without turning rudely to stare; and he perceived they had a smile playing about their faces, as if his preaching to his dog had tickled their fancy! he imagined they would have liked to "have out" a good laugh. Cyril relished this appreciation of his oratorical gifts, rather than

otherwise ; and was not at all disconcerted, like the highly susceptible Floss.

But, there was one other thing of which Cyril became conscious, namely, that of all daughters of Eve whom he ever beheld, he never had seen any so faultlessly and peerlessly beautiful as the two before him. Used as he was to the best and highest society, and to see the loveliest dames and the most gorgeous damsels of the courts of England, France, Austria, and so on ; he confessed to himself at once, that he had never seen any to compare with the two divine-looking beings on whom he gazed. What were they ? Were they English ? He hoped so, for the credit of his country ; yet he was not sure. They seemed quite different from each other, in their style of beauty.

Again, what were they ? Aunt and niece, doubtless ; and so distinguished-looking.

The elder lady was quite majestic in appearance ; she was most richly attired : and Cyril especially noticed that she wore an ornament above her forehead of a very unusual kind. It was a narrow golden strip, pointing a little upwards, somewhat like part of a diadem, and resembling the frontlet or tiara which we may have seen accorded to Diana or Venus, or some other fair goddess of olden time. This aigrette had an antique aspect, and seemed to be studded with large pearls. Such an embellishment might look theatrical, or tawdry, or simply queer, on some personages in the daylight ; but on its wearer, it seemed to be singularly becoming. It served as if

to stamp or mark her to be what she was, a woman of rare and extraordinary perfections.

But what words then can fitly depict the wondrous beauty of the younger lady?

It is useless to try to describe what is really indescribable. Like as Agamemnon, when his daughter Iphigenia was about to be sacrificed, at Aulis, covered his eyes with his robe, (as Euripides describes, and as the painter Timanthes represented,) placing a veil over his face, as if his emotions must transcend all portrayal; so also the unutterable loveliness of the young lady in question may mark the limits of language, and must be covered with the gauze of silence, and left to imagination.

Not one word shall you hear (at present, at least,) about the color of her eyes or hair, the style of her profile, or the anatomy of her dimples. You shall be vouchsafed only a very general outline of her charms. One thing you may be permitted to know, is, that she was remarkably, brilliantly fair; the radiance of her complexion was quite dazzling, not with the dull dead white of sallowing "ivory," which is the stock simile for a very fair skin, but like cream, before it clots or yellows; yes, cream, which (please to pardon the apparent bathos) is a much better and (though somewhat bucolic) a more truthful emblem, than dead and ghastly ivory, or chilling blinding snow. Commend me to fresh cream, as the model metaphor for a matchless maiden's skin.

Then again, if you promise to behave yourself, you may be allowed to learn, that her height was that

sweet medium altitude, which is neither short nor tall, and which I fix at exactly five feet three inches. This height is tall enough to be compatible with dignity, without being lengthy and awkward ; it also is short enough to be lovable, and nestling, without being too little or insignificant. When such a figure is not at all heavy or "stout," and yet is rounded, and not *too* sylphlike ; the literal quintessence of female loveliness is attained : absolute excellence in every inch.

Our heroine's features were perfection itself, but her form was equally perfect ; and the form, though it cannot dispense with the beauty of face, is almost a more exquisite charm. Though indeed, it may often be observed that whereas ugly faces and dumpy or scraggy bodies usually go together, so also do pretty faces and beautiful figures often accompany each other. Is it because Nature, when she has a nice piece of work in hand, wishes to carry it out, with consistency and taste ? This fact indeed deserves elucidation ; and I recommend it to the Pretty Girl "Section" of the next Congress of the British Association for the advancement of (everything but) Science, or whatever they call themselves ; and I am sure it would be more interesting than their ordinary maudlin topics.

The young lady's figure was most consummately beautiful, and very youthful ; her costume also was quite juvenile, almost betokening the schoolgirl, and yet all the wealth of incipient womanhood was discoverable : her girlish skirts were short enough to

show her finely turned ankle, and noble instep, and faultless feet.

Perhaps the most wondrous thing about her, was, the manner in which she stood ; it was her mode or style of standing : *she stood as if she had just come down from heaven on wings, and as if she might at any moment go back on wings again.* This ethereal lightness and upwardness (so to speak) of a youthful figure, even when not in motion, and seen in the mode of standing and planting the foot, is exceedingly attractive, and also excessively rare ; it is decidedly an angelical attribute : and you may set it down in your tablets, or (as an old lady said) your "Merry-Andrew" (memorandum) book, that our beauteous girl was a female angel, and no mistake.

As to her age, you would at first deem her only about sixteen ; but, when you looked a second time, seventeen would be your verdict.

She being standing, and Cyril sitting, he looked up to her while her glorious apparition stood against the soft blue sky. Seeing her so suddenly, all his powers of admiration were as if taken by storm, and he felt as if he could almost fall in love with her without more ado ; and perhaps the only thing that saved him, was a general sense of all the professions of determined bachelorhood (at least for several years to come) which he had been wont to make to himself. His resolve used to be, "Catch *me* falling in love with any girl, however nice ! *my* plan is, to keep clear, and free, and travel, and see the world well, so jolly : and then come home, brown and sensible, and 'still

handsome,' say thirty, or thirty-two. Then I'll get into Parliament, for my own borough or county; and then I suppose I must marry, as my dear and idolized parents would have wished it." Thus had he been accustomed to descant to himself and to his friend George. So, with the memory of all such protestations full upon him, he could not of course concede the possibility of *his* falling in love at first sight, even with such a prodigy as this glorious girl, whom he had never seen before a few seconds ago. Wherefore he took refuge in the innocent duplicity of saying to himself how well it was that George Thornton was not here; for, (ha, ha,) George would be all on fire at once! This was all very well for Cyril Grosvenor to say, because he always thought (and it *was* the case) that George was more easily captivated than himself; nevertheless, the question now is, whether Master Cyril, by saying George *would be* burned, did not indicate, that Cyril himself was already singeing? Certainly Cupid must think he has gained a great point towards taming so indomitable a heart as Cyril's, when the confession is wrung out, perforce, that the girl now seen is more beautiful than ever was beheld, or even imagined before.

Nor does such sudden love augur ill, of itself, for future happiness. It is customary indeed for snuffy old fogies to characterize "Love at first sight" as synonymous with all that is rash, reckless, and impulsive. But it may be doubted whether their objection is founded on any sound principles of philosophy. The suddenness of admiration does not prove it to be

injudicious. I see a fine landscape for the first time; I admire it hugely : I may wish to live there always: and why not? Or, I see a superb building ; I never saw the like before : I am enchanted with its symmetry : I want no further scrutiny, though of course the oftener I behold it, the more it meets my taste. Why may not a beauteous girl be loved at once alike? Certainly, if a man is struck with a pretty face, and continues devoted to the girl, all the same, after he has perhaps found out that she is a mere mindless selfish flirt ; he is more remarkable for constancy than for strength of judgment. But we may just as well suppose that the girl has not only a lovely person, but also a good disposition. If so, the warmth of sudden love is more likely to ensure happiness. Happy love is love that lasts. Lifelong love is lifelong happiness. But, where "love" is a cold calculated affair, the first quarrel can extinguish what little there was of it, for ever ; and then a loveless life is a life of woe. But, a love that was once fervent and fiery, even if it subsides, can be revived in its intensity, so as never to be lost as long as life lasts.

On the same principle, it is better, when young people are passionately attached, (and when all due consents are obtained,) to "let them marry," almost hurriedly, rather than have such delays interposed as are usually exacted by grim guardians ; better, much better, for marriage-settlements to be informal, or trusted to honor, rather than that the fond affection, which is more valuable than money, and a better security than prenuptial signatures, should be frit-

tered away by weeks and months of lovekilling procrastination. Hope deferred makes the heart sick ; and possibly the heart may almost sicken of the whole object : while mind and body and affection and all are embittered and attenuated, by keeping two fresh young bosoms, which belong to each other, needlessly and heartlessly apart. Marry them, while their hearts are warm, and their love will last for life ; and such love is the greatest earthly blessing the pair in question can obtain.

I say then, What is love at first sight ? A young man sees a maiden who to him seems incomparable, and he feels at once that the possession of her would be his greatest conceivable gift ; there is no harm in this : he gets acquainted with her : they are soon married : and they love each other, with ardor and with happiness, to the foot of the hill of life.

Compare this with the contrary course, for instance : —A young man goes to visit at a friend's house down in the country : he is introduced to a young lady : she is pretty and agreeable : but he is not at all particularly struck with her : he talks with her, he plays chess with her on a wet day, and he turns over her music, but his thoughts are much more about the hunting and shooting in the vicinity. She merely thinks he is a " nice young man." Gradually, however, like as electricity is elicited by rubbing, the two get to like one another, " love " is declared, and " the match " is arranged ; five months afterwards elapse at least, while the nasty lawyers' clerks are whistling over the deeds and documents : by that

time both the young people have changed their minds : yet honor and listlessness bid the project go on, though the doubtful love has quite cooled. So, the marriage is solemnized ; but there is after it, as before it, little warmth of love, settling down into something less than liking, if not positive dislike : and the subsequent jars, and chills, and broils of an aimless existence, prove how sad a thing is the lack of love.

Accordingly, I stand up for love at first sight, and speedy union ; and I know I have human nature on my side, nor is human nature far off from common sense. “ Them’s my sentiments ” ; and I know you think me right, even though you may try to shake your head over it, solemnly and ominously, as a piece of hypocrisy due to the scarecrow solemnities of society.

But you are not to imagine that the ladies were waiting all the while these philosophical reflections have had to be recited. You must conceive all the intercalary meditations to occupy only one minute and a half of “ mean ” time.

The fair girl had as yet scarcely got her mouthful of fresh air ; and Cyril’s keen and sharpening glance could trace that she was aware he was looking at her and admiring her. She must have perceived, when she stood, before, so close to him, that *he* was very good-looking, merry, and cheerful, and every inch a gentleman. No less he admired *her* ; and she felt he did. Nothing is more curious than this consciousness which women possess. Even when they are

looking away from a man, they can be aware that he is staring and adoring. It is a sort of feminine free-masonry or sensitive second-sight.

Possibly the young lady was a little put out, by Cyril's homage ; such an alternation (as she had before been smiling at him, and now was uneasy under his gaze) is not unnatural, where a stranger is concerned. It would seem as if she said gently to her companion, Shall we now retrace our steps? For, both ladies now wheeled round from contemplating the sea, and proceeded to return back along the narrow pier.

They had to pass Cyril ; and no sooner had they just got beyond him, than the younger lady dropped her handkerchief. This evidently was not done intentionally, but was merely caused by a slight feeling of confusion, owing to the artlessness of modesty and youth. The fault was all Floss's, or at least Cyril's in his having been holding forth to Floss, and making the maiden at first smile, and now be somewhat embarrassed, as there was still no one else on the platform. Let "pretty maids" know, and take notice that it is sometimes a hazardous pastime to indulge in even a suppressed smile at handsome young men. I deal in morals ; and this is one of them.

However it was, the beauty dropped her handkerchief, and was moving away, unconscious of the loss. Floss saw it, as he saw everything ; and Floss was jumping down, with the gentlemanly instinct of a wellbred canine quadruped, to run and bring the lady her goods. But Cyril quietly stopped him.

Why was this? was it that he would not have his dog rob him of a privilege he wished to monopolize to himself? Hardly so. Or was it the old "bachelor" rebellion of not wanting to meddle with beauty, lest he be hopelessly caught? Probably he could not analyze the feeling himself; and we may state it for him, that he preferred to wait a moment, to see what would ensue. The ladies however moved softly on and on. No time was to be lost. So he picked up the elegant little white article; and his eye "chanced" to see on it some crest which he did not stop to smooth out a crease to examine: but above the crest he descried the letter E.

How *ever* is the handkerchief to be restored? He might follow them to their residence or hotel, and so on; but anything of that kind would not bear consideration, as it would be unpardonably intrusive. Is he then to run after them, and simply give it back? But for a "great" man, with a dog too, to set out running along a quivering causeway, after two strange ladies, alone in the sea, would look ridiculous, and would be enough to frighten them; they would think him mad: dog ditto. If he ran, they would run too; and how absurd that would be. What is he to do?

"I have it," said Cyril to himself, as he bethought himself of the pretty glove-girl's paper. "Thou, O Floss, shalt be the Mercury or god of thieves, (St. Latro, my lad,) to deliver thy master out of his dilemma, and to enable this paragon to recoup her property."

So Cyril took the paper, and placed the handkerchief in it, so as not to be soiled by the dog's mouth, yet leaving a corner out, enough to let it be seen what the dog carried. Floss took hold of it tenderly and drily ; and then, as if he quite comprehended "the situation," he walked briskly, without running, and soon got in front of the ladies, when he stopped before them, and held up the handkerchief in the paper, in his mouth, with the utmost decorum and affability.

The ladies were much amused, and they almost laughed outright, in spite of themselves : especially when good Floss "went on with his tricks," and threw himself into a sitting posture, with his front legs in the air, so as to let his mouth be more easily reached. The pretty girl herself took hold of the paper, and saw how it had shielded her handkerchief from the dog's mouth ; and as the paper was now a little soiled and crumpled, she of course let it drop. The wind at once blew it through the open side of the pier, into the sea. Such was the end of the tasteful paper of the "pair of gloves." Still, it had done its duty ; and it would be well, "dear reader," if as much could be said of you. I record its history, as I am a believer in the potency of little things ; knowing as I do, how often small incidents create great ones.

"What a dear nice *dog*," said the beauty, or seemed to say, patting its delighted head. The ladies felt they must also take some notice of the dog's master ; so they looked back, and slightly curtsied to him, by

way of thanks. Cyril of course was now standing, and he acknowledged the ladylike salute, by taking off his hat with much grace. They passed on ; Floss returned to Cyril : and Cyril remained where he was, for a while, feeling as if a new world had opened to him.

Nor is a young man the worse, for having some fondness for a fine girl introduced thus into his interior. See a great brute of a big schoolboy, how bearish he is to his sisters, how selfish and "nasty" he is, how keoutish and untidy and uncomfortable ; but, let a fair face smite him, and at once his brutality is done away : he is fascinated into decency and kindness. Even one so polite as Cyril, is the better for Cupid's arrow.

In fact, man's morals and manners may often learn a lesson from "irrational" creatures. Thus, I do not know a better lesson in gallantry and correct gentlemanly courtesy, than is given by a cock hummingbird. If a young man were deficient in the finer and more generous sensibilities, I would positively advise him to go to school to the hummingbird for a few minutes. What does the ruby-throated hummingbird do ? He constructs a fairy nest, in which his wife lays an egg about as big as a small pea. But, observe ; the choicest morsel of the day to these beauteous little birds, is either the early morning, when the fresh flowers are most luscious to them, and racy with the dew : or else, the sunset hour, when the scents are pouring forth. So, at those very times, the male bird (who can and does

actually thrash an eagle) regularly relieves the female in the process of incubation, in order that *she* as a lady may range about at the most agreeable moment, and regale *herself* among other ladies, with the best dainties (insects) that then throng the honied buds. This is just what the ladies like. If this is not a pattern, not only to husbands, but to all gentlemen in general, and to you, old fellow, in particular, I know not what could be. Rely upon it, man's heart is the better for being in love. Man, without woman's love, is an imperfect being. He who has yet to *love*, has yet to fulfil one of the very highest purposes of his existence.

At all events, this being Monday, September the first, 1862, the day for partridge shooting to commence, Cyril felt that a far nobler "game" than any other that could be opened to his ambition, had now presented itself; being no less an aim than to win the affections of an immortal soul, shrined in such a beauteous casket: to strive for the heart of one who might be his pride and his bliss in time, and his companion throughout eternity. What better, nobler earthly object, could any son of Adam have before him?

At present however Cyril was chiefly conscious of shackles and bonds; so he said, "A slave am I, the serf of symmetry, the bondman of beauty: but I suppose I had best bear it 'cheerily, O'; and accordingly I hereby sing for myself, on the deck of this wooden pier, the slave-song of the sea, as extant in the Hecuba chorus of Euripides." Cyril trilled

it, to his own music, in the exquisite Greek accents, "Aura, pontias aura," etc. ; which I may here translate in the following (original) shape :—

Zephyr, zephyr of the sea, That dost waft the gallant free Vessels on the bounding brine ; Where wilt thou lorn Me consign ? Must I, to what serfdom's home, As a chattel, captive come ? Dorian bourne ? or Phthian coast, Where Apidanus, they boast, Sire of fairest waters, yields Richness to the cultured fields ? To the Isle else render'd o'er Pensive by the naval oar, Hapless in those halls to pine First where Palm and Bay did twine Boughs round loved Latona wide, Of heaven's progeny the pride ? 'Mong the Delian maidens more Am I destined to adore Blest Diana in the glow Of her golden Snood and Bow ? Or, in Athens city great, On an orange robe of state, Shall I for Minerva's car Yoke the prancing steeds of war To her chariot, broider'd bright On the saffron vestments dight ? Or the triumphs must I trace O'er our kindred Titans' race Whom the son of Saturn's ire Doth embed in ambient fire ? Woe is me ! my babes ! I moan Ye, my parents ; and my home Which lies razed, enwrapt in smoke, Dominated by thy stroke, Argive brand ! the lot is mine, Menial in an alien clime : Leaving Asia, Europe's slave, Changing Hymen for the grave.

CHAPTER V.

JESSIE.

“Wise, beauteous, good ! O, every grace combined,
That charms the eye, that captivates the mind ;
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek where all the Graces smile.”

DR. BEATTIE.

“Now,” said Cyril, as he left the pier, “is it not too bad, that I, who came here free, should thus leave it a slave ? for, a slave I *am*, so far as this, that I never shall be able to get that grand girl out of my head.”

He further soliloquized, “Who can she be ? O, the handkerchief was marked ‘E.’ Does that mean only Emma or Emily ? No ; for, as the letter E was above a crest, it would be the initial of a surname : perhaps it is Edmonds or Epps : if it was Evelyn, it would do ; but, only fancy such a girl being Miss Edwards !”

Thus Cyril went on teasing himself, as persons in his predicament always do. He says, “I wish I had looked closer at the crest. Yes, it is all very well, and all very fine, for Shakespeare to ask, ‘What’s in a name ?’ but, a name is what I am hard set to

discover this very moment. I shall have no peace till I find out her name, or at least make out a 'proper' name for her, which I may embalm in a sonnet or acrostic, or place at the head of my best wishes; because she is undoubtedly not only one to wish *for*, but also to wish every blessing *on*.

"Name, name," said Cyril; "I must have a name for her. No mere fancy sobriquet can suffice; no Ethelinda nor Euthalie nor Everkississa. It must be a designation significative of the place where I first saw her. I am afraid 'E' is Edwards; but, that leaves me free to invent a Christian name for her. I cannot call her (after the pier) peeress, or peerless, or Peri, or even Pearl, which would be flat, stale, and unprofitable; it would be as bad as to call her Molly after the mole, or Jettette after the jetée or jetty. I might indeed preserve Jetée in the pretty appellation Jeannette, by resorting to the principle whereby Shakespeare's brave Fluellen discovers a similitude between Macedon and Monmouth; but 'Jeannette' would require me to be a Jeannot, with the 'beautiful cockade:' so, this will not do. I can get nothing out of Boulogne or Bononia, in the shape of a lady's name, except B for Bellona, which would imply a virago; or Bona, and this wants Dea after it: not but that 'Dea' would *do*, so far as the goddess compliment goes: but then, my Bona would suggest bones and scrags, or at least that I was distracted about some *bonne* or nursemaid.

"So, I see I must select the name *Jessie*, which is

decidedly a pretty name. It is sufficiently romantic for the occasion, coming I suppose from the Jewish Jessica, and the patriarchal Jesse (which meant Rich); the name has also a rich sort of Scoto-Gallic flavor, and therefore suits a Britannic lass (British she must be) met in France: moreover, 'Jessie' is endearing, and seems almost the same as darling. Yes, it must be JESSIE.

"And if you ask me, O Mr. Floss, for, it concerns you, old fellow, what has 'Jessie' to do with the locality of the pier? now up to the top of the cliff am I going, and there, with the whole place, pier and all, under my feet, I mean to sit down and indoctrinate you; yes, you, sir, as regards the very point, in fine style. So, prepare yourself for a learned dissertation."

Cyril went up one of the lanes that lead from the Port, at the back of the Douanes, up the hill. One of these streets, or rather gullies, used to be gaily named the Rue du Pied Gaillard, that is, Light-footed street. It is very steep, diversified with flights of steps, which require a "light" and nimble "foot," not only to scale the ascent, but also to escape the drips and slop-streams; the street being made almost a cavern or tunnel, by the thick festoons of (tanning) nets, hung out of the top windows.

The old appropriate name has lately been altered stolidly to Rue du Fort en Bois. This allusion to the Wooden Fort or Block-house is a weak remembrance of the flotilla. Such changes, so dismal and

forlorn, are untrue to the spirit of the place. It may be observed that all the old names of the Boulogne streets were aboriginally conceived in a spirit of merriment or witticism ; thus one street was named *Ecoute s'il Pleut* (listen if it rains). Yes, the great genius, or succession of geniuses, to whom a grateful posterity will have to ascribe the primitive nomenclature of the Boulogne streets, had at the time of conception been evidently under the influence of a jovial planet, possibly Jove or Jupiter himself, whence the French holiday is Thursday or *Jeudi*, the *jeu-day* or play-day, of *Jeu* or *Jupiter*, the great *St. Wagabone*. Thus it is curious that both heathenism and popery should turn "holy"-days into mere play-days. Another Boulogne Street was called *Rue du Renard*, or the fox street, as if foxy fellows dwelt there, and so they do. Another street was called *Rue des Pipots*, which some say means an order of friars ; others allege the word *Pipots* means Play-places or gaming-houses. Though now the names of the streets are altering according to the mayor's goosey-gander wisdom, yet strangely this horrible name *Pipots* remains unaltered, whereas it is the only one that might have been changed with advantage. In the year 1505, it was called *Rue d'Aubin*, and in 1792 *Rue Mably* ; either would now be an improvement : the name was "*Rue du Pipot*" in 1550. I may here compare what Victor Hugo says of the *Rue des Postes* in Paris : "This street was inhabited by Potters in the thirteenth century, and its real name

is Rue des Pots." Let us go on now with Boulogne. Another street was Rue du Pot d'Etain, as if the tin-pot was tied to the above renard's tail. This was old Boulogne wit. But now these lively reminiscences are doomed, and everything must allude to the first Napoleon's flotilla, the *wooden* fort, and the block-head block-house. It seems as if the Boulogne people could never get the futile flotilla out of their heads. One of the best names was Rue tant perd tant paye, or paie, that is, Pay for what time you waste; which was the arrangement made with his workmen by a comical old stonemason when building part of the street. The old name Rue "Tamper-tampay," occurs in a document of the year 1618; it had a nice Anglican-Gottam flavor in the "take care of your pockets" style. But now it is the long and stupid "Rue de l'amiral Bruix." But, who is or was Bruix? Well, he was a flotilla admiral. At all events, the title "l'amiral" ought to have been left out; Rue Bruix might have been mannikin fame: but what would be thought of the self-extinguisher if it was found necessary to say, *Admiral* Nelson Street? In 1505 the name of the street was "la Grande Folie;" prophetic of course of our admiral's flotilla. And they might have let it stand as Folie, or Damperdampay, or Cuss, or anything, when the abominable name Pipots is still allowed to survive.

But now again we have to deal with the fusty little street, which I, yes, I, setting the mayor and all at defiance, am determined, I will *not* call Fort-

en-Bois, and which I contumaciously persist in calling Rue du Pied Gaillard. Cyril went up it, with truly a light gay step, and so did Floss. The street is supposed to be a short cut; and thus you get up, by anything but a short cut, to a road which leads you round to the end of the town, above the Imperial Hotel, where the ragged cliffs beetle to the sea.

The view from this point is very pleasing, with the white cliffs of England in the distance. And the reports of the cannon practising in England, are constant, and singularly loud; the huge boom of the British artillery, so far off, is quite a lion's smothered growl, rolling menacingly up the French soil. Here there is a small (second-hand) statue of the first Napoleon, with his arms crossed, and looking, or rather scowling, at England; the inscription however with an awkward ingenuity recognizes the English alliance now happily subsisting. Nevertheless the statue commemorates Nap as he stood when he planned his Invasion of England; so, it is fair of us to say that he looks "as if he could not help it," since he never was able even to attempt his projected landing on our isle: though he had a medal (there is one in the Boulogne Museum) got ready, with this lying legend, "Invasion of England. Struck at London, in 1804," ("Descente en Angleterre. Frappée à Londres, 1804.") The *struck at London* was a racy fib, worthy of the Moniteur or Menteur (liar) of that day.

Some Frenchmen now try to represent that the

Invasion was a mere blind for other objects, and was never seriously intended by Number One Napoleon. But there are abundant traces of the contrary around Boulogne. There were two hundred thousand prime troops massed at that time in the neighbourhood; and the flotilla was getting ready, not only at Boulogne, but also on both sides, one way as far as Etaples, and the other way as far as Ambleteuse. These minor preparations seem to me to prove that the flotilla was intended for use; they are even stronger proofs than the central arrangements at Boulogne. A considerable harbour was formed inside the mouth of the river at Ambleteuse, capable of containing an immense number of small ships. Another harbour was constructed in like manner, very cleverly, at Wimereux, which is only two miles from Boulogne up the coast on the Calais side; a small river or rather stream falls there into the sea, with a very narrow mouth, just behind which, a large basin has been cleared out. It could hold no less than 170 vessels of the flotilla; it had beams and posts all round, on which, planks could be laid, so that when the basin got filled at high water, the troops could march direct into the boats or transports, and be off to England. Most of the huge beams still remain, all round the Wimereux harbour; though they are mouldering fast: one wonders they are not converted into firewood, or "St. Helena" snuff-boxes. The harbour looks now nearly filled up with mud; but this is of course the deposit of the last half century. It

could be cleared out again ; and one could imagine a fine manufactory or useful establishment occupying the edge of the harbour, very advantageously, and creating a thriving town, where now all is wretched and poverty-stricken to the last degree. The beams, standing high up, and angular, around the harbour, have a strangely gaunt and ghastly aspect ; they look like a cluster of gibbets, the rotten iniquity of the past.

May the world never see any more of the like ! may the "hatchet be buried" on the path of England and France, and may eternal amity prevail between the two countries, the Cock and the Bull, who are I think natural friends. It is however gravely startling for an enthusiastic and patriotic Briton to rest on one of the crumbling beams of Wimereux, and think for what purpose they were erected. The "Invasion" was the greatest mistake the great Napoleon ever made ; the *Flotilla* was *F*, a *Failure* : the enterprise having been simply and literally impracticable.

These may be taken as some of the sensations of Cyril's mind, while he looked for a moment at the statue which a whimsical English innkeeper erected, and which represents Napoleon Buonaparte turning such a stern glance at England.

Opposite the statue, and quite at the edge of the cliff, are some remains of an ancient Tower. Some of the best antiquarians (including myself) think these remains are not the mere English additions, as Barthelemy wildly imagines ; but are part of

the original erections by the Roman emperor Caligula, when *he* also made a show of invading Britain, but contented himself with arraying his warlike engines on the French shore, and bidding his soldiers fill their helmets with sea-shells. In Butler's *Hudibras* (canto 3) Caligula is paid off well, by being described as a hero who "Took crabs and oysters prisoners, And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers; Engaged his legions in fierce tussles With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels: And led his troops with furious gallops To charge whole regiments of scallops." The Tower in question bore the name of the *Tour d' Ordre*, which has long been commonly regarded as a corruption of the "Latin" words "*Turris Ardens*," meaning, Burning-tower, that is, a pharos, beacon, or lighthouse. Montfauçon thinks *Tour d' Ordre* may be resolved into *Turris Ardens*. However, this would be too bad Latin to be possible; for, though Lucan speaks of *Ardens Africa*, and Virgil of "*ardentes oculi*," or glowing eyes, and so on, the poetical idea is that the things themselves were ablaze, and thus such a phrase as *Turris Ardens* would intimate that the tower itself was fuel, and was set alight. Worse than the Latin, the local authorities, who, like all Frenchmen, are "*rerum novarum cupidi*," or fond of (small) change, have recently set to work to "rectify" the name *Tour d' Ordre* into "*Tour d' Odre*." The reason given is the wonderfully silly one, that a farm in the neighbourhood is called *Odre*; but clearly, the farm must have been called after the Tower; nor would it be any

wonder for farmers to pervert the spelling: and surely the Tower itself, as "Ordre," could keep its own name for itself, more safely and aptly, than could its name be kept for it, by any mere adjoining "farm." Fancy altering Berkeley castle into Burkeleigh, because a farmer near was Burke, and his wife Leigh. As bad as either the Latin or the farm, is the additional reason given us, that M. Henry "the Historian of Boulogne" thinks the word Ordre is the "Celtic" Odre, meaning shore. But the Celtic for shore is not Odre, but OR; whence comes our word *shore*; (compare ora, the coast.) In the Celtic word for shore or limit, there is no D; and the Celtic sense shore would specially require the retention of R: so little reason is there to set up Odre against Ordre, as shore. Nor would a tower on the shore be called Shore Tower; it would be called anything else but this. Even the French ardeur, fire, would have been a better solution. Yet, on Henry's mistake, the municipal sages think themselves O so clever! to change the old Ordre to the new Odre. I beg to propound that the Tour d' Ordre, is neither Ardens nor Odre, but merely Older, old-man. I would assume that Ordre is not the primary name, but was a mediæval epithet, like So-and-So's *Folly*, given after the Tower had dwindled into a mere humpy, looking like a tall but decrepit old man. It is recognised A.D. 856 by "St." Folcuin as Pharus Odrans; this is just how a Frenchman handles foreign nomenclature: thus the term was an exotic one,

like as all round Boulogne, places have the letter W, which is not a French letter, and is attributable to the English and Flemish admixtures. The German for *old* is *alt*, alter; the Anglo-Saxon is *eald*, and *ealdor*: and the English *elder* or *older* or *oldster*, is a more antique form, as preserving better the pure parent Celtic word *oliad*, which means, hindmost, remote in time, old. *Ordre* thus is *older*, that is, the *elder*, or *Old Man*. And in the map which was drawn for Henry the Eighth, by Holbein, the Tower is actually marked as "The Old Man;" such is the name of the Boulogne tower on the map: and this is decisive. *Ordre* was *Older*, or *Elder*, the *Old-Man Tower*, the tall but tottering ruin; (like as *Holborn* comes from *Old-Bourne*). This explanation merely supposes a mutation of what the grammar people call the "liquids" R and L; such a change is common in all languages. Thus all philologist pedants tell us that the Greek for a lily, *Leirion*, with R, is the same as the Latin *Lilium*, with L; the Spanish is *Lirio*. The "Attic" Greek dialect has heaps of words with a false R, put for L. And it is from the Latin *Luscinia*, a nightingale, that there comes the French *Rossignol*; and the bird's names in Italian and Spanish, equally change L into R: the Portuguese is *Roxinol*. Unquestionably, it is the Greek *apostolos*, an apostle, which becomes the Latin *apostolus*, and this subsides into the French *apôtre*; here T is followed by a spurious R, which R figures instead of the genuine L. A very good instance for my

view of Ordre as Older, is the French orme, an elm; orme comes from the Latin ulmus, and the L of ulmus sinks into the R of orme; why may not then the L of older have sunk into the R of ordre? We may see how ready the French mouth was to boggle at L coming after an initial vowel, in all such words as the Latin altare, an altar, which shifts into the French autel. We may also notice, how the French aune, drops out the L of the Latin ulna an elbow; indeed, many languages have a bad habit of leaving out letters: so, as for the "farm," we need say no more than that the municipal Odre is Farm-French, mere patois, merely Older with the L viciously left out. The primitive reading Ordre is much better, being merely Older or Elder with the L changed into R, according to quite a commonplace rule. In short, the Tour d' Ordre is the Tour d' Older, Holbein's *Old Man*.

Instead then of talking about the "Celtic" Odre, the town geniuses had better have commemorated themselves with the name OGRE. Alas for such gosling *aldermen*; they are as bad as church-wardens' Gothic, and St. Whitewash.

The Tower was originally lofty; it once stood no less than 125 feet high: and in Henry the Eighth's time it had still a considerable elevation. But at length the sea made such inroads, that the cliff was undermined, and the greater part of the old relic tumbled down in the year 1744; the remains left are now mere stumps of brick ruins, which stick up like carious tusks, by way of Tuscan *order*. It is

quite easy to scramble to the top of these ruins; and from the summit there is a capital view.

Cyril examined these ancient remains, and felt convinced they were old enough to have been erected by the mad monster Caligula. Moralizing a little on the vicissitudes of things, he passed over the crest of the ruins, and descended down the front of the cliff, a very short way, to a ledge which might be thought hazardous or difficult of access to any who were not so alpine-footed as were Cyril and Floss; and there they both ensconced themselves snugly, in a nice little niche or nook, which looked as if it had been made on purpose for them. Here at once Cyril proceeded to put into execution his threat about establishing an erudite connexion between "Jessie" and the Boulogne pier.

Cyril had the good habit of speechifying to Floss; and if Demosthenes is applauded, as breaking himself in, for addressing mobs, by bellowing to the billows on the poluphloisboio sea-shore, curing himself also of a lisp, by shouting to the waves with his mouth full of pebbles (or was it toffy?): Cyril may well be said to have been right, in practising declamation before Floss, on the sea-shore too, since Cyril hoped one day to be a senator and to address that most formidable of all mobs, the House of Commons.

"Permit me, sir," [*sir* is Mr. Speaker, or Floss, the big dog,] "to call the attention of the House, to the fact that the pleasant watering-place *Boulogne*, though in France, is quite a *John Bull* appendage,

and therefore will be sure of some regard in this House, where British sympathies never fail to find an echo. (*Hear.*) Boulogne is a sort of Gibraltar, only it isn't a rock, it isn't fortified, and it isn't ours; yet, our *sovereign* rules there. (*A slight laugh.*) Now the popular name of Boulogne is, Boulogne-sur-mer, on-the-sea, or B Bythesea; to distinguish it, as a maritime town, from some other city, which is inland, and *not* 'sur-mer.' (*Hear.*) The question then before the house is, and I move that a committee of the whole House be appointed to discover, what can that other city be? The most current and accepted supposition is, that the other Boulogne is Bologna (pronounced Bol-own-ya) in Italy, on the front frill of the high-caul'd cap of the original old-woman-shaped Papal States. (*Hear, hear.*) It is common for the denizens of Boulogne-sur-mer to relate plaintively how sundry letters (possibly love-letters) of the utmost importance, which were posted in England and curtly directed 'Boulogne,' got sent forward incontinently to Bologna, and only 'came to hand' when they were not handy, but obsolete. (*Cheers.*) [N.B. these "Cheers" consisted of certain comical blinks and winks, which Floss made, according as he seemed to be impressed by Cyril's manner.] This is a serious grievance, to British subjects, which this House cannot pass over. But, in order to clear the ground, and see how we stand, and the better to avoid drifting into a war with both France and Italy on the point, I beg to show how strong is the

ground for the Italian explanation; and, however pacific I may personally be, I cannot but visit with my severest reprehension the French practice of invalidating the Italian argument, by the French calling Bologna 'Bologne': do they think that the absence of you (U) will be enough to keep you out of it? (*agitation.*) Nay; let me adjure the House to keep calm, while I impress on everybody that, in brief, the history of Boulogne-sur-mer is, that it was at first a Celtic town, Gesoriacum. But subsequently it received the name Bononia, because one of Julius Cæsar's pirates, (*sensation*) by name Quintus Pedius, having been himself 'raised' at Bologna, altered the name Gesoriacum to Bononia; and it is indubitable that the name Boulogne comes from Bononia. (*Marks of adhesion.*) Moreover, Bologna in Italy is the big brick-walled city so celebrated for those Bologna sausages which no one in the place itself ever tastes, although (or is it because?) they are made exclusively of the very best and tenderest donkey meat (*laughter and cheers*); and this Italian Bologna was unquestionably 'Bononia' of old: so thus the one Bononia became Bologna, and the other Bononia became Boulogne. Hence the second place wanted the distinguishing 'sur-mer,' because Bologna is inland, and not at all marine. If the Bononia business is 'all Latin,' this is *all* the better, since it belonged to Latin times, when both Bononias were in the Roman empire; and even in the age of Charley-magne, the two cities were as if in one

country: in fact, both ancient Gauls and modern French have had a decided taste for rating Italy as merely an adjunct or boot-y of La Belle France. (*Murmurs* [of the sea] *on the left*.) We English have our Weston-super-mare, and we playfully designate Brighton as London-super-mare; and we surely may let the poor French people have their Bononia-super-mare, translating it for themselves into Boulogne-sur-mer. We the Latin-less Protestants of Albion have our *super* in fine (superfine) primitive guise; and I think we may let the monkish Latin Roman Catholics of the Cæsaric Morinia, have 'super' subsiding into *sur*, with 'mare' metamorphosed into *mer*. (*Loud applause*.) The town is French, and the words are French; and they fitly distinguish a French town from an Italian one. Nor is it any objection to this, that there is another Boulogne in France itself. (*Some cries of "O, O."*) The other Boulogne is part of Paris; a tag-end indeed, but still a part of Paris, as much as Kilburn is of London. In France, the Parisian Boulogne is 'Boulogne, Paris'; whereas 'Boulogne' is Boulogne-sur-mer: this would, or at least ought to, be so, even in writing from Paris itself. (*Derisive cheers*.) Honorable members may intimate dissent; but I would recall to them the fact that in France the only real Boulogne is the maritime Bononia of Quintus Pedius. (*Hear*.) It is the real original article. (*Laughter*.) Moreover, not far from the seaside city of Boulogne-sur-mer, is its own wood, the Bois de Boulogne, an ancient

Chace of great extent; some say it ought to be called not Bois or Wood, but Forêt or Forest: however, the peasants about it, call it Bois, and it is marked Bois in the maps: for instance, in Delamere's map it is 'Bois de Boulogne.' The whole district is called the 'Boulonnais.' Armed with these premises, I fly off to Paris. (*Loud cheers.*) What do I find there? (*Hear.*) West of Paris, the river Seine takes a fine sweep, in the south angle of which, is 'Boulogne,' with now about six thousand people; and, stretching away from this, is the fashionable Park or 'Bois de Boulogne,' which wood is now to the west and north-west of Paris, and formerly extended to the north, beyond Neuilly, to St. Denis. In other words, the Parisian 'Bois de Boulogne' was the wood which was as if the first step on the route towards Boulogne-sur-mer and England. The seaside town gave its name to its own wood, and also to the Parisian wood. (*Bravo !*) The Parisian suburb Boulogne and the Parisian wood are called after Boulogne-sur-mer, just as Oxford Street in London, as leading towards Oxford, is dependent for its name on the actual academic city Oxford. The Parisian suburb Boulogne is as strictly a piece of 'Paris,' as is it still all 'London' at Bayswater or Chelsea. Thus the Parisian Boulogne can no more compete with Bologna, than can we cite the little tannery town Bouloigne, near St. Gaudens and the Pyrenees. The way that the Parisian suburb Boulogne got its name is a material fact; for, there was a 'mira-

culous' graven-image of the Virgin of Boulogne-sur-mer, which was so celebrated at Paris, that the Parisians made a model of the idol for themselves, and placed it in the church of Menus St. Cloud (or, stone from the clouds, St. Aërolite, or St. Nubibus): so the Parisians called this church and its idol and the whole place, by the name Boulogne. Thus the Parisian 'Boulogne' and the Parisian 'Bois de Boulogne' all had as servile reference to Boulogne-sur-mer, as has any Newcastle Wharf in London to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. (*Loud cheers.*) And I beg to asseverate with the greatest earnestness, that it is not possible to have better authority than the Peutinger Tables or Itinerary, of the third century, where we have the whole history of the place recorded in these words, 'Gesoriaco quod nunc Bononia,' which words I may explain for the Ladies' Gallery, as, *Gesoriacum which is now Bononia*; and this Bononia is confessedly Boulogne-sur-mer, whereas the other Bononia is as confessedly Bologna in Italy: wherefore the distinction is most positively between these two, the two Bononias, and none other. In Akerman (ii, 264) there is exhibited a brass medallion of the Emperor Constantine, A.D. 337, whose coming to Boulogne is described in history; and the inscription is BONONIA OCEANEN., the oceanic Bononia, the *sea* Bononia, that is, Bononia-sur-mer, namely, Boulogne-sur-mer: this medal also shows the Tour d'Ordre in the shape of 'a lighthouse, or tower, on a rock on the shore.' (*Triumphant cheers from both sides of*

the house.) If I am not detaining the House (*cries of* "Go on"), we may learn as much from the primordial name Gesoriacum. That fine old Roman, Pliny, in the fourth book of his Natural History, speaks of Boulogne as 'Gesoriacum, on the coast of the nation of the Morini.' Now, in Celtic, let me mention, the word Ces or Ges means divergency, like spokes issuing from the nave of a wheel; also, 'O' means of: and, rhag, rhic, or riac, means rucks or grooves running to a focus, or lines like roads meeting in a point. The name therefore indicates exactly what the place is now, and always was, namely, the port where roads centred, and whence the course of voyages branched wide. I would compare how Brest was called Brivates and also Gesobrivates. Thus Boulogne's old name Gesoriacum is very significant, Ges-o-riac, the radiation of routes. Why then may not the interesting name Gesoriacum, give the name Jessie to a lovely girl? (*Symptoms of uneasiness.*) If, in Boulogne, 'a body meet a body,' and if you do not know her name; you cannot do better than turn Geso— into Jessie. And this is all the more the case, if it is desired that the reminiscence may specially connect her with the pier. For, the earliest Boulogne or Gesoriacum was, neither the 'Upper Town,' nor the 'Lower Town,' but actually the island, most of which has been washed away, but part of which survives in the walled islet, or promenade-stone-lozenge, which occurs in the middle of our identical Jetée de l'Est itself, and is adorned (?) with a striped

fancy drinking-shed. This little atom of an island, now built round, and marked with the points of the compass, being paved and asphalted over, as a place for bands of music or merry revels; was once a much larger island, fortified and inhabited, and called the Isle of St. Laurent in the twelfth century, but constituting the actual Gesoriacum. (*Continual signs of uneasiness.*) This may well authorize me to assign the name JESSIE, Jessie of Boulogne, to the anonymous beauty, who recovered her handkerchief on the very spot, and who——”

But, here, the uneasiness of Floss became so pronounced, and grew so like a whine, that Cyril paused, wondering whether his companion's more acute ears perceived there was some one nigh.

What if it should be Jessie herself?

“Perhaps she has overheard all my musings about her name.” (*Cyril listened.*) “She and her aunt may well have gone from the pier, towards the sands, and turned back and come up here, to gain the commanding view; ascending not by the way I did, but by the road called the Rue des Signaux or Chemin de la Baraque, which slopes up with scientific curves. All the while I have been trying to name her, she has been coming *to me*, without either of us knowing it.”

Here Cyril distinctly heard a slight scream, such as a lady might utter who was in danger of slipping or falling. Floss sprang up the cliff, without barking (well behaved and thoughtful “brute”!), and Cyril “clomb” as quick, standing on Caligula's

ruins, like the Genius of Succor. At once he perceived that the two ladies, of whom he had been speaking, had evidently either been on the ruins, and were descending; or else had begun to do so, but desisted, and wished to retreat. The elder lady seemed to have been the one who had cried out, as she had apparently slipped, but had not fallen; she had been going down first, in kind carefulness for her younger companion, and was now recovering herself, and planting her steps more firmly, as the surface was somewhat slippery. She was preparing to help down the younger lady, who still stood on the higher spot. The situation was not of any danger, except at most a sprained ankle; still this would be terrible for Jessie to be subjected to. She might indeed get nervous, and spring or hurry forward, and fall on her face, and do much harm to her young and tender form.

Cyril saw how matters were, with half a glance, even while he was bounding forward. He merely said, "Permit me to assist you," with reassuring self-possession; and springing to a lower point than where Jessie stood, he offered his hand, very respectfully, to enable her to alight on the smoother ground; yet Cyril generously let it appear as if he was only helping the aunt to do what she had however just failed in accomplishing. The aunt seemed unable till now to extend *her* hand to Jessie; and Jessie also herself appeared as if, now that she did get hold of it, the affair would be a very trembling one, because in fact both ladies had

grown rather giddy with the dizzy and breezy situation. Jessie had not yet taken Cyril's hand, both modesty and youth prompting her not to accept aid from a stranger unless it was requisite ; she seemed also to wait for some sign from her elder friend. But Cyril's help was unquestionably desirable, if not indispensable ; it was safer, and worth while, to accept it : so the elder lady, having discerned all this without any awkward pause, said to Cyril, with a gracious smile, " Many thanks, sir " : whereon the sweet Jessie gave her soft little hand to Cyril, and bounded down, like a beautiful gazelle, to a place of comfortable security.

The elder lady seemed to appreciate the delicacy of Cyril's only making as though he had assisted *her* to help Jessie down ; whereas Cyril had really helped the aunt as much as Jessie : he steadied the one with the other : and only for his fulcient arm, it is very possible that both would have stumbled, when Jessie had to take her spring. It was very plain that Cyril was wanted, and did good " preventive " service.

We need not dilate on the thrill which Cyril felt when Jessie placed her darling soft (ungloved) hand in his ; he owned to himself he would rather have the hand and its owner, than anything else the earth could offer him.

Jessie was not at all confused, but was plainly pleased with him ; and, with her own silvery voice (the first time he had heard it ! O what music did it sound !) she thanked him unaffectedly, with some

such words as, "I am much obliged to you, sir, for your seasonable assistance."

Like as others may have observed in such a case, Cyril could not afterwards have been certain of any one of the words; however, he had a glad sense that she thanked him with a graceful welcome: and that was enough.

"Blessings on her!" thought Cyril; "she is clearly as beautiful in disposition, as she is in person. I did not know such a girl could exist. I had no idea there could be such a being of bliss."

As for Floss, he evidently was in great glee on the subject; he capered up to Jessie, and, without putting his paws on her dress (a great accomplishment in a well-educated dog), he frisked about her, with every token of gratulation, and quite equivalent to saying, You're a pet: and then he threw himself into his sitting posture, as if for his head to be patted again, thus mutely reminding her of the handkerchief scene: for, Floss did not bark at all at her, but only made a funny sort of purring sound, as if asking to be carressed. Jessie did not deny him, but placed her dazzling white hand on his glossy curly head, to his great satisfaction.

The taller lady was a little constrained; and why? Was she the girl's governess? No; though many a governess is more a lady than her "missus" or the young misses, still the humbling position tells: and here all's too imperial. She does not look like a married lady, nor like one "in charge"; too much freedom, too much freshness. Nay, the unmarried

aunt must be the solution. So she was somewhat constrained, doubtless because she really did not want at present to add to her acquaintance; and, least of all, to get herself, and still worse, Jessie, entangled in an intimacy, with so handsome a young man of whom she knew nothing. Nevertheless, she was too nice and too beautiful to be anything of a duenna; she felt also that she must not be too stiff towards one who had been obliging without being intrusive.

So, when Cyril made all proper gentlemanly enquiries, hoping that there had been no sprain or inconvenience; she replied in kind and winning words. In any such little conversation, Cyril always showed to great advantage, because his spirit evinced all that is contained in the word "delicacy," together with supreme consideration for the thoughts and feelings of others. It was evident he made a very favourable impression; and when something was said as to his having appeared so suddenly and opportunely, he remarked, that he had been down the face of the cliff, indulging in some cogitations on the antiquities of the place: whereat he noticed that *a merry sparkle glittered in Jessie's glorious eyes*, as if she had heard something which the other lady had not. Cyril did not much care what it was, or how it was, so that she thought of him, and took any note of him, and associated him with any ideas which certainly were not unpleasing ones.

Cyril did not speak much to Jessie, lest it might

excite alarm or suspicion as to his wanting to be too free; however, what he said was meant for her, nor was her cheerful smile or laugh wanting in reply. Cyril pointed out that the wind up there was rather high, laying the blame on *it*, rather than on the ladies, for their not being able to explore the block of ruins with ease. He also ventured on a small joke, declaring that Caligula's Tour d' Ordre ought to be ashamed of itself for belying its name, and being in such shocking bad *order*, indeed, of no "order" at all, except the tumbledown order.

The jest, being offered to indulgent ears, passed very well; Jessie seemed quite amused: and Cyril could see that she was a girl who not only possessed transcendent loveliness, with kindness of nature, but also that she had "plenty of fun" in her, and Cyril was well aware that this self-same power of looking at things with a suitable merry mind, was an ingredient of no small importance in making life pass happily.

"So brilliant she is, so fresh, so artless, so obviously free in heart, so graceful, so beautiful;" thought Cyril, "I should be unpardonable not to admire her: and I only hope fate may have it in store for me, to become known to her, and possibly to win her esteem, if not to gain her love."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ACTRESS.

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica ; look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There’s not the smallest orb, which thou behold’st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :
Such harmony is in immortal souls.”

SHAKESPEARE’S “MERCHANT OF VENICE.”

OUR hero Cyril was now placed precisely where he could best wish to be, conversing so agreeably with “the two ladies,” on the green sward, beside the ruins.

He exerted, without any seeming effort, all his utmost powers of discourse, of suavity, of description, to prolong the delicious interview ; and yet he felt it was a pleasure which must within a very few seconds come to a close. He was conscious that his only hope of continuing the conversation lay in retaining them where they were. So he pointed out the two little scraps of islands, looking like Martello towers in the water, being forts built on reefs dry at low tide ; one has been allowed to be-

come dismantled, and is only full of rats; both are in fact useless and untenable: one is about a mile up, and the other as far down, on each side of the mouth of the Boulogne harbour. But while such defences seem despised, there are strong earthwork batteries erecting, one to the right, on the Route de Napoleon III.; and the other, the Battery des Dunes, of the Downs, that is, the Ups or sand-hills, commanding the entrance, at the beginning of the Jetée de l'Ouest. These fortifications, mounted with heavy rifled cannon, would make it very difficult for anyone to attack the place.

"But then," said Cyril to the ladies, "what is the good of fortifying France? who would attack it? Certainly, France has been invaded and occupied, in years gone by; however, this was mere retaliation, in consequence of France's own aggressive spirit. As to the present day, no one can seriously pretend that if France be quiescent, anyone would dare to assail it. England is of all countries now the least likely to attack France; nor will England ever again try or wish to invade France. And as to all the continental nations, they will never take the initiative against France; they will never begin to assail, if France can only try and keep quiet. So, France need not fortify itself; its immemorial military spirit is its own best fortification. Thus the acknowledged fact that France is the great military nation, might safely allow France to set the example of disarming. What a blessing to mankind it would be, if France reduced her army to only fifty thousand

men, and these to be for 'purposes of national state and parade only. What a saving to France herself! Nor would France lose one jot of influence thereby, among the nations; everyone would know that still, if France were insulted, the Emperor would only have to stamp his foot, for a million of GAULS to arise. The wealth saved would more than balance the legions lost, as regards influence. And on the other hand, with reference to Britain, surely the Volunteer movement, which, with her insular position, makes England as invulnerable as France, might permit England to curtail even her small army; and also to reduce her fleet to the footing of an honorary patrol to the colonies. England and France have *only* each other to fear; and as they do *not* mean ever again to damage each other, why may they not get the worth of that amity, in a peace establishment, and in the pacific disarmament, which would, without any menace, force the other nations to go and do likewise? What an incubus would be taken off the energies of Europe! It would be the beginning of men's not 'learning War' any more."

Thus did poor Cyril manfully strive to eke out the conversation, and to detain his fair auditors in the place where such a topic could be so appropriately discussed. He even hoped they would contravene, or demur to, some of his ideas; but they seemed to enter into his "military" views, and thoroughly to agree with him: if they didn't, they didn't say so. He felt he must now lose this

great privilege of confabulation with those whom he so admired, and he must therefore now let them bid him good morning.

What could he do? Many a mean or impudent fellow might in such a case have resorted to many expedients; but Cyril believed that nothing would prosper, unless its principle could be conscientiously approved. He might of course let the ladies retire, and then follow them, watching them and dodging them round the corners like a sneak; but he who would do this would not be a Cyril Grosvenor. No paltry procedure would serve his turn. Suspense would be better than his falling in his own esteem. Better to be tortured by losing all present trace of such truly prized friends, than rack himself with the humiliating consciousness of self-degradation. Old Pythagoras among his golden maxims bids us not only primarily reverence the Godhead, but also above all things, says he, *aiskuneo sauton*, that is, respect yourself. The man who has none of this feeling, is ready for any base disreputable deed. Besides, Cyril had a persuasion, which though unexpressed and latent, was cogent with him, namely, that GOD is not a myth, nor a religious name for Chance, but the real disposer of the events of life. Hence he had insensibly the glad conviction, that as Providence had already brought him and this pure girl so far together, without either of them seeking it; so, he trusted, they should not be lost to each other, among the intricacies of the future. And it may be asserted that such practical reliance

on God, in matters interesting to oneself, is more true "Faith" than that which some of the puritanical sectaries talk about so glibly, in their "religious" conventions.

Cyril would shrink from entering on anything dishonorable, which *other* people could detect him as engaged in; but there was (as Teddy would say) another person, by whom he would not like to be caught, in any ignoble course: and that one was himself. It would be the greatest humiliation to Cyril, to have recourse to any artifice or creeping tactics, which he would feel to be in conflict with what befitted a man of honor.

Hence, if of course he might part company now, and still pursue his quarry, probably to some hotel, where the waiter or chambermaid might be bribed with a couple of napoleons to reveal all sorts of facts and fictions; still he would know that when he intruded himself, he would be sure of a deserved repulse, if the people he sought were worth knowing and awake to the dictates of honor. If he forced himself on *them*, they would instinctively keep *him* at arm's length. Or, again, suppose that now while talking with them, he boldly begged to be allowed to introduce himself, so as to tell how he was one of the richest commoners of England, and connected with a noble race; they probably would receive the information with civility, but possibly they would not even believe it: nor could they fail to discern that his announcing himself was a circuitous way of asking them who *they* were.

They would descry the motive, and would despise him for his curiosity and vulgar "pushing" encroaching airs. Or, suppose he was forward enough, not only to give them his own name, but also point-blank to solicit that he might be favored with their name and address; they possibly might vouchsafe the piece of intelligence, treating him as if he were an amateur detective: but the next time he met them, they would cut him dead. More likely, they would reply haughtily, that they had no visiting card with them. "At best," thought he, "if I push myself, they will take me for some inquisitive American, some ill-taught Yankee, who has broken loose from the backwoods, and goes questioning everybody about their private concerns, when he had much better mind his own business." In any case, Cyril felt he would forfeit what little or faint degree of liking or goodwill they might have already begun to entertain for him; because the conditions of the case, and a couple of casual rencounters, did not entitle him to foist himself on such obviously high-bred ladies, as if he had the rights of an old friend, instead of being as he only was at present, the mere "bowing acquaintance" of a day.—Cyril cannot be said to have actually revolved all these considerations in his mind; but, while he was chattering agreeably about Peace and the *entente cordiale* and the reduction of the French army, he had a general consciousness of how the case stood, and how his path was blocked up against making any further advances, as his high

sense of honor told him : so we may be said to have elucidated what were his latent instincts rather than his actual reflections.

Cyril's position at this point may illustrate some of the smaller mysteries of society ; nor are such minute matters to be overlooked : indeed, I insist, often the greater events depend on the minor accessories, like as the grand stones of a building are held together by the humble mortar. The solution of this very question, whether Cyril should now try to thrust himself further on the fair strangers, had much to do with his future happiness. If he strove to satiate his curiosity or impatience, it would be at the risk of alienating their rising esteem. Often such little sequences of action, overlapping one another like tiles on a roof, have more to do with the real turns of life, than would seem to be supposed by some masters of description, who, omitting all the lowlier links, only deign to leap like Neptune from promontory to promontory ; they may be grand and rapid, but they are not true to human nature, or to the course of human impulses : they are as if a person's survey of mankind were to range only from each uninhabited hill to hill, and ignored all those intervening valleys in which our fellow-creatures dwell.

Feeling that the inevitable decree of exile to be pronounced in the smiling words " Good morning, sir," was now about to be uttered against him ; Cyril anticipated it by asking gaily, yet pleadingly, whether he might be permitted to accompany them

just a few steps further, to the end of the path, and the beginning of the street: because, he added, it was still a steep cliff!

This was rather a roguish remark of Cyril's, since the fact was, the rest of the way had not even the semblance of danger, though it was still no doubt called the Cliff; and he seemed to imply that, without him, the ladies might be getting into some little disaster again. However, they smiled, and agreed to have his escort to the corner, where the first street began. Possibly, the aunt, being prudent and sensible, was glad to have it so neatly agreed and arranged, that he was not to join them any further; whereas poor Cyril felt almost a gulp of agony at the idea that perhaps he might never see them again.

Cyril took advantage of the few minutes left him, to maintain the same style of conversation which had seemed to interest them; and he drew attention to the several objects which presented themselves in the fine open view, the sea spreading most beautifully beneath.

Cyril also pointed out, that, at the beginning of the street where he was to make his adieux, there is a little enclosed place like a small garden, in the middle of which there are two blue images, the size of life, representing some saintesses, as coarse as the figure-heads on any rough ship; they are mere rugged blocks of wood, painted over and intended for adoration purposes: the whole thing having as revolting an aspect of deliberate image-worship as

might be expected among the idolaters of central Africa. Worst of all, between the blue females, rises a huge crucifix, towering into the air. The body in which our Blessed Saviour's sufferings are so profanely and grossly caricatured, is the size of life; and the crucifix is topped with the crown of thorns, set up vertically, the crown being an iron ring with spikes, resembling the circles used for stars at illuminations. Above the crown again, on the uppermost thorn or spike, is a rude painted lump, looking like a child's rabbit-toy or a stuffed parrot, but doubtless meant for a cock, the cock of St. Peter, turning as weathercock on top of the Crown of Thorns!! The whole show is called "Calvary." If anything could aggravate the profanity, it is, when the wall to the street, outside this hideous travesty of religion, has these three words inscribed on a board, as if a summing-up of the whole scene, "O crux, ave," which means, O cross, hail; being an actual prayer to the wood of the accursed tree.

Here then had Cyril arrived, at the tether which he had himself put, to his services as knight and escort to the ladies.

And if he had hoped that either the images or anything else, might possibly prolong the intercourse, ever so little more; he was undeceived by the approach of a lady and gentleman, who were almost the only people he knew in the place. The Hon. Major Fitzherbert and Adela his wife, soon to return to England from their wedding tour, were in the same hotel where Cyril Grosvenor

had chanced to stop ; and as Cyril knew something of the Major's family, there had been some slight interchange of civilities.

They were really nice people ; but Cyril was far from pleased to see them now, because his meeting with acquaintances of his own, must of course forbid the ladies even to remain a moment at the point where he was to part company. Perceiving this, Cyril felt much vexation, and turning to both the aunt and Jessie, he said with sudden agitation, " I wish I could somehow obtain the privilege of an introduction to you, for then perhaps I might be received by you into the number of your acquaintances."

Jessie blushed ; nor did either of the ladies seem to see the reason of the abrupt remark, which, it must be confessed, was slightly at variance with all the principles which Cyril had just been cherishing as his, about not intruding himself further than he fairly and honorably might. However, the remark was natural, and was wrung from him by the mortification of friends coming up so unexpectedly, to bereave him of the last hope of another word with Jessie. But, if the ladies scarce understood what he meant, when he said it ; they at once comprehended his meaning, when the next moment Major and Mrs. Fitzherbert came up, with whom (as they pounced on him) Cyril had to shake hands.

So, the aunt and Jessie, somewhat distantly, yet very gracefully, bowed to Cyril, and passed onward towards the town ; while he, poor fellow, felt as if

he was never to be familiar with them, perhaps never even to see them, again.

Cyril had to digest his chagrin, in the shape of polite small chat with the Fitzherberts, who did not ask him who the ladies were, which looked a little odd; but perhaps it was only good-breeding, since questioning is always rude: and the rule of the Court is a good one, that the Queen is not to be interpellated. Still, there was something odd, and quasi-quizzical, in the manner of the Fitzherberts, which made Cyril uneasy; as if something funny struck them "anent" him and the ladies.

Here, now, he was mistaken; because they had simply been amusing themselves with some raileries of their own, and the remnants of the merriment were still playing about their mouths. Lovers however in Cyril's predicament are suspicious or sensitive; hence he fancied that because the Fitzherberts asked no questions, they knew who the fair strangers were, and looked down on them.

The Fitzherberts were very rich, gay, merry, yet "proud," and still lighthearted; rather, it might be feared, mere votaries of levity and fashion, but far less so than they seemed.

They asked Cyril laughingly, and he thought pointedly, whether he had of course been at the Theatre? It seems there is a respectable one, which can hold 1042 people, and occasionally celebrities appear on its boards.

Cyril replied in the negative; and then Mrs. Fitzherbert said, "O, then you go to the Concert?"

Cyril met the indefinite query, by taking it into the future, and responding, "Yes, I think I shall go."

Whereon the Fitzherberts rattled on, as such joyous pates do, describing how there is in Boulogne, every *Sunday* evening, a sort of concert-ball, or Harmony-Hop, at the Salle des Concerts. "But," quoth the Major, "it is chiefly for the fishing-people, and the 'lower orders'; though others go to look and laugh: some are there, whose friends in England would be immensely surprised and edified, to see them there. Still," he continued, "I don't approve of such 'Sunday' goings-on, nor does my old woman" [age 23]; "in fact, we do not see why English people abroad, who bring with them their language and their banknotes, should not also bring with them their own national predilections: so we set our faces against Sunday balls, and thus you see we are not quite heathens. However, at the same Salle, on other days, there are sometimes very superior concerts, promoted by the Philharmonic Society.

"And to-night," adds the Major, "there is to be a grand concert; and there are to be some first-rate vocalists and songstresses from Paris, and two from London, one *such* a superb woman, and the other, Miss Ellicott, plaguey pretty, my dear," said he, archly, to his wife, as if to make her jealous, but really only to signalize how unwavering was his devotion to his fond and very comely bride.

"Hush, you goose," said she.

Cyril did not know what all this meant. He was bewildered; he fancied much of it was intended for him, either as a warning, or a banter. The pretty Miss Ellicott!

A pang shot through his heart, when he thought "A cantatrice! an actress! The aunt, with that remarkable and theatrical head-gear, is therefore merely a magnificent prima donna, or some public singer, to perform in public to-night; and Jessie" (he shuddered) "is merely a pupil or star in training, because of her beauty, destined to the same occupation, if not already practised in it!"

Such were the thoughts which racked Cyril, while he sought to keep up a garish chatter with the Fitzherberts, returning as he now did along with them towards the town. "You'll come then with us to the concert to-night?" said Mrs. Fitzherbert; to which Cyril assented: and they set off to enquire about tickets.

It was agreed that Cyril should take an early dinner with them; to this he listlessly consented, not wanting to be left to himself to think, his mind being all of a tumult. So, all the rest of the afternoon Cyril had the painful ordeal of maintaining a lively conversation with his host and hostess on all sorts of trivial topics, while his mind was every now and then feverishly recurring to the new phase of Jessie, which had started up to worry him.

It would have been no relief to him if he had known that the Fitzherberts had positively not noticed the ladies at all, at least personally; con-

scious perhaps that he was grouped with some petticoats: but no more than this: nor would they know or care or canvass the point whether a young man like Mr. Grosvenor knew or did not know every lady in the place, young or old, belle or blue-stocking, beauty or bore.

The Major had seen him from some little distance off, and recognizing him, had said to his wife, "There's Mr. Grosvenor, and I'll ask him to dine with us, 'in the family way,' you know, though he is not a little stranger." To which she rejoined by telling her husband that he was a tremendous big booby. "Well then," says he, "you will have no more time henceforth to read your *Bride of Abydos*, now that you are yourself chargeable as 'the bride of a'—booby."

"Very poor," said she.

"Nay, rich, to have you."

"My fortune?"

"No; yourself."

And so they went on, with their merry sparring, wrapt up in themselves, and not noticing the ladies in the least.

Had Cyril known this, it would not have comforted him; so thoroughly had the explanation that they were some sort of actresses, commended itself to his mind, independent now of the Fitzherberts, and on the merits of the supposition itself. "That is what they are! It must be so!"

"And what though Jessie is an actress or opera-singer? she may still be everything that is estimable."

Yet, saying this to himself, his mind ran off to reflect what would his revered parents have felt, to find him wedding an actress ; for, they were rather staid and severe in their views, and they, like the old Romans, were ready to regard the stage profession as "infamous." "Well then," said Cyril to himself, "it is doubtless best, that I am going abroad ; for then I may be able to disenchant myself of this infatuation."

Cyril had not told the giddy Fitzherberts about George Thornton and the 'Amaranth' and his projected journey. The thought of it saddened him, as he felt he should never see Jessie again ; and thus it is plain that though he might ventilate the question of leaving her willingly, he really loved her too fervently to be able or at least to be willing to part from her at all ! Such alternations appertained to his excited frame of mind. In that clever work, "Fallacies of the Faculty," Dr. Dickson follows his hobby till he maintains that Love is a disease, and that it, like all other maladies, is of the ague order, with hot and cold fits. This was now true enough of Cyril ; for, no sooner had he said to himself it was well that he was going to the other side of the world away from Jessie, than he had, instantly, to add, that he never could forsake her or forget her, and that to be severed from her for ever, would be lifelong misery.

"What then if she *is* an actress ? How many actresses, like Jenny Lind, have been everything that is pure and good ! If there is, of course, often

something contaminating in such a life, how well may I marry Jessie, and save her from any pollution." And Cyril cited for himself the exquisite words of Shakespeare's sonnet in "Tarquin and Lucrece," "The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire, And unperceived fly with the filth away; But if the like the snow-white swan desire, The stain upon his silver down will stay."

And then Cyril remembered how he had often taken the part of actors and actresses, arguing in their favour, and showing how hardly and unjustly they are often used. As regards Cyril's school of opinions, we may say, he might be described as one who was unhesitatingly a churchman; yet, as his protestantism was very decided, he might be supposed to belong to the low-church or evangelical party, who are those that are always very harsh and denunciatory against stage-players. But Cyril did not "symbolize" with this part at least of their persuasions.

In theatricals, there is nothing intrinsically, that need lay the stage open to animadversion. If it "supports so many bad characters," that must be accidental, and merely a reflection of the current state of society; a refined and purified world would exact an elevated tone on the stage. Or, if it be said that libidinous ideas are cherished, or that the divine Name is taken in vain; this again is accidental, according to the bad taste of some one author or the inefficiency of some particular manager: it is not inherent in the system: vice and profanity need

not be the rule of plays, any more than of novels, or of parties and suppers, or of private life. Of course you may have a bad play, and a bad theatre, and bad actors, and bad language, and still worse innuendoes; like as you may have a bad (built) church, and bad parson, bad sermon, bad doctrine, bad grammar, bad music, bad everything: yet none of the badness is necessary. The broad object of the stage transparently is, to promote morality, and to foster high and noble thoughts. To see Shakespeare's murderous "Macbeth" well represented, would be a more powerful dissuasive against homicide and ambition, than any discourse that an archbishop could preach. In fact it may I think be held that it is a good deal to Shakespeare and "Macbeth" that we owe the earnestness with which murder is abhorred by English people more than by other nations. Even the puritan Milton wrote "Comus, a Mask," and in "L'Allegro" he admits that the tenor or tendency of the "stage," when properly carried out, is allied to virtue. The contrary results are only ugly casualties, which do not tell against the principle of the stage. Who can candidly and honestly allege that the influence is anything else but moral and beneficial of such sentiments as Shakespeare's "King Lear," "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to scourge us"? We may say the same of his "Henry the Eighth," "Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's, Thy God's, and truth's;" or "Henry the Sixth," "Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel

just : And he but naked, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted." It is vain and disingenuous for anyone to pretend that the brilliant declamation of such noble thoughts can have any other impulse than one in favour of virtue. What but the actual germ of the "Pilgrim's Progress," are the words of Shakespeare's "All's well that ends well," "I am for the house with the narrow Gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter ; some, that humble themselves, may" ? Such sentences are as good as the best sermons. Those sour souls who would contradict this, are best described in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose ; An evil soul, producing holy witness, Is like a villain with a smiling cheek : A goodly apple rotten at the heart : O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !" I believe there never was any testimony half so effective, ever given in any grim conventicle, on behalf of the most important and precious of Gospel truths, as when Shakespeare, in "Measure for Measure," pours forth the awful accents, "Alas, alas ! Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ; And HE that might the vantage best have took, Found out the remedy." Who can measure the amount of good which such a glorious witness, rich with the supreme doctrine of the Atonement of Christ, may have done in many thoughtless minds ? such thrillingly true testimony may have "turned many to righteousness." Shakespeare has thus been a missionary preacher, in theatres, to congregations who would not have

listened elsewhere. Nor have the questions of Faith and Good Works ever been better harmonized, than when Shakespeare makes Henry the Fifth say, "More will I do; Though all that I can do, is nothing worth: Since that my penitence comes after all, Imploring pardon."

"Therefore," thought Cyril, while Mrs. Fitzherbert was cackling, to him and her husband, the raciest fun and gossip; "I think it is a pity that the clergy in general seem to stand so primly aside from the interests of the stage. It would be better to show sympathy and goodwill, rather than that the Church and the Theatre, both having the same object, to benefit men's hearts, should pull different ways. The fact that the stage is under the supervision of the Lord Chamberlain, is a sort of fair 'Church and State' argument for the Church's not turning as it generally does from the stage with scornful eye askance. Depend upon it, the theatre has for ages been found to be a requirement of man's nature; and it would be wiser for the Church to look the fact in the face, and make the best of it. Yes," dreamed Cyril, "if I were a clever prelate, like Bishop Wilberforce, or a leading clergyman like Mr. Champneys, I believe I should try to make it part of my rôle, to get myself considered the Actor's friend; I should see to their poor and sick, and get aid for their schools, and strengthen their charitable institutions: and in such a matter as Dulwich College, which was designed in the time of James the First by Alleyne, that is, plain Edward Allen, an actor, I

should strive to make the sons of the stage, as such, obtain the advantages which now, so unhandsomely and ungratefully, they are not allowed to reap.

“And then,” added Cyril, “surely the fairest and purest of all ‘actresses,’ might be supposed to be the singers, who simply breathe forth the loveliest sounds: thanks to the exquisite vocal organs with which nature has endowed them.”

In this manner did Cyril succeed in reconciling himself to Jessie’s profession; and so he went with the Fitzherberts to the concert-room, fully prepared to see the aunt shining as a first-rate star, and Jessie present, perhaps in the background, more as an ornament, to accustom her to appear in public, or at most to take some second part, or play the bass of a duet.

He and the Fitzherberts had come in good time. The Major sat at the end to the left, of one row of seats; his wife had the next chair on his right: and then came Cyril; the rest of the row was empty at present.

Cyril had got one of those very small photographs which come out so finely under a microscope. He had it in his hand and was bending down, poring over it, to get the best light, and examining it with the magnifying glass. All the while the concert-room was filling fast.

When Cyril had sufficiently scrutinized the photograph, and had lifted himself up, he became conscious that Jessie was in the room. She had however nothing to do with the stage or the orchestra, but was *sitting beside him*, in all her beauty.

CHAPTER VII.

GALLANTRY.

“Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness ; yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.”

WILLIS.

YES, she was sitting beside him, more beautiful than words can depict. That she should be unconsciously seated next to him, seemed like the kind management of some guardian angel. It was so meet, so sweet, so neat, it might be thought more fit for a novel than for reality. The elder lady was sitting at the other side of Jessie.

Surprise and delight beamed in Cyril's eyes ; under which impulse, scarce knowing what he did, he slightly rose, and held out his hand to Jessie, who, colouring a little with pleasure, gave him hers to shake, with maidenly grace, free from affectation.

He could not stretch across Jessie, to offer his hand to the aunt, which would have indeed looked too free ; besides, Cyril half feared whether he had not been too free, perilously free, and almost “impudent” already, in shaking hands so glibly with Jessie, as if he had known her all his life ? How-

ever, Jessie's manner was sufficiently kind ; and the aunt, who looked splendidly handsome, gave him quite a gracious salute of recognition, saying smilingly, "It seems, we meet again."

Altogether Cyril might be conscious that the principles of gentlemanly reserve and delicacy on which he had acted, had been appreciated, and had worked well for him, and had produced an impression in his favor.

Mrs. Fitzherbert whispered to him, asking who they were ? to which he replied evasively, "I have met them before"; and the Hon. Major's wife was too much of a lady not to be satisfied with this. If she had any plot, of afterwards "roasting" Cyril about the fair strangers whose names he kept so secret; she was quite disarmed by Cyril's chatting to her and to the Major, as much as he did to the aunt and Jessie: and Mrs. Fitzherbert knew well that in places like Brighton or Boulogne many persons of rank did not want to be known, being on their travels for health or change of scene, and sometimes to recruit their pockets.

It must be confessed, Cyril was glad that his philosophy about actresses was not to be put to the actual test; and roundly did he accuse himself of folly and treason, in having let his fears betray him into settling Jessie's line of life and station. "But," says he, "I suppose everyone, in love, like me, and as much in the dark as I am, about the object of his admiration, is just as liable to jump to wrong conclusions." And when he made some little remark

about the room to Jessie, she responded by asking him if he knew who the performers would be ? Thus she showed she had no connexion with the opera troupe, and that Cyril's fancy had conjured up a mere mistake. He wished he could fall down and kiss her feet and beg her pardon for the fault. She however did not seem to want to exercise any cruelty towards him ; she merely was agreeable, without any freedom or unmaidenly boldness, and equally without any prudery : her manner being simply according to the promptings of her own pure virgin being.

We have spoken already of the extraordinary grace of the style in which she stood. But there was another astonishing element in her beauty, which struck Cyril much, now that he sat beside her. It was, the enhancement which a smile or laugh gave to even her perfect features. The effect was really amazing, and made her loveliness quite rapturous, so that *there would be no wonder for one who saw her, to break out into an ejaculation of ecstasy, and to clasp the hands in a passion of admiration !* Her face seemed to be lit up or irradiated with the lustrousness of her soul, making her beauty actually look something more than human. This brilliant play, of genial lightning, showed itself more or less, at every lively turn of talk. Cyril saw it, even when she said playfully to him, "I suppose you do not bring your nice dog to such places as this ? and so he told her that his canine comrade, though left behind, had a taste for

music; "At least," says Cyril, "he pretends to be pleased whenever I perpetrate a few airs on the violin or the flute." And this led the way to all the little crossfire of query and reply, more merry than Pinnock's Catechism, I can assure you; and all the more entertaining, when carried on between two who liked each other.

The two English singers were handsome; Miss Ellicott was quite pretty—but, well: never mind. The music was good, and the artists did not belie the commendations which Mrs. Fitzherbert had lavished on them in advance. Cyril enjoyed himself profoundly; what wanted he more, than good music around him, and Jessie by his side?

But there was another cause contributing to his enjoyment, even more than he was aware; and this was that a change had taken place in Jessie, so far as this, that she had thought much about him, since they had parted on the cliff: and this was more than Jessie had ever done about any young man before. This change, which we would not call love, or even fondness, but rather liking or attraction, might be the precursor of imperishable love in a heart so free from preoccupation as was Jessie's. The feeling was utterly new to Jessie, nor did she know what it was herself; it might expire, of its own accord: but it was more likely to blaze on, into an all-engrossing flame.

To explain this change, we must turn our attention backwards for a few moments.

When the Fitzherberts had come up to Cyril, and

Jessie and her aunt had passed away; the two ladies walked on for a while, in silence. The elder lady was revolving in her mind the remark which Cyril had so earnestly made about how much he wished that he could get a proper introduction. This struck her as betokening a very just and respectful sense of propriety, as well as a consciousness that he possessed pretensions as regards birth and friends which would justify intimacy with anyone. Added to this, she felt how prepossessing was his exterior, and how refined his manners. All this impressed her so, that almost unconsciously, or as if in a soliloquy, she expressed aloud the tenor of her meditations, saying,—

“What a very superior, and unusually handsome, young man!”

This remark was what did the mischief. Jessie made no reply; but the words at once sank deep into her inmost soul. Perhaps the result would have been all the same, in the long run; but the words precipitated emotions in Jessie’s young heart. She was conscious that Cyril had manifested his undisguised admiration of herself; so when she heard him praised so highly by one on whose judgment she leaned so much, she was prepared to embrace the conviction with joy.

Now here I must really turn and remonstrate with the aunt (who is a favorite of mine). “Do you not know, madam, that the young girl beside you has her heart quite untrammelled and unhackneyed? You know she has yet to be presented at

Court, and to make her *début* in society ; you are aware that she has scarcely been at all in the company of young men, and never exposed to the admiration or attentions of anyone. And yet here you go and pass a strong encomium (deserved indeed) on Cyril, enough to make Jessie's tender heart thrill towards him, with preference, the forerunner of love. How could you do so ? However, I will not scold you more, now that the deed is done, and the impression produced, which can never be effaced. I will only add, madam, for your comfort, that probably you have (as we say) only accelerated feelings, which would no doubt have arisen into intensity of their own accord, whether you had spoken so kindly of Cyril or not ; because, it must be borne in mind, that Cyril himself looked as incomparably glorious and beautiful in Jessie's eyes, as she did in his.

The result was, that when Jessie, being a little tired with her ramble, rested her dear form on a sofa, after a light repast ; she fell into a sort of trance, or romance of dreamland, in which she and the handsome stranger were associated together, like the young man and maiden on her woolwork. She dwelt and ranged over all that had passed between them ; and the thought spread through the guileless innocence of her heart, how delightful it would be to be always with one, so gentle, so noble-looking, so charming, and so admiring. She dropped into a five minutes' slumber, in which roses and precipices, and spaniels and Cyril, were all jumbled deliciously together.

Accordingly, when Jessie entered the concert-room, she went on to take her place, and she merely perceived that she got up so as to be next to a gentleman, who looked like a bale of broadcloth, or perhaps some old male dowager, stooping for his spectacles; so gathered-up was Cyril, over his microscopic photograph. Hence, when Cyril suddenly straightened himself up, and Cyril saw Jessie next him, and she recognized him, then her sofa thoughts came back, with a whirl of gladness, too rapid for criticism or control: and so, she showed a little, and felt much more, that Cyril was a dear and welcome sight, while *a gush of happiness welled over from her heart, and trembled through her whole responsive frame.*

This was the change in sweet Jessie; and it communicated an additional charm to whatever she said to him whom her heart approved.

Cyril would not make Jessie uncomfortable, or draw attention to her, by any too rapt or marked devotion on his part. So he talked with her aunt, and conversed cheerily with the Fitzherberts, in the intervals between the performances; nevertheless, he contrived to have a great deal of conversation with Jessie herself, to the great satisfaction of both. One or two remarks of Jessie's, coming in naturally, were of a slightly "philosophic" turn, evincing really very good sense; and it was curious how Cyril's approval, though not expressed, manifested itself, through the honesty of his liking, quite as much as if he had burst out into the exclamation,

to her, "What a very sensible darling you are!" His manner was *tacit homage, the mental curtesy of esteem*. It was vividly perceptible to Jessie that Cyril respected her intellect; and this is what a clever girl of course likes, especially when she cannot but know she is handsome: and when he who appreciates her is obviously both intelligent and good-looking, ready not only to admire but to revere, giving her full credit for her bright trim form, and rich swelling bust, and divinity of face, but also valuing her divinity of mind.

They found plenty to prattle about; and, if Cyril had been artful and wily, he might have managed both to make himself known, and also to elicit who Jessie's family and connexions were. But the fact was, Cyril was too much enraptured, to have Jessie to confer with, to be well able to think of any such-like stratagems; and, if the thought did occur, he dismissed it, with the general sensation that his renunciation of all manœuvres had worked well hitherto. He resolved that if the name of any mutual acquaintance happened to crop up, he would seize the opportunity to discover what he might; but, he determined he would not raise a finger to force open the budding flower on the stalk of time, which had already given him no less a bliss than to have *such an unimagined being as Jessie coming to him as it were out of the hands of Heaven*, and weaving her thoughts with his, and displaying sympathy which might at length develop into love.

Cyril was right; and if you want further to know

my opinion, I may tell you that "this child" thinks it is often in such instinctive decisions that the real nobleness of nature is revealed.

Jessie and Cyril talked a bit about Boulogne itself, and compared notes as to what they had seen. Cyril thought the town would be improved more than anything else by taking down all the houses on the left-hand side of the Rue de la Lampe, which was once called Rue Franklin, going from the Liane bridge to the Grande Rue; rebuilding the whole side, and widening the street greatly, so as to get a handsome approach instead of the present untidy lane. He also maintained how strange it was that the round of the crest of the hill, where he had parted from her (she smiled), near the Tour d'Ordre, should not be appropriated to good houses and villas, the view being so agreeable and interesting over the sea. The corresponding situation at Ramsgate or St. Leonards would be thus occupied, and all studded with superior residences; whereas at Boulogne the best situation is either unoccupied or given up to the poorest hovels.

There is indeed a reason for this, just as there *is* usually a bad reason for every bad business; it is, that, all round that handsome sweep, the ground belongs to Government, and no one likes to build thereon, because a new house could only be built subject to the proviso that the erection might be swept away, without compensation, at forty-eight hours' notice, to "form fortifications!" Notwithstanding, whatever be the excuse, the fact remains,

that the worst houses in Boulogne are in the best places; *such* strange taste !

Jessie gave it as her opinion that what Boulogne wants most is an English Church ; she said she would put it on the Esplanade, fronting the top of the Grand Rue : “ a nice genuine English Church, with spire and all, since the ‘ City on an Hill ’ is *not meant to be hid*. ”

Cyril was much struck and pleased at Jessie’s tone in saying this, implying religious convictions ; and he well knew how unreliable is any woman who has not at least some religion in her soul. Even a fast young man likes to have piety, because it means fidelity, in a wife.

Jessie fell foul of the château or citadel in the Upper Town ; she said that if it had possessed ever so little taste, it might have added dignity, but now it only confers ugliness.

“ Why is the back of it all bristling with long iron fishing-rods ? ”

“ They, I suppose,” said Cyril, “ must be meant for lightning-conductors ; and doubtless they denote a powder magazine. ”

“ That makes it still more dismal ; now, three or four small turret towers, thrown up, would consort with other French castles, and would be decorative, without destroying the venerable antique : if this could not be done, the whole thing had best be pulled down, as it is now only a blank quarry : even a row of modern barracks would be better. ”

Jessie thought the ramparts were anything but

cheerful, indeed quite doleful, which nothing but flowers could conquer ; nor did she think even these would avail, when Cyril told her that the corner of the ramparts facing the Grande Rue was where malefactors used to be executed by the guillotine : she shuddered, especially when Cyril reminded her, of what she had noticed, when she had stood there, that the top of the rampart at that spot was raw and disturbed, as if from the last execution, though long ago. Cyril had to banish the gaunt idea, by telling her of the open-air ball, which she had not been at, last night, in the tiny park called the Tintelleries ; where there was a splutter of fireworks, amid dancing and music and all the little merry-go-lucky jovialities in which the light-hearted French populace delight.

Cyril was rather severe on the chief Post-office, in the Rue des Vieillards, or Old-Men's Street, which name he said was suitable enough, as the place was only in keeping with the early reminiscences of "the oldest inhabitant," some Boulogne Old Parr, or Old Jenkins, or other *very* "old man" ; not indeed as regards the officials, who are civil and polite, as all Frenchmen are, but the building itself and its arrangement. The street has at different times borne all sorts of names, such as Montesquieu, and Tirewicq, and so forth ; but it is said to have got its title Vieillards from some old-men's fête, during *one* of the Revolutions : possibly it is called after *the* Old Man, the Tour d'Ordre, as if Rue St. Old-boy, or St. Caligula ? Here, however, the Post-

office is placed. Thus the office to which everyone has to go about letters is in the middle of the very steepest of all the streets, in a mere old house, with not even the appearance of a public building; the only thing to lead one to think that, if it be a post-office at all, it must be the head Post-office of the town, is, that it is not a tobacco shop (it is at tobacco shops that postage stamps are sold). And then, the locality is far away from both the railway and the steam-packets; it ought to be in a more accessible and central place, say, in the large ugly Casernes or Barrack-hospital edifice, near the fish-market, the ugliness being removed, if possible.

"Besides," said Cyril, "so primitive and old-manish and bad are the arrangements, that the receiving box is open to the weather; and hence, after dropping a letter in, when I bethought myself to see whether my epistle had duly descended the hopper into the mail-mill, I found my letter lying on the inclined board, actually sticking to it, as some rain had got in: so, the next comer might have helped himself to my letter: and I had to pick it up, and pelt it down the hole."

Jessie was amused at this, and gave it as her ukase, that they ought at least to put some shutter, or cover, or wooden umbrella over the *chief* letter-box. [She has, since, been obeyed in this; as indeed she is to be obeyed in all other things.] But though thus Cyril and Jessie constituted themselves an Imperial Boulogne Improvement Committee, they

agreed that the place was nice and agreeable, endowed with many attractions.

At this point, though the concert was far from being finished, Cyril observed that a servant-man came forward; the man was stylish and evidently in livery, though the livery was hidden by the nocturnal great coat; he looked a tip-top specimen of that unique animal, the Belgravian flunkey, and he seemed to have been told to present himself at some fixed hour, independent of the course of the music. He managed to come forward and whisper to the aunt, probably to tell her that the carriage was in readiness.

Cyril saw in a moment that his talk with Jessie was now to come to an end; and fearing lest, if he delayed, he might lose all opportunity of saying anything finally to her, he gently took her hand, and lightly pressing it, he said to her (and he looked beautiful himself while he said it) in a low earnest voice,—

“Let me thank you most fervently, dear lovely lady, for the great pleasure I have had in your company.”

Their eyes met; while Jessie looked at him, and grew pale, as if with fear.

And there *was* fear; the fearful presence of the mighty love of a strong man's heart: for Jessie saw and felt that he loved her, which might well make the young maiden tremble. Still, with the fear or awe, there mingled a sweet sense of gratitude and joy; which, however, with a modest girl's instinct, she sought to quench.

She made no reply, being absolutely unable to articulate anything.

Cyril was at a loss to know how his obeisance was received. And as the aunt was rising to depart, he rose and asked her, with every mark of true consideration and respect, whether he might be permitted to wait on her to the door; but she, though without anything freezing or repellent, said it was not necessary, and wished him good evening, in a manner as pleasant and courteous as possible.

Considering that he had the skittish Fitzherberts by his side, Cyril managed pretty well to hide his emotions, and repress the whirlwind of thought. Suchlike is often one's doom in polished society, to look happy or content, or even to volunteer jests, while sorrow, or concern, or anxiety, or deep feeling may be gnawing at the vitals.

When thus the ladies had withdrawn, the Fitzherberts remained for some time longer; however, at length Cyril got home to his own rooms, though with little chance of sleep.

He thought how *this* was the first day he had ever seen Jessie; and yet he had been thrice brought into her company, and she had evinced regard and friendship for him. He had also been able to give some expression to a little of all the admiration and affection he felt.

But, then, she had not returned his pressure of her hand!

And yet, how could he expect that she should have done anything of the sort?

She had plainly understood his look and speech as an avowal of love. He saw she was much startled and overcome; but was she displeased? had he indeed been too abrupt, so as to shock her young sensibilities, and to neutralize any rising feeling of predilection?

None but those who have truly loved, can tell how deeply and powerfully Cyril was moved. The mystery also and indefiniteness which hung over her who had taken his heart by storm, might well excite and perplex him.

And, what was passing in Jessie's heart? She was, before this, fast asleep, as became a fine brave lass, rich in good health, and youth, and a pure conscience.

And yet there had been much commotion in her breast; as might well be, since she was as yet scarcely a woman, and almost a child. To be loved, and by one so beautiful! What words could describe the soft and dulcet thoughts and hopes which possessed her frame, when she laid her fair cheek upon her pillow. It is in such a case, where youth and truth and purity combine, that the feeling of love is more entrancing than can be elsewhere felt.

Next morning, while Cyril was wondering whether his good fortune would bring him to-day near Jessie again, he received the letter which (we saw) George Thornton wrote to him, and which certainly was short and sweet, being simply couched in these words, "I'm coming to you."

Cyril's first feeling was one of rebellion, as if he

would say, "I shall *not* go on my travels, after all!" Still, the next moment he felt this would be vacillating and faithless to George. It was plain his difficulties were closing around him, and becoming more intricate and confused. How could he go off to wander in the East, when his heart was in Jessie's keeping? However, he must wait for George, as George was now coming to him, in answer to his own request.

Feeling in want of the reviving air, Cyril wandered about the port, and the pier, and the cliff, and the streets; but nowhere did he see the ladies whom he hoped to meet.

Crossing the Liane bridge, to Capécure, he observed how the floodgates keeping in the waters of the high tide, gave the aspect of a handsome lake to the river, adorned as it was with boats; and proceeding upwards, he got what is the best view of the town, where it is seen swelling up from this river-lake. Stretching his walk on towards Outreau, he was more than ever impressed with the bad proportions of the cathedral of Boulogne, Notre Dame, for the very reason that from this point of view, and this only, the dome looks symmetrical and in unison with the rest; but why? because the separate buildings, such as the tall old clock-tower or Belfry, 140 feet high, and other lofty edifices, group themselves so as to make them look like parts of the cathedral. This shows how very much bigger the body of the church ought to be, to consort with the ambitious insolent height of the dome. It is doubt-

ful even if two (or four or six) high towers like the western pinnacles of St. Paul's would create harmony between the body and the dome; still, it would be worth while to try whether a couple of such towers might not mend the faults of the structure.

Getting conscious that he was not likely to meet Jessie out there, he returned towards the bridge and the town. He wished he could have Jessie with him, at least to continue the "improvement" discussion of last night; since it struck him strongly that two bridges were too few for Boulogne, and that there ought to be another bridge, to give communication to the steep Bréquerecque (or Break-your-neck) quarter, near the Abbatoir, or at least, at the head of the river-lake.

Settling this (subject to Jessie's sanction), he crossed one bridge, and came down to the other bridge which is next the sea, called the Pont du Barrage, leading from the Quai de la Victoire to the elegant railway station.

On the town side of this bridge he stopped, where he found a considerable crowd assembled, as it seems a poor workman had been severely hurt while unloading one of the ships, some heavy substance having fallen on him and crushed him; people were now carrying him to his home, probably to die! and such an accident usually attracts a throng. The people, however, had to stop at the bridge, across which they wanted to carry him, because the Pont du Barrage is a sort of double

swing bridge, the middle of it turning on a pair of pivots to permit the ingress or egress of vessels; and it had just begun to partly open, for a barge or derrick to pass through. The matter did not seem to be managed as well as doubtless it mostly is, contradictory orders and efforts being put forth, for the bridge *not* to be swung, and also for it to *be* opened, and the barge to be got rid of, that the injured man might be borne on. One could imagine that the bridge itself was "nervous," and did not know whether to swallow the barge or pass the sufferer.

Cyril came up in order to see if he could be of any use; but he could not well make out what was the state of the case. He only saw, over the heads of some little Frenchmen, that Jessie and her aunt were at the very place where the bridge seemed undecided whether to turn itself round or not.

How the ladies got there he did not know; probably they had been over at the railway station, to look at it, or to make some inquiries: and they were returning, and had re-crossed the bridge, and had got to the town side of it, when the crowd with the wounded man hindered their advance, and the opening bridge behind them prevented their retreat.

The middle of a surging crowd is the most unpleasant of all human positions; it is always an ominous, and sometimes a perilous, post. Cyril thought, what if Jessie should be swept, or pushed, or elbowed into the water, by that most selfish of

all monsters, a struggling mob? The water at the spot is rather deep; and sometimes it rushes very furiously through the sluices of the bridge. If even a good swimmer was shoved in, he might be borne down and overwhelmed and lost. To Jessie it would be destruction.

She might even fall in, of herself, through nervousness or a desire to escape; since there was much noise, with men now shouting fiercely, and gesticulating, and the whole occasion having an alarming look. It will be observed that Cyril seemed to think only of Jessie; though the aunt was so handsome (and was she fond of Cyril?), he seemed almost to overlook her, and to think of Jessie alone. Love must excuse him; indeed, love can pardon many things.

Cyril squeezed forward by the parapet, and forced himself toward her through the throng; and just as he was doing so, the bearers of the suffering man took him, with the bier or pallet on which he lay, and said, angrily, they *would* bring him on over the bridge: probably they only meant thus to force some conclusion to be come to: still, often even amid such "moral" pressure there is apt to be an "ugly rush," in which some one always suffers or sinks: and what if it should be Jessie, the pearl of the human race?

At the same time, though the barge began to haul itself back, out of the way, as if obeying the crowd, part of the bridge itself began to move, to open wider; and at this there was an indignant yell,

with cries of "Shame," "Inhuman," "*Blood*," "Fellow-creature's Life," and the like: and *on* the men came, towards the edge, as if it was not their fault, if they and the dying man were precipitated into the water. The aunt and Jessie were also at the edge; and when Jessie saw the menacing and onward movement of the mass of men, now bringing on and on the injured man, who was writhing under a bloodied cloth, she recoiled naturally: and so, as she seemed to have particularly agile and elastic use of her perfect limbs, she, with the ease of an antelope, sprang back upon the part of the bridge which was in motion: and thus Jessie stood there alone! everyone else having got off it. She did not look alarmed, only excited! and incredibly pretty. Probably she *was* more frightened than she appeared to be. All the while, the situation was not unsafe in itself; and even after the whole machine had revolved, she need not be considered isolated, because it was only necessary to wait a little, and thus get back to the same roadway from which she had so buoyantly and beautifully bounded.

But, if the top flat coping of the wall of a house is perhaps a foot or more broad, and therefore ought to be safe walking, in theory; still, like Anne of Gierstein's single-stone arch, it is a very trying and really dangerous path in practice: so, also, might not the lovely young girl be seized by a panic, and want to rejoin her aunt, and fail to reach the edge, if she now tries to spring back again over the more

Jessie of Boulogne.

and more widening space? or might not some other sad catastrophe occur?

This last idea was what seemed to engross the mind of the multitude; for, now, many persons were vociferating to her, and though they seemed to be adjuring her to keep quiet, this very appeal might bewilder her. None of them went to help her. Singularly enough, looking at her, and having a new object before them, the people appeared to lose their irritation; as if she was a victim, to propitiate their passions.

By this time Cyril had forced his way to the front, where the aunt was in much distress, as if she would and she must go across to Jessie at any risk. But Cyril came to her, and said firmly, "Do not stir, do not disquiet yourself, dear lady, there is no danger;" which words (is it not wonderful what influence a sensible courageous man has over the finest female?) gave her instantaneous confidence and bravery, enabling her to recover her presence of mind.

At once Cyril, with the facile full stride of a gymnast, passed over, on to the bridge, and stood a little distance from Jessie.

Cyril never did anything more happily and adroitly than this.

To one not in the secret, it might seem as if he acted without any motive. He apparently lounged to where he stood, rather than leaped with a purpose. It looked as if he neither knew nor cared for Jessie. He did not go up to her, and bow and

scrape, and place his hand on his heart, or even raise his hat, or offer her his arm, or go on with any fiddle-faddle fandangos of politeness, which would only have agitated her, and perhaps have made her faint.

He was there. That was all.

This might not be like what many people would have done; but, then Cyril was not one of the ordinary run of "folks." In him there was intellect of colossal power, attempered by an almost feminine delicacy and gentleness.

Moreover, he acted in such a way as he was sure would be appreciated by the two refined tastes whom he thought of alone; and he would have felt well repaid, if he now could have heard the one word, "Admirable!" which the aunt murmured to herself while looking at him.

The significancy of his attitude was simply this, that, if there was any danger, he was there, to share it with Jessie.

Also, if any one should say, "What 'business' has that young woman there?" now, a young man is in the same business also. Likewise, if any one was irreverent enough to say or think, "How silly and stupid of her to get there!" the same must be said of Cyril, and *he* did not look like one whom it would be prudent to say such things of too freely. Floss was not there, crouching at his feet, where perhaps it might be supposed he ought to be; and doubtless Floss could easily have sprung across a greater space: but the fact was, Floss remained

beside the aunt, positively as if it was to console her for Jessie's absence, and to give her courage by the companionship—quite as if Floss argued that he and the aunt on one side of the chasm, and Jessie and Cyril on the other, made an equitable and graceful division of the four important personages of the occasion.

And now, so it happened, the part of the bridge came back again. Whether it was a marine deity, and oscillated thus of its own accord, I cannot say. Possibly it was only the tide; or was the act governed by somebody's impulse of humanity, to let the injured man pass on? Or, was it the French people's spell of gallantry, to let the beautiful girl regain her place? Nay, Cyril had waved his hand, and it looked as if Cyril was the cause. At least Jessie thought so; and she must be right.

However it was, the machinery swayed back, and fitted smooth, and Jessie stepped off it without the least discomfort. "Thank you, thank you," was the aunt's very warm acknowledgment.

Jessie said nothing; but her silence itself was eloquent: *was it not?*

Now, however, the crush was coming on; and Cyril was concerned to see that the crowd had rapidly agglomerated, and that it tailed off, up toward the town, much more densely than he could have supposed. So he told his fair charges, "Follow me, in single file;" and he crossed his arms on his breast, as if it was to make himself more broad and burly, in order to open a way for the ladies through

the mass of people. He moved on, stalwart and indomitable; Jessie came next to him, and the aunt, who evidently thought Jessie more safe in the middle, brought up the rear, with Floss.

They had to pass close by the mangled man; the spectacle was very harrowing, as he was moving and moaning under the soaked and ensanguined sheet: and such a form, under such a stained white pall, looks far more ghastly than the sufferer himself would look. Cyril held out a glittering gold coin to the person who seemed most connected with the poor man; and the three (Floss made four) had a lane or passage left for them to pass on, amid demonstrations of respect.

But after they had got a little way beyond this immediate portion of the people, the press seemed to grow more compact than ever.

And, as Cyril struggled on, he was stopped by an official in a cocked hat, who said to him in French, with rather a stately air, "Permit me to speak to you, sir, if you please.

Cyril thought, "Well, now, am I going to be arrested, for transgressing perhaps some municipal ordinance about the bridge when in motion?" and he almost smiled at the idea of Jessie and himself going to gaol together.

Had Cyril been longer a resident in the place, he would have known that the Boulogne policemen and cocked hat functionaries are ready to execute most obligingly all sorts of little commissions, such as the British policemen would not be allowed to

perform, and would not undertake if they might. Thus a cocked hat will stop you, with an attitude of much importance, to inform you that a gentleman is at your house who wants to know whether you will go and dine with him (fee, one franc). Another calls on you with a martial and swashing outside, which would suit the grand crusader, Godfrey de Bouillon, and you fancy whether you are to be a compulsory recruit; indeed, if you are at all imaginative, you feel yourself half way to Ascalon and Gath already: but, alas, the degenerate French "warrior" is only begging for some nunnery charity.

By the way, as we have just ("incontinently") named Godfrey de Bouillon, it would be treason to the place to mention that pink of chivalry, whom Tasso extols, Godfrey de Bouillon, without noticing that he belongs to Boulogne-sur-Mer; *and* (presto!) there is a gay little gingerbread popish chapel to his honor on the Paris road: I suppose he is a saint, because he died a bachelor. He was chief of the First Crusade in 1095, and his surname Bouillon is the Flemish Bouillon in Luxemburg, near Sedan, and he was called after Bouillon because the town belonged to his mother as part of her dowry. But Fairfax calls him "Godfrey of Boulogne;" and Dr. Brewer styles Godfrey "a nobleman of Boulogne in France." Godfrey's mother was undoubtedly countess of Boulogne-sur-Mer; and in the writer, Guillaume de Tyr, who wrote a history of the Crusades in the year 1169, and whom Guizot translated, there

is the very circumstantial statement, that "Godfrey was born at Boulogne, on the shore of the English sea, in the kingdom of France."

But, to return from old crusaders to modern police. The name for such an official is *appariteur* or beadle. One of them, with awful solemnity, will bring you—your glove if you drop it (another franc). Again, a cocked hat calls at your door, and demands to see you, and comes into your presence with a sort of I'm-sorry-to-have-to-do-it manner, and of course you have someway made yourself amenable to the meshes of French law, which does forbid sword-canes and air guns, and perhaps forbids bootjacks also! But the cocked hat only wants to know whether you will subscribe to the races (a fact); or, again (fact No. 2), another comes and wishes you to invest one franc in purchasing from him a ticket for the "*Loterie au profit des Enfants des Salles d'Asile* (infant Schools), le Mercredi 3 Septembre, 1862, à trois heures, au Collège Communal." (Believe *me*, your ticket never wins; these very policemen get all the prizes.)

And thus it happened that the only notification which the cocked hat in the present instance had to deliver was to expound to Cyril that "a registered letter had just come for him at his hotel, and he had to sign a receipt."

The man had earned his gratuity, but Cyril would rather have awarded him some bad-conduct "stripes"; for thus Cyril had incurred the great vexation of losing sight of his convoy.

CHAPTER VIII.

GONE ASTRAY.

“ And the tender soul that cannot part,
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.”

PERCIVAL.

NOTHING but the novel idea that he had got into some trouble with “the authorities,” could have made Cyril give any attention to anybody, when he had two such precious charges following him.

It did not take long for the solemn and civil official to give the message which he had been asked at the hotel to deliver, “if he met Mr. Grosvenor,” whom, with the usual lynx-eyed attribute of his race, he knew by sight, having noted him as generous and largess-giving.

Short as the time was in which the message was delivered, Cyril no sooner heard what it was, and turned quickly round, than he discovered that the ladies had vanished.

We saw that they had not been leaning on his arm, but were walking after him in Indian file, the better to thread the crowd. This very circumstance, however, had now severed him from their company.

Cyril was almost ready to rave with annoyance and vexation. It seemed as if it was fated that whenever he might hope to become more intimate with Jessie, something or other at once interposed to keep them asunder. His happiness is always put off; he is always "to be" blest!

If Cyril had confided his trouble to the cocked hat, it is very probable that he would have made better, or at least more rapid, progress; but this would have been quite contrary to all his instincts. His impulse was, to search on his own account. He rushed here and there, to the great flustrification of sundry gaping bodies, whose ribs or toes suffered for being in his way; he dashed in another direction, and looked, and glared, and scanned, and gazed, as if he would fain see through everybody, enfilading them with the lightnings of his eye. One fat old Frenchman (many Frenchmen are fat, of the flabby kind of fatness) he came squash against, and sent him rolling over and over as roundly as one of his own barrels of herrings. Cyril did not even perceive it; he merely took care not to knock down any fishwoman or woman of any kind: he did not even notice that Floss was missing. A few more plunges, and Cyril was outside the crowd; when, who should rush up to him but Floss!

The dog looked ridiculously "put out" or bothered, just as a greyhound does when it loses a hare; the honest dog, if it could only have spoken, might have enlightened him as to a thing or two. All it could now accomplish in that way was, to

bark in a demonstrative manner at an empty voiture, or "fly," which drove along.

"Ah," said Cyril, with a swing of his arm which would have floored half a dozen French troopers, "that is it; yes, to be sure, they have got into a conveyance, and have gone off, away from me!"

Nor was he far wrong, in the part of this supposition, to which Floss had led him. For, when Cyril gave the money for the wounded man, whose friends, pleased at his liberality, made way for him and the ladies, he got on naturally at a more rapid rate, being so far free from the obstructions which had impeded him. Hence Jessie was a little further behind him than she was at first; and when the crowd soon thickened again, there was still an interval, because he had to perforate these new masses. Consequently when Cyril happened to come plump upon the cocked hat man, the ladies saw that some affair of his own was presenting itself to him; so, they instinctively felt, they should not (as it were) hang on him, or watch him, or seem to say, "What is it you are talking about?" Here was enough impulse to remove them a little from him; besides which, the onward-pushing crowd (according to the law of mechanics) made the ladies, with their weaker momentum, not so much fall back, as swerve to one side. Thus, they got to be two off from him, then three off, then soon four, and more; yet, they felt sure he would reach them.

They also found, the fact was, they made very

good way of themselves; because Frenchmen are always more or less ready to make room for a lady: and it is questionable whether it would not have been better generalship to put *such a goddess of a girl as Jessie* in the front, rather than Cyril, to permeate a mob of gentlemanly Gauls. Both ladies also the more strongly thought that Cyril would rejoin them, because Floss kept company with *them*. They went on, and on; but there was no Cyril.

And now a new matter of urgency arose; as Jessie felt unwell. The sight of the poor man's blood, and his contortions under the hideous cloth, had been, as may be supposed, too much for her; on many persons such scenes have a terribly sickening effect: and sweet Jessie's organization was too truly feminine, too feeling and gentle, to be apathetic at so appalling a spectacle. Thus, they must hurry home, Cyril, or no Cyril!

In this manner they had strayed from him; and equally, when he started to look for them, he of course (as is always the human bias or luck in such cases) went exactly the wrong way. They had also got much further on, towards the town, than where he at first supposed they could be; so his researches were in the beginning considerably *behind* where the ladies *had* arrived at.

By our observing these minute and as if pre-Raffaellite particulars, we keep abreast of the real interests of the case.

The ladies both felt they could not wait for him.

They looked for him, they lingered ; but he did not come ! They must hasten away !

And then they saw not far from them, one of those natty two-horse hackney carriages, of which there are ninety-nine in number, and which are among the Mysteries of Boulogne ; because, why they all have two horses, when one horse and a smaller carriage would do, and why there is no po-shay like the ugly yet snug London cab, is as inexplicable as why all French drivers and carters are always cracking their whips in a way which would set English horses mad. A French driver will crack his long whip, backwards and forwards, for five minutes, *crack—crack—crack—crack*, very loud, to be heard half a mile off, and as quick as the quarter-second ticks of your watch. No Englishman can crackle at such a rate, if he tries ; it is a “ French people’s ” peculiarity, or disease, like their chins breaking out into goatee beards. Their horses do not seem to mind it, and rather like it, having doubtless found out that their backs cannot suffer while such music is going on ; so it is to them like the old-fashioned seventeenth century bells, which are still worn by the horses of the stage-coaches, for instance, the Calais coach or diligence, which lumbers along at five miles an hour, with five horses, two in the shafts and three abreast in front, all the horses being bellringers, and all the horses being white : so odd ! it will be quite a pity when the railroad soon supersedes so venerable and slow an “ institution.” As to speed, you can walk (as I have done) from

Boulogne to Calais quicker than the five horses can go. And as to the whiteness of the horses, I would point out, that all through the department of the channel or Pass, or *Pas de Calais*, you seldom see horses of any other color but white, except in millers' carts, where the horses are uniformly of a dark hue, through some perversity of things. Indeed, I would suggest to the local philosophers, whether the "White Horse" of Hanover must not be a mistake, being by rights the white horse of Calais? Let M. Leucippe see to it. And if any English philosophers, with a fellow-feeling, want to know about the asses, I can tell them that the Boulogne donkeys (the four-footed ones) are very numerous, very good, and very dear, as you will have to give 125 francs or £5 sterling for one, which perhaps is more than you are worth.

During this zoological digression, you of course have fully comprehended that such was about the interval during which the ladies still lingered, in hopes Cyril would appear, that they might part civilly from him, without seeming to turn their backs abruptly on him.

Floss seemed most curiously to understand how matters were; and never was a dog apparently more perplexed. Jessie, being oppressed, did not look about for Cyril, so much as her aunt did; Jessie was more engaged with Floss. The dog sat up again in his old way before her, but she felt now, not merry his tricks, but sad. She laid her hand once more at on his head; and she also bent down over him: did

she kiss him ? perhaps she did. However, Jessie, while stooping over the dog, saw something which attracted her very much, and this was the dog's collar.

You must know that in this particular, as in all others, Cyril was very choice and precise in his tastes. So, as the cost was of no consideration to him, nothing less would do him than to have the collar made of pure solid gold. It was not very broad, yet massive, a flat band of beautiful dull dead gold ; and upon the collar was the inscription in capital letters, " Floss : Cyril Grosvenor." These letters were of blue enamel ; they were very small, yet extremely legible when you looked close : and they were so arranged that they followed the whole circuit of the collar. The words " Floss : Cyril " were on the top of the collar ; and the one word " Grosvenor " went all underneath the neck. Hence Jessie did not see the word Grosvenor ; but her eyes caught very easily the two words, which were brightly distinct in beautiful blue letters, " Floss : Cyril."

Jessie had not heard Cyril use any name to his dog ; and now she learned, in this manner, not only that Floss was the dog's name, but also now she discovered, for the first time, that " Cyril " was the Christian name of him whom her heart loved.

So many thoughts crowded upon her mind, and so confused did she become, as if everything was unreal around her, that she could say nothing, and was helped into the vehicle ; where a few diamond

tears, shed from her downcast eyes, relieved her, and the sickness and faintness passed away. The aunt followed her, and Floss also seemed to contemplate getting inside; but, his marked liking for Jessie was conquered by his old fealty to his master: so, while he drew back, the ladies were driven away, and Floss ran off and found Cyril, as we saw, and Floss was the means of suggesting to Cyril what had actually happened.

All this occurred in a very brief space of time; and Cyril perceived that, for the present at least, he had hopelessly lost sight of Jessie.

What mortified him the most was, the idea, which now seized him, that the ladies had avoided him on purpose, and were glad to get away from him. Cyril was not one to magnify overmuch any little services of his; still, he was reasonably conscious that he had been useful and well-intentioned: wherefore, although he would never speak or dream of anything so great as gratitude being felt, yet he could not but trace that this instance was one in which all the little ornamental hyperboles of courtesy, such as "ten thousand thanks," and "for ever obliged," were deserved, and would be appropriate.

But, he got *no* thanks from Jessie; he even fancied she was less cordial to him than the aunt was: and both of the ladies had now taken advantage of the circumstances, to go clear off, and leave him in the lurch, like "useless seaweed" on the shore of time.

Could he, then, accuse such ladies, who were the very soul of politeness, of a breach of good manners? Clearly not. Accordingly he could only conclude that the case was one which soared beyond the mere question of courtesy. In other words, his rejection was his own fault; for though he might be tolerated as an acquaintance, he was not to be endured as a suitor or lover of a "child" like Jessie. He had therefore been tried, and weighed, and discarded! And the importance of the question at stake, being no less than Jessie's peace of mind, more than justified any apparent harshness, which might look like absolute rudeness, but was only firmness and prudence. Indeed, even the severity of dismissing him thus summarily, might doubtless be called the kindest course, as "extinguishing" hopes which could never be realized, and saving him from a more cumulative disappointment hereafter.

While arriving at this bitter inference, Cyril was striding away, whither he neither knew nor cared, at the rate of fully five miles an hour, as fast as any French "diligence" at its best pace.

Right up one of the streets he went, mounting the hill; and he was only made to moderate his speed by jolting against the bellman, or town-crier, who nearly came to grief, for being in the way of Cyril's impetuous career.

This individual is a long dirty-looking unkempt brown being, whose office is to hold up a little brass basin, which looks like a round pie-dish or custard

baking-tray, and his head is slewed aside obliquely, as if he was doing the cleverest thing in creation; and then with a sly leer, which would befit a maniac gorilla, he hits his brass basin with a small iron drumstick, producing a quick ding-ding-ding, to "seven places of decimals," finishing off triumphantly with a flourishing ding-dang (not ding-dong, but ding-dang)! and then comes the announcement about some auction of "English" furniture, or the like.

Cyril was half-delirious with vexation and despair; however, a sardonic laugh, at the idea of sending the bellman round, to offer a reward for Jessie, did him good, and operated as a sedative, to give him more composure both of pace and of thought. He seemed previously to have been bent on taking a steeplechase, as if toward the Napoleon Column in the neighbourhood, which, 150 feet high, is surmounted by a figure of the First Napoleon as he instituted the Legion of Honor; while the first stone bears within it the significant inscription, "First Stone, of the Monument voted by the *Expeditionary* Army of Boulogne, and the *Flotilla*, to the Emperor Napoleon: placed by Marshal Soult, Commander-in-Chief, on the ninth of November 1804."

The idea of such a steeplechase as this made Cyril stop and reason with himself, that, if he was rejected, or even (call it) jilted, there was no use in trying to run away from his own thoughts.

"Alas, alas," said he to himself, as he now moved

slowly along the Promenade de la Bienfaisance, "it was all my unhappy forwardness, in taking hold of her hand and pressing it, at the concert. She has never been the same since. I have seen, in some novel or other delineator of emotions, that when a grown-up man loves a very young girl, and precipitately declares to her his passion, she is apt not only to be alarmed, but also soon to dislike the very idea of him, and at length to detest him and abhor him; whereas if he had been less hasty, she might first have felt flattered by him, and then liked him, and at last loved him. Just so," said poor Cyril, "when I showed my love for her, even more by my manner than either by my words or by my pressure of her hand; I saw *unmistakable alarm in the depth of her glorious eyes: O how beautiful was that timidity of the startled maiden!* and yet how awful was it, as if its voice were doom, since it is to be the knell of any happiness for me, and the source of my life-long sorrow! It was the 'avaunt!' which I never shall get over. Why did I bring it on myself? Why need I have been so wildly impatient? I previously seemed to be not distasteful to her. Why, then, should I have gone and presumed that her heart could be instantaneously inflamed like my own? If it is no wonder that I should love such perfections as hers, the very first day I saw her, *that* is no reason why I should expect *her* to feel alike towards *me!*"

At length Cyril reasoned himself into the resolution that the best thing he could do would be

to try and meet her once more, and then simply to go up to her and entreat her to pardon him for having annoyed her, and to ask her not any longer to abominate him, as he should never force his presence on her any more ; nor need she continue to hate him, as he was going to the other side of the world, and thus she should henceforth be free from his unwelcome intrusions.

Resolved on this course, he went off to the Grande Rue, where he met droves of Dinahs, with scores of hats, bonnets, and crinolines, in other words, plenty of pretty girls, but no Jessie.

In spite of himself, he found he was continually imagining what *she* would say and think, if she was beside him. Thus, with regard to the large but hugely ugly church in the market-place, St. Nicholas, he wondered whether she would agree with him that not even an unlimited expenditure could make it look at all passably pretty ; and yet the situation would deserve an embellished structure : would not the best thing be to build up an entirely new exterior, with a row of Gothic arches, or even Grecian columns, anything in fact outside, to hide the present deformity of a front ? In this manner, Cyril still seemed to see Jessie in everything. He observed how the good wide street, Neuve Chaussée, grows more and more ample, towards the sea ; yet, before it reaches the Port, it ends in a lot of little lanes : would not Jessie think the street ought to sweep round, short, and wide, and spacious, to the quay ? This is an "improvement" which cries

aloud for accomplishment. He thought also how he could make her smile at the long wine-carts which go about the town; all the French carts indeed seem to aim at length, more than anything else, as if still following the design of those primitive drays which were made to thread the narrow roads and forest tracks of ancient Gaul. But the wine-carts are the oddest, and narrowest, and longest; they give me the idea of a wheelbarrow gone to seed: the thing is a truck, twice as long as an English cart, and yet only wide enough to hold six bottles in a row: a bin on wheels. The plan is good and sensible, so far as obviating collisions; but, how about turning the sharp corners of streets? the long thin tray looks as if it might crack in two *on* the acute angle of a street, and then, what a spill would there be! Many of such French plans, though rough and ready, are judicious, and might be copied by our proud islanders. Thus the English seldom have any plan to lock the wheel of a two-wheeled cart; but every French cart has a very effective and very ancient arrangement, whereby a rude piece of wood is made to press against the back of each wheel, in precisely the same way as now the concave drags are levered against railway wheels: and when great weights are carried down hills, the French driver sits on an outrigger behind, which compresses the wheel with great leverage. You usually see the Frenchman holding the handle of this drag, and straining it more or less, as wanted, in fact steering his long Charles's Wain by the tail, down hill.

"Yes," said Cyril, "Jessie would agree with me that if the French are fifty years in advance of us in some little items of civilization, we are four hundred years ahead of them in the matter of religion."

Fancy your being told that in Boulogne, in the Jesuit church of St. Joseph, there is a sweetly interesting object; and, it is—a representation of the "Virgin Mary in a boat, surrounded with waves and silver fishes, holding in her hand a golden heart and an *image* of the infant Jesus." Think of the Virgin, and *silver fishes*! I imagine it must have been from this absurd connexion, that in Boulogne the adjuration of gamblers, for good luck, when throwing dice, is, "O ye gods and little fishes." The "Virgin" here introduced is not the real Virgin of the Gospel, nor is the "Jesus" the real Jesus of the Scriptures; the names may sound Christian, but all the ideas connected with them are simply pagan to the last degree: the waves and the *silver fishes* (so *childish*), and the golden heart (so *nasty*), and the "image," are all only worthy of heathen Rome or heathen Ephesus. Indeed, the great idol of Boulogne was, the Virgin Mary in a boat (the real Virgin probably never was in a boat). The "pious" legend is, that in the year A.D. 632 a boat came to Boulogne, without oars, or sails, or sailors; and when the people rushed to it, they found in the boat a "wooden image of the Virgin, *quite black*, three feet and a half in height, bearing the infant Jesus on her left arm." I should say this was merely a pagan idol, of Friga or Venus, and Cupid; and some Chris-

tianized Saxons in Britain had been persuaded to get rid of it, by turning it adrift in a boat. It was the very era of the conversion of the Saxons; and the Saxons did worship just such hideous logs. They would not burn it, but they would boat it off; and the tide brought it to Boulogne. There may well have been an image of a heathen goddess in a church at Boulogne, when there was one at Paris, as is stated in the "Dictionnaire Historique Portatif," by Ladvocat, Paris, 1760, vol. i. p. 805, where it is shown that as regards the goddess Isis or Cybele, at Paris, "sa statue fut conservée dans un coin de l'église de S. Germain des Prez, jusqu'en 1514, que le cardinal Briçonet, qui étoit abbé de ce monastère, la fit mettre en pièces aiant su que quelques femmes, par simplicité, lui avoient présenté des cierges." The very same simplicity prevailed at Boulogne. Yes, like as the actual Egyptian idol Isis was an object of worship in 1514 among the Christians (?) of Paris, or Par-Isis, so also was the refuse Saxon idol Friga adored in 632 by the Christians (?) of Boulogne. The same Egyptian Isis element peeps out in ghastly guise in the grand French custom of "exposing" or exhibiting a corpse; as when a dead bride is propped up, at the end of a saloon or in a shop window, all dressed out in her marriage attire, with her dead face peering through orange blossoms: it is all a mere mummy ceremony, all Isis, Par-Isis, Parisian, that is, sheer Egyptian heathenism. The dead face is the French ghost of a mummy! And as regards the "quite black" image of Boulogne, we

may remember that the "Virgin" of Loretto is of wood; it also is black, and represents a negress, probably the Queen of Sheba: and the child doubtless was not meant for the Bambino, but for Menelek, the queen's "illegitimate son by Solomon." Yes, the old idol, rejected by England, became the "miraculous image" of Boulogne, and was prayed to, for centuries; till among the few good things which the French Revolution produced, seventy years ago, there was this one, that the "quite black" image, as well as all the other Boulogne images, were made into "a grand bonfire, in the Place d'Armes."

And yet Cyril had no sooner settled what Jessie would say on such subjects, than he took himself to task for harping on the beautiful girl who was never to be his. And then he would, as if convulsively, strive to engross himself with some topic utterly foreign both to her and to himself. Thus will the agonized spirit try to banish distressing thoughts by giving attention spasmodically to some subject, the last and unlikeliest to be reviewed at such a time. This property of the mind is very curious, whereby a man can be conscious that a crushing calamity has occurred, and yet he will not think of it, but forces himself to avoid the thought, and devotes himself to other considerations. The philosophy of such an effort may possibly have been that which gave rise to the German tale, of a man who had a skeleton always looking over his shoulder, and yet the hapless wretch tried to move about with unconcern, as if there was no such horror always besetting

him. Thus did Cyril plunge off to any question ; indeed, in such a case, anything will do, to keep the mind from gnawing at itself.

The subject he got upon was, how ungrateful most of the English residents of Boulogne are said to be towards the French government and the Emperor, under whom they enjoy every immunity they could wish, with cheap wine, and other economical treats into the bargain. The English visitors get house rent cheap ; compare the 2000 francs or £80 for a good French house, with the £180 or 200 guineas of an inferior one in such a place as Porchester Terrace. The English also get much better bread than is made in London. In fact, the London puffy quartern loaves, all sponge and crust, are less toothsome than any foreign bread, and are not to be mentioned in the same day with French bread. The English denizens also pay little or no taxes ; and yet their staple topic is, abuse of the Emperor. This is really both ungrateful and indecent. As to the Emperor, Napoleon the Third, he is, in absolute fact, the best ruler France has ever had. He is the nephew of his "Uncle" ; and if the French nation likes the Napoleon dynasty, that is no concern of the English. "Considering" that France had abolished the other dynasties, and was heartily sick of a republic, Louis Napoleon had full right to the throne. He was also quite justified in the mode wherein he obtained power, all his acts being honest. He offered himself fairly as President of the humbug Lamartine's republic ; he was chosen

President : but then all the Cavaignacs, and Lamoricières, and Changarniers were plotting viciously against him, through mere despicable jealousy. It was the alternative; either *they* must go down, or *he* must: he had power in his hands, properly: it had been duly delegated to him: so, he *used* that power, and he carted all those "republican" generals off to prison: and, serve them right! it is precisely what I should have done were I in his place. What right had those pinchbeck generals to govern France? None whatever. They deserved the kicks they got. France hates and despises the Lamartine lads, even when they wriggle themselves to the front; and hence France was quite content to see Lamartine subside into so small a Bridge Belisarius as a mere grubby lecturer. The *Times* newspaper always howls against the Emperor, on the score of perfidy and perjury, as if he broke his pledges, falsified his oath, and so on. But the breaking of pledges was the act alone of those selfish democratic chiefs who were villanously and traitorously false to him as the Chief of the State. Louis Napoleon was liberated from republican trammels through the faithlessness which was wreaked on himself. He was thus right to submit the question of Republic or Empire to the French; and they by millions chose him Emperor. Any high hand which he resorted to, was what the circumstances justly and righteously required, and was strictly in self-defence. I think there is no case in history of a parvenu prince who came to the throne

so equitably as he has. And his rule has been both a clever and a beneficial one. Of course, his weak point has been Rome; but that is not his fault: it is the fault of the Mystery of Iniquity itself, since Popery is the bane of anyone who has anything to do with it. A good and rightful Ruler is the Emperor Napoleon. Yet the English, who enjoy every freedom under his sceptre, are always reviling him. One little broken-backed parson is said to be always telling stories, probably all false, up and down in Boulogne, about the private life of the Emperor, which, if reported, would ensure him the legacy of a speedy and deserved expulsion from the shores of La belle France. The English have no reason to be bitter against the Emperor. He has been more friendly to England than any French ruler ever was before. He announced that his policy was summed up in the English alliance; and he has inflexibly adhered to it: though the English nation acted very scurvily towards him in the matter of the Orsini plot, and the Bernard trial. It was said that if England had then "given way", we should have forfeited our island's right to be the asylum of political fugitives. But England was never intended to be "openly" the asylum of regicides and dastardly bomb-assassins. It would have been a truly magnanimous act for England to have sent all the murderous abettors of Orsini in chains, as a present to Napoleon, *per Boulogne*, that such Thugs might no longer pollute the soil of Britain. Badly as Napoleon has been

treated by England, he being always suspected of an invasion mania, and being uniformly assailed in the English newspapers, and continuously vituperated in the English Parliament, still he remains loyal and true to his principle, AMITY WITH ENGLAND, and posterity will do him justice for his fidelity. Hence it is with sheer and unmitigated disgust that anyone who knows the real facts of the case may hear the paltry little sneers and invectives, in which, with craven nods and winks and second-hand shrugs, the ingrate refugees of Boulogne indulge, against the enlightened Emperor of the land that shields them. Probably the French feel only contempt for the English bad manners. This seems alone to account for the fact that the local print, the *Boulogne Gazette*, regularly exhibits a stereotyped table of advice "To Englishmen settling in Boulogne," which not only makes the silly statement that "servants are a nuisance everywhere, but nowhere like what they are in Boulogne;" it also parades the following precept: "Run no heavy bills with tradesmen: any man to whom you owe above one hundred and fifty francs, may imprison you in five minutes, if not paid when he demands his claim: we have known some arrested, upon whom no demand had even been made." This is thus a standing libel on the fair-dealing of the citizens, and it would seem to be accepted by them as such, and as quite true; else we could imagine the Mayor or Sub-Prefect or other guardian of the local honor, giving a "warning" to the English newspaper that

it must either withdraw the insult or be suppressed: but, what explains all, is, that probably the whole thing is laughed at. Doubtless also there is a quiet laugh at the catering for this vitiated English taste, when the local "Guide," though written by a Frenchman, M. Brunet, gravely discourses as follows: "We must not omit to intimate to strangers, that there is a great deal of bargaining in the manner of selling, especially on the part of the country people and fishwomen, who generally demand more than they will take; and we therefore caution those who are unacquainted with this system of dealing, never to give the first price that is asked." The simplicity of this is enchanting. What extraordinary greenhorns its readers are supposed to be! As if just the same chaffering and bargaining was not as prevalent in the dirty markets of Weymouth or Scarborough as among the clean white caps of the market-women of Boulogne. The Briton who wants to be cautioned about haggling and beating down prices, cannot have as yet cut his wise teeth.

There is one thing which may be foretold about the English settlers, who insult the French and abuse the Emperor; they will not have sense and forethought enough to get up a Norman Anniversary for 1866, at Boulogne. This might neatly feed French pride; along with the hint that the Emperor had better not try the like now. Of late, anniversaries have been much in vogue; men regard them as the birthdays of bright events, and they observe them on the "wish you many happy returns"

principle. Boulogne might have her anniversary; and I might make a little money by it. Collections and Jubilee incomings are the order of the day. The Bible Society had its 50 years Jubilee, and extra "funds." The Wesleyans had their centenary, and of course the "fund." The Propagation Society and the Christian Knowledge Society commemorated their 150 years with "appeals." The Dissenters "inaugurated" their 200 years with "Bicentenary" contributions. I do not know of 250 years; but 300 would give Shakespeare a Tercentenary. Perhaps in 1883 (Nov. 10) Luther will have a *Quartocentenary*, or 400 years from his birthday. Now, the Boulogne grumblers, if they could only look beyond their mildewed noses, need not draw it mild, but might "go in" at once for no less than 800 years, an *Octocentenary*, of which Boulogne might be the focus, and which ought in all fairness to bring grist to my mill. It ought to be easy for every patriotic Boulogne-ite to rally round the "idea." Unless I am utterly abroad in my "History," the battle of Hastings was won by William the Norman in the year 1066. The day was October 14; Old Style, no doubt: so I would pick out Thursday, October, 25, 1866, as the 800th Norman Anniversary. Let the sullen sons of "perfidious Albion" flock to Boulogne on that day, and have a dance on the sands. *And let gentlemen and ladies, as well as everybody else, send money, in cheques and banknotes and post-office orders, to the author of "Jessie of Boulogne," care of my*

publisher (see *title-page*). But they will be too stupid either to do this, or even to foresee the occasion.

Alas, it would not do. Of course you understand that all this while Cyril was roving through every street, and every place of resort, in hopes to meet with Jessie; he was vainly trying to avoid thinking of her, while all the time he was seeking for her. However, she was not to be seen. Cyril would have gone off, and left the place, in blank dismay, only for George's letter, which said so indefinitely he was coming, without stating how or when. Only for this friendly tether, Cyril would probably have gone over to his estate in Sussex; although indeed he had already made all his final arrangements there, before his projected tour, nor did he much want to seem to unsettle his own dispositions of men and things. Stay he must, and wait; but in what a miserable plight! with now no hope of a place in Jessie's heart: nor could any subject seem more important to him than her love.

Those who omit the consideration of love, pass over the actual mainspring of human events. Love is the golden thread of History. Too often its subject has been a Helen or a Cleopatra; but sometimes it has been of a purer grade. Love rules in a monarchy more than in a democracy; and this is one among the endless arguments which show how unnatural a thing Democracy is. As for republics, there never was a good one, nor can we see a republic in the Theocracy of the Jews; there, the Deity

presided : nor shall we ever see a *good* republic. The worst republic the world has ever witnessed is the Yankee one, which is suitably exemplified by the scene of the braggart North invading the gallant South, to enforce an union founded on consent ! In this we may see the loveless nature of a republic. But, if love is banished from the politics of democracies, still love sways more or less each individual of each faction, in his personal capacity. Love is the master spring of good men, and of honest empires. Those who pass the topic by, are, we insist, untrue to the real course of human history.

It may serve to show how dominant is the force of love, when we see, in Cyril's case, how impracticable it would be for him to devote fixed attention to any other question. Fancy Cyril, with his heart racked and his brain anguished at the thought of losing Jessie, having to sit down composedly, to go through calculations for a new planet, founded on perturbations in the exterior satellite of Neptune. Imagine him even going through a quiet sheet or two, of algebra, or conic sections. Hence indeed when I see gazetted the names of First-Class men, or Senior Wranglers, I always say, Those lads are not in love. Perhaps some young man, not in the list at all, or possibly plucked, would have distanced all others, only for some teasing Lucy or coquettish Harriett or inexorable Agnes, whose cruelty leaves him no power to think. Love plucks more young men than the most savage dons.

Like as for little boys, in the Latin Grammar, the highly moral writer Ovid laments, that Love cannot be medicated or cured by any herbs or simples ; so also Cyril could not much divert his thoughts, by any theme, except Natural History, though it might look useless for him to try to study the peculiarities of others, of man, or beast, or bird, when his own were so distressing. The most eccentric " animal " that could here at all succeed, would be the odd bird called the Cuckoo, whose history " has yet to be written."

I could almost conceive a forlorn lover getting amused with so queer a creature as the cuckoo. A riddle in all its ways is that merry rake in feathers, which comes and goes like a parenthesis, or like Spring trundling her hoop. A cuckoo flies like a hawk, and boasts a bill like a thrush, and has beautiful little feet neater than any pigeon's ; it feeds on hairy caterpillars and dragon-flies : and it seems to be both loved and hated by all the little birds with whom it makes free, either sucking their eggs, or laying its own very little egg among them, whence I beg to affirm that the cuckoo is the original of all squatters. To see the goings-on of two cuckoos in a tree, in the " Happy Valley " near Boulogne, is one of the strangest sights imaginable. One of the cuckoo cries, besides the Columbiac " cuc-koo," is a glugging gulp, which sounds like a ploughman choking, (very similar to one of the voices of the thrush) ; and another cry of the cuckoo is a perfect human horse-laugh : the small white dove makes a similar titter on a small scale.

I remember seeing one cuckoo shot; for in France everything eatable is eaten, cuckoos, crows, squirrels, robins, nightingales, wrens, frogs, and snails: everything that can be eaten, is eaten, except magpies, which alone are not eaten, because, for some inscrutable reason, they are reputed to be actually birds of the devil. Hence magpies are not even fired at, since nothing is *shot* except what is "good for the *pot*"; and even old rooks and seagulls (when skinned), are considered very nice (?) in soup: like as Buffon winds up a romantic account of robins by adding that they are delicious when stewed with bread crumbs, nasty fellow! But, to return to the murdered cuckoo, which was only kilt. This cuckoo when fired at, was in a tree, and only had one wing broken; it fell in a field, and ran about most gracefully. But no sooner had it reached the ground, than a cock-robin, ruffling his red waistcoat, and undeterred by the late report of the gun, flew at the cuckoo, and actually lit on the cuckoo's head, pecking at it with his bill, and thrashing the cuckoo with his wings. I saw all this myself. Soon afterwards the robin got on the cuckoo's back, and pecked it with perfect fury; until the "sportsman" running up to get his "game", made the robin retire. It looked as if the robin, seeing the cuckoo in difficulties, resolved there and then to pay the rascal out, for all the outrages on the little birds.

Could you, then, Cyril, sad lover as you are, give a sickly smile at this? Or, look here, my boy; observe how curious are the migrations of birds or

of fishes. Come and stoop and inspect the obscure creature called the mud-crab ; it has protuberant eyes, and no eyelids : so it removes all dust from its eyes by rubbing them against a tuft of hair, or eye-broom of its own, which grows close beside the eye, just in the right place : which Sir C. Bell says is “an action as intelligible as that of a man wiping his spectacles.” Again, if a goose goes to sleep with its head behind its wing, it stands on one leg, and raises up the other leg to counterpoise the recumbent head ; the head being always on the opposite side to the lifted foot : and thus the goose maintains the centre of gravity. Gravity, indeed ! I say, that goose is a wise bird, has good sense, and instinctively knows more about the philosophy of nature, than many a proud ignorant Man who perhaps has the audacity to use the term “goose” as expressive of that stupidity of which he is an unconscionable example himself.

Nor do we lose the “poetry” of things, by noting that when our studies are about Truth, they always are utilitarian, or of practical service to mankind. We have a hint to that effect from the *Gymnotus*, of Surinam, an eel three feet long, which shoots its prey ; it is a floating electrical machine, of great power, and by that very means the scientific fish obtains its food : and this is more than many scientific empirics can say for themselves—that *they* get their bread by their pursuits.

By way of a new thought, I therefore suggest to all unhappy lovers, that in Natural History they have perhaps the only study which can at all relieve their lacerated hearts.

CHAPTER IX.

FRENCH BED.

“ How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lily !
And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
But kiss, one kiss ! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't. 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus ; the flame ”——

SHAKESPEARE'S “ CYMBELINE.”

FEELING utterly lonely and disconsolate, the hour of his meal, which he had fixed, recalled Cyril mechanically home ; and then he bethought him of the registered letter which had caused him so much woe. The French are sometimes very particular about such letters, and rightly so ; in the present case the man would not deliver it up to any person save the one it was addressed to : so he would not leave it, but brought it on his next round : and thus at length it reached Cyril's hands. He could have flung it from him, only that he recognized the writing. It proved to be from the good and excellent friends, who had acted as his guardians during his minority, and whom he had commissioned to deal as they thought right, with reference to his interests, during his expected absence in the East. To none

but them and George, had Cyril mentioned that he was in Boulogne.

The letter enclosed some power of attorney for Cyril to sign; and also it apprised him that an ancient earldom was likely before long to devolve on himself. Cyril knew that he was related to this noble family; but he never supposed that he should come to the title, with which there were large estates. He always understood that there were at least four or five persons who stood between him and the earldom, including youths, likely to live and have families. This now was all altered.

The case it seems was, that the present possessor of the title was a very old man, who had only two sons. The younger was unmarried, and had fallen into such reckless and vicious courses of "fast" life, that he was now seized with delirium tremens, and could never transmit the race, being in fact at death's door. The earl's other and elder son was a most exemplary and consistent man; he had married a lady good and pious like himself, but she had died of consumption, about two years ago, and her husband had now sunk under the same dire malady, he having apparently caught it from her. They had two children, fine handsome boys, one nine and the other twelve years old. But the letter which Cyril now received informed him not only that the father had thus died of decline, but also that the two sons had been carried off by scarlet fever, within a day of each other, at some salubrious-looking rectory where they were being educated. Thus there was

no one now between Cyril and the title, except the old earl of Evelyn himself, whose years were nearer ninety than eighty, and his utterly effete and worn-out son, who, though only about thirty-two years old, was practically older than his father.

Cyril was not at present in a mood to be much pleased at anything; and no part of this communication gave him any sense of pleasure. He wrote a letter to his kind old guardians, thanking them, and leaving all steps to them; and then, after his pretence of a dinner, for which he had no appetite, he went out to get his signature to the document attested, and to post it at once: for, Cyril's motto of action was, *Hoc Age*, the Latin for *Do This*, i.e., *Mind your business, and attend to the work before you*. Hence he never allowed arrears of small duties to run up against him, but he always answered letters punctually, and never let anyone wait for him, being as attentive to little proprieties as was that incarnation of duty, the hero Duke of Wellington.

As he sauntered to the *old man* Post-office, he could not help thinking that Jessie, had she been any longer friendly enough to discuss such a subject with him, would coincide with him in the opinion, that the intelligence he had received might all be characterized as painful tidings, and bad news.

Cyril now looked upon himself as "booked" to be an old bachelor, nor could he imagine himself ever marrying, or even able to eradicate his present

feeling of disappointment, now that he had been so pointedly rejected and avoided by Jessie.

What use was there in the title coming to *him*? As to the estates, whose rental was not immense, but still amounted to fifteen thousand a year, he did not want such an accession of income; he had already more wealth than he should know what to do with. He thought the death of those two beautiful boys was simply a most miserable and melancholy occurrence; and the death of their good father, who was a most generous philanthropist, seemed sad in the extreme, and a loss to the age. The fact also of the brother being so unlike him, and fast perishing as the victim of every vice, was deplorable and shocking. And then as regards the fine old earl, whom Cyril had often seen and admired, and from whom he had received several civilities; the idea of looking forward with any hope, to his death, would be the last to be embraced by Cyril's well-ordered and honorable mind: he thought of him only as a magnificent specimen of a venerable nobleman, and Cyril's trust was that the grand old peer might still be long left to adorn his station. Thus in short Cyril cherished no pleasure at the prospect of his being soon enrolled as a prominent earl, in the most august assembly the earth has ever seen, the House of Lords. Besides, Cyril had accustomed himself to look forward to his entering the House of Commons; whereas, if he now became a peer, he should be debarred from this expectation: and even if he must at last be en-

nobled, he justly felt that the training of the Commons' House would be very serviceable to him.

All these things, going so contrary to his personal wishes, tended to make him still more unhappy and uncomfortable.

The strength of man's mind, and the potency of his emotions when once aroused, may show that there is no greater type of anguish, than when an intelligent young man, who had hoped he might be loved, finds that even the very thought of love must be torn up as it were and wrenched out of his very heartstrings. There are doubtless those who are ready to smile, or mock, at such a calamity; but, *such persons are the hyænas of humanity*: and anyone who has a feeling heart will acknowledge that such a trial must be one of the most agonizing to which human nature can be subjected. I believe that in such pangs and throes of heart, the seeds of premature death are more often sown than may be supposed. The female heart, from its fineness and tenderness, may feel very acutely in some such a case; but the gentle willow bends to the storm: the more stubborn oak is broken or torn up: and thus the very strength of *man* makes his suffering more terrible, when it bursts on him with resistless force, leaving him a lovelorn wreck.

And if it be asked, Why should Cyril's feelings, on losing Jessie, be so intense, when he had seen so little of her, and knew so little about her? we may remind you, that he conceived he had seen enough

to judge of her sufficiently; a great deal was said between them at the concert, more than we have told: and Cyril felt convinced that Jessie was highly intelligent and accomplished, with every ladylike grace, with just and sensible views on every subject that had arisen, and with a due reverence for sacred things. He felt assured she was both good and intellectual; why then might he not admire her, when she was so admirable? she also evinced a sympathy or fellow-feeling with himself, as if their minds were cast in the same mould. Time might of course develop more excellencies in her; but he had already seen enough to show him that she was all his heart could wish.

And then, her beauty! he had literally never before imagined that such loveliness was possible in anyone of human kind.

And why should not such incomparable beauty fully take its place as a justification of Cyril's deep and entire devotion?

There is often I think much hypocrisy in those who affect to ignore the cogency of beauty's claims. I believe beauty was given to produce the very effect. That beauty should be admired, is self-evident; that loveliness should be loved is a truism. Why should our Creator have put in man's heart a susceptibility and readiness to appreciate woman's charms, and why should a girl be invested with such beauty as Jessie had so superlatively; if "Beauty" was not to be rightfully a dominant ingredient in love? I maintain that the more a man

is strong-minded and noble-hearted, the more is the fact, that a girl is beautiful, enough alone to justify him in loving her. It is very silly of some sordid old hunks to retort, Is a man then to fall in love with a mere pretty face, though the girl is a fool? I reply, Most probably the girl is far less a fool than you who ask the question. We all know that if a man be caught with a girl's beauty, and she turns out to be an idiot, he is very unfortunate; and if he loves beauty, and the beautiful one is immoral, he is still more unlucky. But these *ifs* are not necessarily connected with the question of loving beauty for itself. My *IF* is quite as valid, when I say, What if the girl be both beautiful and good, both lovely and discreet? Even if a man of a mighty mind is much struck with a girl's beauty, and still loves her and marries her, after he has discovered that she has a few little faults or drawbacks and that she is in mental qualities not particularly brilliant, but only endowed with commonplace woman's wit; he is not culpable or inconsistent: there is nothing irrational in his continuing to value beauty: beauty is, itself, a good reason for his love. In these days, when generally the main enquiry about a wife is, How much money has she got? I say devotion to beauty is a sign of a superior soul. And here, matter of fact comes in, to prove that the more clever and lofty-minded a man is, the more apt is he to be captivated by beauty. This certainly is what is constantly occurring among such men; the most intellectual are most the slaves of beauty.

And therefore I contend I am right when I say, Beauty ought to rank at the head of the claims to love; whatever some solemn simpletons may bleat against it.

The remainder of the evening, Cyril often went out, and came "home" again, but could get no rest or alleviation. It was useless to pore over newspapers or magazines; what he read, he did not feel, nor care about. He was no drinker; he could not drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl: one who was capable of such beastliness, would not have had Cyril's fine feelings: the sensualist is always selfish. Cyril was no opium-smoker, nor smoker of any kind; thus, as to all the little suicides which are in vogue in "society," he abominated them all. In Time and Patience must his remedy be found.

It was useless to think of going to his couch, in order to wrap his troubles in the mantle of repose; it would be impossible for him to sleep. Cyril was literally afraid of his bed; unable to sleep, he should find the whole night a misery, and *the chimes of darkness would be a toll of torture.*

Hence he made the singular resolve that he would go out and walk about the whole night, or at least till he became so totally fatigued, that his very weariness might, as it were, exact some slumber, and compel oblivion.

Boulogne is generally very decent and quiet at night; and when the usual music of the evening ceases, all is very still, with but little of the hum of a large town. Cyril went down towards the pier,

where he had first seen Jessie. It was not likely that he should now meet her ; but he may as well think of her, since it is no use trying not to do so. The air from the sea was much too reviving and refreshing, to seem to be likely to predispose him to repose. So he thought, "Yesterday I met Jessie thrice, and every time with some pleasant and hopeful accompaniments ; but to-day I met her but once, and then I did not even once hear her voice : not once !

"Yet, not to-day, but last night, the evil was done. If I see a beauteous rose-bud, ready to gush forth soon into full bloom ; and if I take it and force it open, will not the spoiled and ruffled leaves betray what mischief an impatient hand can cause ? Like that disarray of the sweet leaves, was Jessie's consternation when I forced my love so rashly on her notice. I then marred my immature rose-bud ; nor can anything restore the previous jocund state. The outraged rose-bud necessarily droops ; and thus Jessie avoids me.

"Yes," said Cyril, "the incidents which demonstrate only too plainly what Jessie now thinks of me, are, the deep alarm she manifested at my too fond overture ; together with the fact that not only did she not in the least return the pressure of my hand, but also she was absolutely silent, and did not utter even any of the world's farewells, or ordinary nothings, such as good-evening or good-night. She parted from me, *then*, without even one word. And equally, this morning, she was alto-

gether silent, when I joined her on the bridge. Such mute aversion is more fatal to my hopes than the angriest repulse. If indeed she of course followed me through the crowd awhile, *that* was the mere necessity of the position. And then, what more is wanting, to complete her sad indictment against me, than that, as soon as she could, she took occasion to hurry away, and turn her back on me, without caring to see whether I should come, and without the least word of greeting, or good-bye, for ever or not. After making all allowance for a lady's natural desire to get clear of a heated crowd; still, I should only delude myself, were I to try to see anything but a most decisive waiving of me off, in the fact of no trace being left for me, no link, no message, no drawing up of the carriage at a distance, no chance for me to have even a polite leave-taking."

Cyril would have modified all this view, if he could have known, that no sooner were the ladies moving away in the carriage, than the aunt was fretting herself at leaving her "gallant friend" in so curt a manner; and so she discussed in her own mind whether she could not soon send back the fly-man to communicate with him? but then, she did not know his name, nor would the man know him: besides, it would look so odd, to send a lumbering driver to look up a fine young man, six feet high! moreover she quite relied on the expectation that they should surely meet again.

If she had thought of making use of the cocked

hat, she might have accomplished wonders; but it never occurred to her: the agency of gendarmes or water-bailiffs or town police for purposes of courtesy or civility, was what she never thought of.

Having reviewed the circumstances silently, a thought struck her, which made her say aloud to Jessie, "I am sorry we did not think of sending some message of thanks to our gallant friend, whom perhaps we may now lose sight of, and never meet again; and the best way, indeed the only way, to communicate with him, would have been, (like what he himself had done in returning the handkerchief), to make use of the dog: I regret," she added, "I did not think in time of giving the dog a card or paper with a mention in pencil of our present address, which the dog would have taken to his master in his mouth, and saved us from seeming so ungrateful and rude."

Hearing this, Jessie turned pale, and exclaimed with much emotion, "O, what a pity we did not do so!"

The other saw her concern, which made the bashful blood suffuse Jessie's brow. The aunt looked at her. She thought of the tears which Jessie had just shed, and which she had imagined to be merely nature's safety-valve after seeing the wounded man; and so they may have been. But the aunt now saw that Jessie's young heart felt attracted to the handsome stranger; and so she silently hoped, that if they were not to meet again, Jessie might soon get over it: or else, if they were fated again to see

each other, she now perceived that it was indispensable there should be an explanation as to who he was. She smiled when she thought, "It would not do for one so highly born, and such an heiress as Jessie, to get attached to some fascinating bag-man, or swell-mobs-man, or linendraper's apprentice on a tour."

While thus rehearsing such precautions, she felt, Cyril did not look much like an impostor; and his own reference to his wish to obtain a proper introduction, impressed her with the conviction that Cyril knew he could prove he was no adventurer or base plebeian clown. "Perhaps, all may end well," she thought; "and possibly Jessie has come across one, who may eventually show he is a truly desirable acquaintance."

Jessie felt that some of the secret of her heart was already discovered by the loved one who sat beside her. Jessie was not much disturbed or annoyed at this; still, Love by virtue of its preciousness is intrinsically a secret thing: and therefore she did not feel disposed to volunteer revelations, whence also she did not mention her discovery of the names "Floss: Cyril." The chief reason for her reticence was, that she feared she could not speak about her *Cyril*, without betraying some of the sweet secret bliss, with which the thought of him must ever make her heart tremble in tenderness.

This privacy of love might seem to show it is selfish; yet, how can that be selfish which is essentially shared by another? There was cer-

tainly nothing selfish in darling Jessie's love; and if it sought to be "darkling and in shadiest covert hid," still this was only the proper veil of modesty. So, even if we cannot (I think I can) quite explain why boys and girls blush and look ashamed of their love, nevertheless so far as purity and modesty are thus shown, we must admit that all is right. The tone of Jessie's feelings may be likened to the state of the deer in whose side the arrow is infixed, and who wishes for a place of shelter, in the deepest thicket of the dale.

If Cyril could only have known this, when he stood so disconsolate beside the sea!

I may add that if Cyril had been more practised in Cupid's wiles, he might have discerned that when Jessie followed him through the crowd at the bridge, the very docility she evinced, might have told him that he had some hold upon her heart. He bade her reverentially, to follow him; and she did so: indeed, she would have gone anywhere he might counsel, and would have done almost anything he prescribed. This tendency towards obedience is a very significant and very beautiful symptom of love in an otherwise proud maiden; it is as if the fitting preliminary, in advance of the vow "to love, cherish, and to obey," in the fulfilment of which must ever consist the glory and happiness of every WIFE who has no sympathy with all the fudge about "Woman's Rights."

Also, only that, as Ovid's Penelope says, "Love is a thing full of anxious fear," Cyril might have

descried, that the coarseness of the indignity to which he fancied he had been subjected, in his being *left*, without a word; might show of itself that such could not have been intended, and that there must be some other explanation, consistent with the noble and generous natures in question.

And from this I wish the reader, who of course is on the look-out for any of my valuable apophthegms, to deduce the moral, that many persons, especially ardent young men, are continually worrying themselves about imaginary miseries, and are sometimes actually constructing for themselves the identical misfortunes from which they most wish to escape.

Probably Cyril would have met Jessie again, some time in the afternoon, only that she was a little knocked-up, and in want of rest; and her aunt loved her too much to leave her to herself, during the day. Jessie's health and bloom were very much considered; and indeed, when she left the concert so early last night, it was simply owing to her home regulation, that she was to be in bed by ten o'clock.

To-night she had even retired to rest still earlier, as some exhaustion remained after the excitement and movement of the day; and she was tired enough to be soon wrapt in deep sleep.

But I may say further, that before she lay down, when *her tender being bent beside her bed in prayer*, another and a new name was added to those remembered in her evening orisons; for now among her prayers was numbered this petition, that every

blessing might rest on the head of "Cyril." And I would ask, *Is it not worth while to gain a good girl's love, in order that such a prayer should go up, so potent and so pure, to the awful presence of the Eternal?*

The night was mild, and perfectly calm; we might almost say there was (which is unusual) no murmur whatsoever from the sea. Cyril had condemned himself to such loneliness and such a vigil, he would not even have Floss with him, but must prance the night out, alone.

It was now between ten and eleven o'clock; and as the heaven above him was radiant with stars, he selected one grand one, Arcturus, to gaze at, reminding himself of the expressive passage of Shakespeare, "It were all one, That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it."

While thus quietly musing, amid the serene even-tide, he perceived that a slight breeze had suddenly arisen from the sea; and simultaneously, on the other side, he thought he heard more hum or noise from the town, than he had noticed before. By a natural transition from his previous listless mood, he briskly turned his steps towards the sound; and the unbidden pathetic thought, which Wordsworth has well embalmed in the sudden qualm, "What if Lucy should be dead?" occurred to him, and made him quicken his pace.

He also thought he heard a drum beat, which he fancied he had been told was a sort of minor tocsin, to announce fire. It seems, although the theatre

was burnt in 1854, fires are very unusual in Boulogne. However, here was one, at least beginning ; as he found, when directed to the spot, by some flame, and the noise of the assembling crowd.

Cyril did not observe any engines at work ; perhaps they had not yet arrived, or water was not yet available. The house which was burning, appeared to be a sort of hotel, of a handsome style ; and he ascertained that the stairs and passages were on fire, endangering the life of any persons who might be asleep in the upper part of the edifice. Cyril pushed through the people to the front, where several arms were at the moment lifting up a ladder, which however seemed of insufficient length.

Cyril's heart thrilled, when he heard what seemed to be the voice of some official, proclaiming, "There is *one* person asleep in the third story," and the French phrase intimated that it was a female. Thus there was only one life (as it seemed to be known) in danger ; but, what if that one was Jessie ?

And the next instant his blood ran cold with horror, at what seemed to tell him it must be so, when, as soon as the crazy ladder was set up, a man sprang on it, and began ascending, whom Cyril immediately recognized as the manservant who had presented himself when the ladies retired from the concert. The man, though only a servant, was faithful and noble-hearted, and willing to risk his life through ten-thousand flames for his young mistress. But he had not ascended far, before the unsuitable ladder broke under his weight, and he fell

heavily to the ground; yet, from the way in which he tried to gather himself up, it may be hoped that the worthy fellow had no bones broken, though he must have been badly bruised.

The cry was, for another ladder, and at once another was forthcoming, longer, and more substantial; and many kindly French arms were elevating it. Cyril seized one of the rounds of the ladder, in fear lest some one should anticipate him in ascending. Cyril was the more eager and earnest and anxious to secure the ascent to himself, because he now heard the quick clattering tramp, and the shrill clang of the trumpets, of a large body of soldiers who were coming from the citadel or from the barracks at a rapid run. The French soldiers may be ugly in dress, but they are bold and brave little fellows, very useful at a fire (of any kind). Cyril thought, Might not the military people interfere with his devoting himself to the work? Although indeed the French authorities, very rightly, are unceremonious enough in impressing gentlemen and ladies and all, in cases of fire, to lend a hand and pass the buckets; if a gentleman refuses, he is put into prison till the fire is over (a fact): the plan is as neat as the buckets, which are tubs surrounded with basketwork: one set of men lug the fire-engine, and another set of men drag, as Teddy would say, an empty waggon, full of buckets.

Cyril felt he must be quick, or probably he should not be allowed to proceed. As yet he had forgotten all about the aunt, and with a very intelligible pre-

occupation of mind, he thought of Jessie alone ; though, of course, so far, the aunt, instead of Jessie, might be the "one" in the burning room upstairs. But now, as he was about to step on the ladder, he perceived that the aunt stood beside him ; and indeed he might have recognized her before, only that she had round her head some improvised muffling which she had suddenly assumed amid the emergency, and which made her not so easily identified.

When she saw Cyril, she clasped her hands, with a gesture which might either express that she was appalled at Jessie's peril, or else that she was amazed at Cyril's being present, to render succor ; possibly, it implied thankfulness, with an augury of success. The noise and tumult were too great for any conversation ; yet, ere Cyril mounted the ladder, he had the presence of mind to shout to her, enquiring, "What number ?" meaning, which is the number of Jessie's room : to which, with quick apprehension, she gave him the distinctly-uttered reply, "Number seventeen."

Cyril ascended ; the ladder bore him bravely : and though it was not long enough, still it enabled him to get on the sill of the window towards which his efforts seemed best to be directed. A cheer from the populace greeted him as he reached it ; but he scarcely heard it, so intensely was his mind strung to the work before him. The question now instantaneously resolved and decided, was, how should he get through this first window ? Of course,

he could dash the whole thing in; but, Cyril, though warm-hearted and rather impulsive, was cool-minded and thoughtful: hence he had great presence of mind, empowering him to count the cost of each movement. The French windows, or *croisées*, as they call them, do not open up and down with sashes as the English ones do; but, by taking hold of a handle, inside, at the middle of the casement, and turning the handle down as a lever, you release a bolt, and a catch, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the framework, so that the whole window opens inward to the room on hinges, like folding doors, leaving the complete aperture expanded, for passage, or view, or air. The plan suits the climate; and when well fitted (which is not often the case) is superior to the English awkward sashes. The advantage of the French contrivance is, that from the inside of a room you can by one pull throw open the entire space of the window; though it must be confessed that the window sometimes works open of itself in high winds. It will be seen that there is no mode of opening the window from the outside; and with this fact, Cyril had to deal. Cyril could break through much more sturdy Gaza gates; but he knew that to let in air on a fire was like casting alcohol on it: few would have thought of this, at such a time: however, *he* did. So, in order to make the most moderate aperture, the most convenient expedient was, to break one of the second row of panes, by his lifting up one foot; with which he smartly knocked out less than half

a pane. This enabled him to put in his arm and seize the lever handle; whereby he opened the whole window, and then he quickly jumped into the room. And at once he closed the window again; and he even plugged the broken pane with some tablecloth, to keep back the indraught of air.

He looked about him, and at once discerned that it was a large bedroom; but it was evidently unoccupied. There seemed to be two doors to it; one, which was further from his window, he could hardly distinguish: probably it was the usual mode of entrance. For, the other door was just opposite the window, but had no handle. It was closed by a lock. The door would seem to have been a changing one; it looked as if it had been made to open the other side, but some malformation prevented this, and so it was clapped on, the wrong way: and thus the door had been used as a mere stop-gap, for the second entrance, and was all a turned round affair, with no handle, and with only a lock. Most fortunately, Cyril found the key was in the lock, and was on his side! Had it not been there, he might have had great difficulty in getting further, as the door was stout, and he must have endeavored to have kicked off the lock, or else to have burst out the door by rushing against it like a battering-ram, which might have failed, as the door was hung to swing the other way, into the room. It was also fortunate, that the door was *closed*; else the conflagration would have been more drawn to that part. There was not much smoke in the room; it was

chiefly the stifling and sickening smell of pine-wood roasting. Still he could hear the awful voice of the fire ; but the most important thing he saw (he noted all in an instant) was, that the locked door which faced him was numbered on the inside, and the number (in large figures) was "16." There was abundant light, from the glare on the sky, to enable him to read it. Wherefore, on one side or the other, he now knew, Jessie's room was actually the next to the one he was in.

He was at the changeling door ; and, turning the key, he drew the door towards him, rapidly opening it, while he looked keenly out : but he as rapidly shut the door again. For, there was fearfully much, both of fire and smoke, in the passage. It was plain that the door opened on one of those long avenues or corridors which Victor Hugo calls an "intestinal tube," and which are so common in large French houses ; with rooms off the passage, on each side, all along. He was surprised to find so much fire in the passage, as there was so comparatively little trace of it in the room ; but doubtless this was owing to the doors being close-fitting, and bound with list or felt. Cyril, when he had looked out, saw that there were fearful and ominous long lambent tongues of flames stretching down the passage. But even more formidable than the flames was the dense smoke, which might soon suffocate anyone. He remembered that the higher you stand, the more you suffer from such smoke ; and even when a place is otherwise impassable from

stifling smoke, you can get along, if you go on your hands and knees, with your face bent towards the floor: since the air next the ground is the last to be impregnated with the fatal fumes. So he resolved to stoop, and thus work his way on. It was to give himself a moment's thought, that he had shut the door again.

And as the French custom is to mark the numbers of rooms in very large figures, he had easily seen that the door immediately opposite him, was the goal of his heart, No. 17.

In another instant, he drew the door open again, and passed out; while with wonderful presence of mind, he drew or slammed the door after him, to close it tightly, so as to leave himself a way of retreat, for her he loved.

He was in the passage, amid the fire and smoke, which seemed to have already increased, and to have drawn onwards toward him. The heat and the choking effluvium (mixed with some strange smell) were terrific; his hand was on Jessie's door, the handle seemed fearfully hot: was her door locked on the inside? If so, may there be mercy on them both! for, die with her, he *would*.

He turned at the handle; it did not yield: then he tried whether it was one that lifted the hasp: but no! it was immovable. Cyril felt his strength fast failing, and his eyes seemed burning; then he thought to try whether the handle would turn round the reverse way: and so it did. Nevertheless, when he pressed and pushed against the door,

it did not even now open. Whereon, as if with his last and expiring consciousness, he bethought himself to try whether the door opened out towards him into the passage? and, he found that, for some reason or other, or through some French make-shift, it had been so made.

He drew the door open, and he tottered out of the passage into Jessie's room, which seemed to have wonderfully little smoke in it, except what he brought in with him. Enfeebled as he was, his forethought did not even now forsake him; for at once he closed the door to keep out the deadly exhalations of the fire.

A wax-light was burning in the apartment, which was a spacious and elegant one.

And, if exhaustion had for the moment crept over him before, he was now instantly reinvigorated and endued with tenfold powers, by what he saw. For, there, asleep in her little *French bed*, lay the gentle maiden, Jessie, the most perfect of her sex.

CHAPTER X.

ZONE.

“ Who that hath ever been,
 Could bear to be no more ?
Yet who would tread again the scene
 He trod through life before ?
On, with intense desire,
 Man’s spirit will move on ;
It seems to die, yet, like heaven’s fire,
 It is not quench’d, but gone.”

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HE was in *her* room ; and the very thought itself made his heart give its beat more quickly and more wildly, than could be caused by any perils of fire or water, pestilence or sword.

There was in the room another bed, a larger one, but it was untenanted. Doubtless it had been intended for the aunt, who would not have retired to it, till a still later hour.

As Cyril glanced hastily round the apartment, nothing struck him more in reference to it, than how empty it looked. He saw no boxes, no luggage, no bonnets or cloaks or outer clothing lying about. Doubtless all such things were in the suite of sitting-rooms in the story below, and had probably

been got out safely. The whole gave the impression that the room had only just been moved into, by the ladies, coming as if off a journey, or changing from one house to another. We might conceive that the aunt would have had some valuables or baggage brought up here, when her hour of rest should have come. To all appearance, the aunt had been below, in the other rooms, sitting up for an hour or two more, reading, or writing letters; and thus her desire not to disturb Jessie had separated her from her, when the sudden fire burst out and seized the stairs and passages, cutting off the means of approach.

There were very strong iron bars across the three windows of Jessie's room; they were so massive, they might have sufficed for an insane patient's chamber of confinement: they had probably been put up when once the room had merely been intended as a nursery for some children. However, thus, no use could be made of the windows, as nothing short of crowbars could have broken a passage.

In the middle of the room stood a tiny pillar-and-claw table, over which a shawl was thrown, and on which was a small pile of Jessie's folded clothes; while beside the clothes, on the table, lay her watch and chain, her ring, and other trinkets, with a very small velvet church-service, which doubtless she had used to assist her last devotions. It would seem as if Jessie had worn the thick shawl, wrapping it round her shoulders, while she came up to

the bedroom, along the cold passages. Then, she had apparently thrown the shawl, open like a table-cloth, over the small table; and on this she had laid all the articles of her attire, as she divested herself of each, in a little pyramid, so tidily and prettily, with her little shoes *turned upside down* at the top of all. Cyril had not previously been initiated into any of the arrangements which take place "in my lady's chamber;" and so he could have cried, to see this little mute heap of folded raiment, which seemed to lift the veil for him to look into some of Jessie's inner life, and which told such a tale of the neatness, the order, the tender purity of heart, and all the innocence, of her, who had thus engaged herself to the very last moment, ere she had laid down, on the bed, from which she was only to awake amid a raging conflagration.

Quick as thought, Cyril tied the cross corners of the shawl together, so as to make it easy for him afterwards to slip his arm through, and carry all off for her.

He had as yet been only one minute in her room, and already the fire had evidently grown worse; the heat was increasing, the noisome gaseous effluences were creeping in, and it would seem as if the flame was suddenly pouring down the passage, which now would be soon full of fire, and the floor of which would probably be quite ignited: whence the flames would rapidly spread in, to the rooms on either side.

It was no time for waiting or hesitating; yet

Cyril felt as if strangely willing to pause, under a presentiment that it would be difficult to wake Jessie, nor did he know how he was to accomplish it. Often thus, men know that an "awkward" act has to be done, which they are aware had much better be begun at once; and yet they loiter and lean away from it, and try to stave off even the thought, whereby they only confuse themselves the more, when the inexorable crisis for action arrives.

Cyril's irresolution has this good excuse, that, as he was there to save her, the idea of doing so was not new, and was therefore less startling or imperative. Whereas, to find Jessie peacefully sleeping, *was new*, and was hence more engrossing, and for the moment was almost benumbing; so that the rescue, for which he had come there, faded before the sight of *her*, recumbent, and armed with all her modesty and beauty. It seemed so cruel, so unmanly, to break in on the privacy of her snowy couch. How could he dare to touch her? how begin to handle her sacred form, even for her own most obvious good? He felt it was like wickedness to lay hold of her. Here was this strong young man, who might be thought able to lay hands on anything, and who once had actually throttled a wolf in the Pyrenees; he was also ready to take a lion by its beard, or to grasp a rattlesnake, if necessary: and yet, here was he, afraid, yes, literally afraid, to lay hold of the sleeping girl.

Cyril's previous habits must here be taken into account; his principle had always been (perhaps

thanks to the memory of his sainted mother) to entertain great and instinctive respect for every female: he almost worshiped "Woman": nor had he ever wronged one: he had not been one of those whose vitiated tastes lead them to wallow in the sewers of disreputable courses. Honor, inspired by Religion, was his impulse; he could say with Shakespeare's Malcolm, "I am yet unknown to woman: never was forsworn: Scarcely have coveted what was mine own: At no time broke my faith"; or again ("As you Like It") "in my youth I never did apply Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood, Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo The means of weakness and debility." Hence it may better be understood how it seemed to Cyril something so terrible, to grapple with the unconscious maiden, even for her life, while she lay sleeping, resting as it were so trustfully and securely, without any of the defences of her day's attire.

Perhaps also Jessie's wondrous beauty tended to fill him the more with awe, since she bore well the trying test of undress, and looked as lovely or even more so, in dishabille, than when every art was lavished on her decoration; her complexion, her features, all the realities of *herself*, were all in themselves so exquisite, so transcendent.

What can he do?

He laid his hand on her head, where the rich masses of her hair fell unconfined. As regards her posture, she lay a little on one side, with her back slightly turned towards him. Her sleep seemed to

be heavy, lethargic, unnaturally deep; this was partly owing to the lassitude of the day, and to these being her first slumbers, which are usually the soundest. But, still more, her deep sleep might be attributed to the narcotic influence of the fiery emanations which reached the room; for, it is often observed that when persons are asleep in a burning house, the effect of the smoke is doubly soporific, causing comatose slumbers, dangerously deep, and difficult to break.

Thus then was it that he laid his hand on her hair, O, how gently! O, how reverently! far too softly to wake her. She did not even move.

It flashed across his mind, "She dislikes me already, for interfering with herself, and making as it were a rough inroad on her own emotions. What then will be her eventual distaste towards me, when she finds me even venturing to meddle with her person? Alas, how shall I be loathed, as something abhorrent, by her heart! I have heard that if you save a friend from drowning, he conceives a dislike towards you, because you have become associated with oppressive reminiscences. What then will Jessie, being now no friend of mine, feel towards me, afterwards, even if I save her? Notwithstanding, let what is right, be done by me; and then, after I have done all for her, if she still dislikes me worse, and if I am only the more hated, I can go far off, and try to hide my anguish in my heart."

He asked himself, "Shall I take up the whole bedding, with her in it, sheets and all? But this

would scare her, worse than anything; she would fall out and be hurt: she would be smothered, or driven insane: she would struggle: she would be scorched: the sheets would catch fire, her hair would be burned amid the searching flame: nor could I thus bring her down to safety below."

Utterly at a loss, he followed nature's impulse, and bent down and kissed her cheek; (the first time he had ever touched any girl's cheek.) He did it, as the gentlest and tenderest mode he could think of, to wake her. As to taking her, and shaking her and rousing her rudely, it was out of the question; he could not do it. Hence, though he kissed her, it was not like a "kiss," as kisses count in the amorous idylls of Theocritus. His kiss was more a thing to think of afterwards, than to enjoy at the moment. The fact was, Cyril had been accustoming himself so fully, during all the last hours, to think, to his own discomfort, that she was worse than indifferent to him, and that she even disliked him; he now was only too conscious that her charms were *not for him*, and thus there was nothing sensuous in his homage.

Such were his chivalric sensations, when he bent down, and warmly, fervently, thrice kissed her downy cheek, saying, as loudly as he dared, "Dearest Jessie, awake!"

To his entire consternation, she moved no more than she had done before.

Something must be done, instantly, vigorously.

Hence Cyril then did, at last, without plan or premeditation, what really was the best; that is to

say, he threw back the bedclothes, as far as about the middle of her arm : and then making as it were a dive or a dab or plunge with his hands, he got one hand beneath her left shoulder, and the other hand under her arm next him : and so he instantly drew her right out, by main strength, yet carefully and gently, and as easily as if she was a babe in long-clothes.

Thus he held her, to stand on her feet, her flowing night-robes enveloping her perfectly. None of herself could have been revealed to him, except her feet, which Cyril indeed did not even see ; and he was thankful that there was, amid so hasty a removal, nothing like the least exposure, or disturbance of her array, which would only vex her, or wound her sensibilities : nor would anything grieve him more than to seem to invade the sanctity of herself.

Fortunately, Jessie, even when she was first set to stand, was still a good deal bathed in drowsiness ; and this happily served to save her from such harrowing affright, as otherwise must have overwhelmed her, or have even overthrown her reason, on finding herself suddenly torn out of bed by " a great man " in the deep night. But she had just been dreaming about Cyril himself, to whom, in some sorrowful little vision of her own, she imagined herself to be bidding an eternal farewell. So, when he carefully supported her, and told her, in accents of designed unconcern, " There is a fire, but be of good courage, I trust in Providence to deliver you ; " she remembered his kind voice, she

recognized himself, and so she was resigned to the strange contingency, and she was less astounded than might have been supposed. Whatever fear she felt, took no form of expression, except some tremor, and entire silence. This was rather a peculiarity of Jessie's; great emotion made her dumb: she could easier have sung than have spoken.

There she was, for him, a pillar of purity and beauty; and, he might do for her what he could, and whatever he thought best.

He drew off the blanket, whose thick woolly substance would make a good asbestos envelope for her, to face the flames; and he wrapped the blanket all round her form, high up under her arms, leaving them free, and not covering her head, lest the thick folds might stop her breathing. She stood now by herself, without support; and in order to get the blanket well towards her shoulders, Cyril had to lift some of her hair, which hung down: and as he touched it, he thought he never knew anything so lovely. However, most quickly, yet most carefully, he took care that all, except her head and hair and arms, was effectively defended; if only her passage through the fire could be brief.

Thus then, he took her up, with his left arm for her zone; and he asked her to place her arms round his neck, for her own safety. Yes, truly, there could be no gorget for him like her arm, no *zone* for her like his. She silently did as he told her, and placed her wealth of arms around his neck; she also, of her own accord, laid down her head

lightly on his shoulder. He felt it ; but interpreted it as some faintness, and did not know that it was almost an ecstasy of love. Incomprehensible as it might seem to some, Jessie felt quite happy ; and she had no desire to exchange her perilous position, for any other situation the world could offer.

Silent though she was, we can well believe her heart was voiceful, doubtless eloquent with prayer, beseeching a blessing on her preserver. You may perhaps think she was too taciturn ; but it was her nature : and perhaps her nature was as good or better than either yours or mine. Some women possibly would in such circumstances have considered it to be the correct card, to go into hysterics, or to kick or scream ; some perhaps would cry, and some would squeal : some would fondle, and some would faint. But Jessie was simply silent ! And sometimes this, like Cordelia's voice, being "soft, gentle, and low," or Annie Laurie's voice, being "low and sweet," is a gift which is "an excellent thing in woman." For my part, I like Jessie the better for it. She laid her head thus on Cyril's shoulder, passively, silently, and reliantly. In fact, now that I think of it, I see it was the very best thing she could do, to trust that Heaven would guard and guide both her and her strong defender.

Jessie's hair ranked for a great deal, in Cyril's thoughts, as if his heartstrings were entangled in such precious tendrils. It seems, it was Jessie's custom not to wear anything on her head at night,

but to pass a brown velvet ribbon under her back hair, and behind her ears, and over her head, tying the ribbon very loosely above one of her temples, so as not to let her hair fall quite over her face. So now her luxuriant locks hung down, not *very* long, but passing a good way below her shoulders, with grand exuberance; and I may add that this cascade of tresses made her (I know not why) look even a couple of years younger: she might have passed for a child of fifteen, only for her goodly height, and only for a sort of witness of womanhood which she somehow seemed to carry, through even her shrouded contour. Such splendid hair must then be saved, as well as herself! So, as it would not be possible for her, with her head uncovered, to pass unscathed through perhaps a sheet of flame; Cyril drew off an under blanket, and as he should not want to see his way, but merely to push on, where the fiercest fire was: he threw the blanket loose over both his own head and Jessie's, to act as a fireman's "helmet" for them: while, with the shawl-full of her things, on his right arm, to keep off the flame still further, he might strive to pass through the pair of direful doors.

Cyril now saw how well it was, that what he had found a disadvantage before, namely that the door of Jessie's room opened outwards, was now the case, for him; since it was now much in his favor, because, if it had opened inwards in the usual way, then, as soon as he threw the door wide, the flames would stream full and vollied in upon him, like the

volumes of a furnace, dealing sheer destruction before he could dash through them. But now, not only was the farther door ready to give way to his onburst, but also Jessie's door, by opening out, would operate as a fender or shutter, for the moment, to keep back the blaze, and to break the current of combustion.

He was now against Jessie's door ; and, pushing up the blanket, and laying hold of the handle, he turned it, but it was quite hot, and it scorched his hand badly. However, the door *was* swung open ; and the surge of fire was bearing down, the dreadful sluice of flame ! though the throwing back the door made it momentarily retire. And Cyril's advance was at a rush, a rapid stride, to cross the narrow landing. But, at his first step, the board he happened to tread on, gave way under his feet, not as being burnt through where he stood on it, but because it was now loose.

Often indeed in French bedrooms and staircases and passages, the woodwork is put together very laxly and unevenly, as if the workmen had grudged and stinted their wire-nails. I have known an instance where several pieces of the flooring of a fine showy French room were absolutely unfastened, and you could take up whole lengths of planks, if you wanted to see where the mice held their orgies. In the present affair, the piece in question, being part of the boarding of the passage, and ending at Jessie's door, had evidently not been nailed down there ; and although this end of it was as yet not

much on fire, the other end, some way up the fiery aisle, had plainly become charred through, where, if there had once probably been a nail, there was nothing now to hold down the plank.

Accordingly, when Cyril's strong tread came on it, the board sank or tilted, as far as the open door would let it; and, horrible to tell, the door which he had been so glad to throw open, was thus in danger of being shut back again on him, leaving the cataract of fire to play on him and *her*. He was also in extreme peril of sliding into the jaws of the narrow orifice between the beams, and getting wedged or entangled among the chaos of scantlings and loose boards; or breaking holes through, and becoming fixed in, the tough plastering of the ceiling below: where even a short detention would be witheringly fatal. When his foot sank, if he had fallen along, which might easily have been the case, unable as he was to see, and encumbered as he was with Jessie's cherished load, no conceivable escape could be theirs.

Still more, he was liable to go wrong, and wander blindly, up or down the avenue, as if into the very throat of Moloch; going aside, instead of crossing aright into the shelter of the room beyond. This very thought occurred to him, that there really was danger, lest now that he had tripped and lost as it were his aim, he might misconceive his intended path, and stray blindfold up or down into ruin.

The fear carried with it its own remedy, and made him take the more heed to note the direction

he had sought to attain at first. Cyril had also now his full strength to use, and, with a great effort or rally, he kept himself from falling; and getting, on some side-beam, a sufficient footing, he impelled himself forward, on, against the other door, which flew open, while he got out of the passage, and with such impetus, that he reeled and spun and whirled into "the room," which he had no sooner reached, than he swept from off his head the singed and crimped "helmet" of the blanket: whereon he turned first to close the door once more, as if in triumph, and as it were *in the very teeth* of the fire, while long snaky flames like demon tongues seemed as if they wanted to follow him, and were loth to lose their prey.

"Thank God, she is safe, so far!" was his loud and grateful exclamation. And his chief joy was, that in so harsh a struggle, his tender burden Jessie had not been crushed against anything, nor struck by any end or edge, nor shaken, nor reached by even one lurid point of flame, but that SHE was as absolutely unharmed, so far, as when she had just now been resting on her peaceful couch.

He still preserved around her, the ZONE of his mighty arm; and he determined that he would not forego that hold, till he had landed her in safety. When he uttered his ejaculation of thanks for her being safe, she deeply appreciated his thinking so entirely and exclusively of her; and by way of acknowledgment, she made no response in words, but she kissed his shoulder whereon her head lay,

so timidly, however, that Cyril did not know he had such a privilege. Indeed Cyril felt somewhat disconcerted now at finding his scorched right hand so painful ; not that he cared about cuts or scratches or scalds, and as for a little burning, it would not matter in the least : but he was afraid of being disabled : and as what he had still to do was far from easy, he did not like to have to get Jessie down the ladder, with his right hand not available. And as his hand had seemed almost to hiss and friz on the candent handle, so now he felt as if the sinews had been made to shrivel or shrink. Still, perhaps he could get some good out of it yet for Jessie ?

His first act was to pull out his plugging of the pane, and to draw open the window ; and then a cheer, as loud as ever Frenchmen give (they do not know how to cheer) broke from their warm hearts, when he thus reappeared, bearing "the woman" in his arms : after a lapse of time which must have seemed great, to those who were in such suspense. No one had followed him, because it had (very sensibly) been judged, that it was better for others not to go up and clog or risk the very ladder, down which he might at any moment be wanting to descend with "the woman."

Cyril felt invigorated by the acclamation of the crowd. He thought he heard a cranking sound as of fire-engines at work ; and it seems men had got upon the roof, and were trying to cope with the flames, or at least to confine them to one quarter.

The French have a very good plan, whereby most roofs are furnished with a row of iron hooks or curved stanchions, along which there can readily be laid bars of wood, enabling persons to move about the roof with ease. The soldiers and firemen had in fact applied themselves to another part of the house, which was better for extinguishing the fire, though not for reaching Jessie; it must have been the servant-man's idea, to raise the ladder to the particular window. And possibly Cyril was not interfered with, because of the romance of the thing; because there must have been many of the "swing-bridge" people here, and they would naturally pass the word that he was the young lady's lover: and the first impulse of all Frenchmen would be, to agree to say, Let *him* save her! every Frenchman being—what? well, a romance in bag-breeches: or at least a tragedy *cum* comedy, in unison with their own Voltaire's theory about their "tiger *and* monkey" nature. Cyril was struck to perceive, on opening the window, that whereas so lately the night had seemed stark calm, and then a slight sudden breath of air had arisen, now there was quite a smart brisk breeze; and this indeed might account for there having been suddenly so much as there was, of a draught of fire, along the passages.

With the sort of superstitious feeling which he had, not to let Jessie out of his arms, he clasped her still, while his next act was to go to the bed which was in the room, and draw the large wool

mattress from it to the window, and push it right out; telling the people below, to hold the mattress, to catch "anyone who fell." The men were going therefore to remove the ladder, as if they understood him to mean that he would trust alone to their catching her, if he dropped her to them; but he told them not to disturb the ladder at all, and merely to hold the bed as a supernumerary succor, in case he could not otherwise succeed. Cyril was gratified to observe how quick and smart the men were, how intelligently they got ready, and how jauntily they held the mattress, to catch anyone falling; making up by their numbers for what they might want in strength.

Cyril had also drawn the lace-like coverlet from off the bed, and let it hang half out of the window. Then he got up and stood on the window-ledge, which was low and broad; and, shutting the window, the coverlet which was thus jambed in, formed a good hand-rail or vertical balustrade, useful, not for strength, but to steady the beginning of the descent, and to avert the mischance of his declining to either side. The ladder was only three feet below the window-ledge; and some might think there was therefore no difficulty: but, those who have tried the like, know it is an awkward feat even to mount up to a place that may be at all beyond or higher than the end of a ladder: still more must it be arduous to descend to it with one hand holding such a bale of beauty as Jessie, and the other hand half incapaci-

tated, as Cyril's right hand had more and more become.

Cyril therefore saw that he should want Jessie's own aid, to ensure her own descent; for, though her weight was "like a feather" to him, he felt that, to get safely over the ledge, he must use both his arms, instead of dedicating one arm as hitherto to her support. Thus she would have to sustain herself awhile, by means of her own strength! And, would this be possible, for one so young, so delicate, so refined; with her nerves perhaps unstrung, by the combined terrors of the conflagration and the headlong height? It was more than such a gentle maiden could be expected to achieve. The question was, would not her own weight be more than her own arms could bear? Her figure indeed was elegant and light, and her waist was quite as slim and small as any girl's need be; nevertheless her form was finely rounded, and her limbs were rich and full: and in such fair flesh there would be some weight, little indeed for Cyril to upbear, but would it not be too much for herself to sustain?

Cyril therefore told her it would be necessary (as he felt it was) for her to try to let her own weight depend for a brief space on herself; and he added that in case she found herself unequal to the strain, she was to endeavor still to cling to him, and to help herself even with her feet. He said assuringly, "I think you can. Lock your fingers into each other."

Her answer was, to tighten the pressure of her

gorgeous arms, and to award him another unfelt caress. O, as she cleaved to him, thus, the wild thought throbbed through Cyril's heart, Was there some fondness in her embrace? Would she relent towards him, and like him? And, there and then, unsuitable as the place was, the conviction forced itself on him, how wondrous would be the bliss of such a woman's love. Still, he reverted to the self-counsel, that he must not delude himself, and that she was much too great a blessing for him ever to possess.

At the same time that he urged her thus to strive to support herself, he resolved in his own mind that if she seemed to be slipping or slackening her grasp, he would hold on, as best he could, with his burnt hand, or with his teeth; and give her back his left arm as before, to save her still, if he could.

If he might only reach the ladder, all would be right. So he knocked out with his foot the lower squares of glass, to give his arm entrance; whence he softly dropped himself down, till he sat on the window-sill: then putting his right arm through the place of the lowest pane, into the room, to give himself as it were a strong pivot for his movement, he suspended himself on the strength, not of his right hand but of his right arm, his left arm being still, as before, encircling Jessie: and in this manner he lowered himself down as far as his crookt right arm would let him.

Now came the awful moment, of brief but terrible trial, for Jessie herself; when Cyril's arm was

to be withdrawn, and when her whole frame was to rest on her own fragile tendons. She held fast, and interlaced her fingers; her arms were thus locked round Cyril's neck: she also shut her eyes, with the instinct that there would be no use for her brain to grow too dizzy.

"I am removing my arm." His arm was removed! She was upheld by herself, at all that awful height.

Well did she bear the dread ordeal. There was some strength in her taper arms. There was some courage in her guileless heart.

Cyril felt she was safe; and then alone, turning round more to face the wall, he put up his hand which had held her, and he gripped the ledge with it, while he drew his other arm out of the room: and thus he brought himself down, to reach a convenient portion of the ladder, steadying himself by the pendent lace-work. Soon he had gained far enough downwards, for his disabled right hand to be a sufficient brace or stay. Instantly his left arm flew back to its old place, to be again Jessie's welcome zone or girdle.

The danger was over! He had rescued her whom he loved. This would at least be a thought of joy, to cheer him in all his lonely years.

And lightly and rapidly down the ladder he descended, till he stood secure on the solid ground, amid the acclaiming crowd; and he still bore Jessie on his faithful arm, nor did she seem to want to be released.

CHAPTER XI.

REMOVED.

"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

MILTON.

WHEN Cyril reached the ground, he perceived close beside him, the aunt, and apparently her maid, both of whom were much affected, and crying profusely, owing to the excitement of the scene.

They seemed unable to speak, with emotion; (indeed, the noise at the time, all round, was too great to let anything else almost but the noise be heard :) and so they extended their arms, as if it was all they could do, to receive Jessie, who they might well think had not escaped without some personal injury, some burn or bruise. But Cyril said, "No harm or hurt whatsoever has befallen her"; nor would he give her up, saying as he did, not so much peremptorily as pleadingly, "It is better not to disturb her now, in such a place as this!" so, some more muffling of a light kind, to cover her head and hair and arms, was thrown over her, by "Arabella" the maid, and all the party moved on.

The feeling that made Cyril determined still to carry Jessie, though neither expressed nor analyzed, was to the effect that it would be horrible for the foul cold ground to touch Jessie's feet, *the* feet, which, though he had not seen them, were beauteous in idea, so small and white and tender and warm, so young and lovely; yes, those feet whose angelic attitude he had so intensely admired: nothing chill nor dank must touch them, nor are they even to be visited by the keen night air. Much less should her blanket covering be unsettled amid the crowd. Such thoughts were not spoken, nor even formed into a "code"; yet the persuasion was underlying and real: and, believe me, sometimes our most insubstantial impressions are among our most argumentative convictions.

It did not seem to be clear, under whose influence or guidance it was, that they moved as they did, or why they moved in any one particular direction. Somebody had doubtless arranged it; Cyril did not see the man-servant "Peters": perhaps he had looked out for some place of refuge: or possibly it was all only some touter's or scout's management. The touters are great managers. Such people are uncommonly astute, and sometimes they will successfully undertake to convince you, that the lodging "on the cold ground," in some mean abode, on the letting of which they are to receive a percentage, is quite a palatial retreat; and even if they cannot exactly establish this, they will demonstrate, with extensive volubility, that it is the only place there

is to be had. Many a fastidious rover is thus lured into ensconcing himself in some graveolent dormitory, which he persuades himself is preferable to sleeping on the door-mat of this or that hotel, where all the rooms are so full, that the Americans have to roost in hammocks, on poles thrust out of the windows. The caterers for such "establishments" are the more urgent, the less reason they have to induce you; and their repertory of lies is of the most fancy character, with ingenuity worthy of a better cause. They usually bag you best, in some time of trouble, when you have sand in your eyes, or when you have lost your luggage, or when you are in any flurry, and thinking in fact of anything rather than going to bed; then, they think for you, when you do not care to think for yourself. In these beings, we see the human variety of the vulture or jackal. Indeed, it is curious, how many people, living on accidents, are always sallying out for prey, like a kite or a cabman. By the way, not only the most greedy in fact, but also the most voracious in look, of all animals, is, the jarvey or cabby; how mawish and gaunt is his gaze at the passers-by, and how hungrily he scans you whether you are worthy of a hail: his searching glance makes one's ribs quite creep, and one's coppers chink: a little more, and he would cannibal you outright.

Cyril supposed it was all arranged, and he moved on, as the aunt did; but the destination, which was facing the ships, proved to be but a short distance off: and the place struck him as being singularly

unsuitable for her: but perhaps it had been selected or submitted to, as the "nearest port" in a storm. And at present the town really had the reputation of being quite crammed, "chock-full" of English, with "not a bed to be had"; also, at that hour of night, there might be more difficulty in obtaining room anywhere, since the French housekeepers sensibly all go to bed early, in order to save their candles, and to rise betimes.

The house was not a mere *estaminet* or smoking tavern, it was rather of the small lodging-house order, with rooms large but low and common-looking. The apartments available seemed to be on the ground-floor. And as Cyril was entering he noticed some rough men hanging about; one of them, who was English, (and probably the master, being in his shirt-sleeves, as "French" cocks-of-the-walk always are,) was partly drunk: and Cyril thought he heard him say to a touter-looking fellow, "What is the use of your bringing *them* here?" The men who beset the door had the invariable gripy and pitiless aspect of bailiffs, or other agents of avarice; and some altercation or other was evidently in progress. Cyril however had no ear for them; all he insensibly was aware of, was, that only under the direst necessity, should such elegant ladies be domiciled in such an inferior caravanserai. But if the aunt or her servants had been cowed or inveigled into accepting the accommodation, perhaps not caring where or what it was, so that it was safe; he had only to comply.

As Cyril moved in, he saw the front room was a

parlour, which seemed to have only a small pile of boxes, doubtless the ladies' luggage. Behind the parlour was a good large bedroom, in which there were one or two sympathetic and good-natured-looking Frenchwomen. At the door of this bedroom, the aunt and maid turned and again held out their arms, to receive Jessie, from Cyril; they were weeping still, indeed more than ever, though they knew she was "not hurt": but doubtless now their tears were dewes of joy, like the grand crying-matches which always come off, when match-makers succeed in having a "desirable" marriage solemnized at "the altar," using as much lachrymose fluid as would *do* at the most lugubrious "berrying."

Cyril was much disturbed at the crying; he was more nervous at it than he would have been under a cannonade: indeed, a man, with a kindly and woman-loving heart like his, is more bewildered and annoyed at the tears and pathetic moans of nice women, than he would be amid an oratorio of panthers, or where spires and chimney-pots were rocking in an earthquake. A young man in such a case is neither able quite to see why the girls cry at all, nor does he know what to do, whether he ought to cry also, or to offer comfort, or help, or to howl, or what. His natural instinct is, to get away.

The aunt and maid thus held their arms out, and took Jessie from him, clasping and kissing her, as if in an agony of delight at her being recovered and saved from such perils. Their weeping prevented their utterance; the Frenchwomen indeed chat-

tered: but Cyril did not hear Arabella utter anything but once or twice the gasping exclamation "O my dear young lady!" and as for the other lady, the fact was, that no sooner was Cyril gone, than the aunt, worn out with the concentrated anxiety, and overcome with feeling, sank insensible in one of the Frenchwomen's arms: Cyril however did not know *this*. What he now felt was, that of course he could not force himself into the bedroom; already, he had as it were intruded enough, on the privacy of the young girl, which the circumstances indeed had authorized: but now he must be doubly careful not to thrust himself one atom farther than was really necessary. It would be all very fine for him to push on into the room, and stay there, pretending that he could give help, and make himself a very convenient and "useful young man," to get "the girl" to bed, asking questions, and ferreting out names and places; or, he might even boldly allege that he was a "duly qualified" surgeon, in order that he might fuss about Jessie, and support her on his knee, and feel her pulse, and examine at least her elbows, and try the action of her heart, and order her a warm bath, and help to put her in, and throw her into a fever: and leave at last, kneeling and kissing her hand, and so forth. But, he should have to pay dearly afterwards, for such ungenerous conduct, in his own esteem, not to say Jessie's.

He felt that the commonest delicacy prescribed, he should not only resign his precious load to those who so properly could receive her as she was, but

also he ought to retire forthwith, leaving all enquiries or speeches to the future.

In this manner, with all the true nobleness of heart of a real gentleman, Cyril would not wait as if to be thanked; but, leaving the ladies to the retirement which would be most congenial to them at such a moment, he merely bowed low, as he gave up Jessie, only saying in a cheery tone "All is well": and at once he quickly withdrew, knowing that when he called in the morning, would be the fitting time for explanations and thanks and so on.

As for Jessie herself, on her getting to the house, she was more overcome than she had been hitherto; she had already borne up so bravely, *now* there must be a little ebb of energy. And, the feeling of loving, and leaning on Cyril, though unutterably delicious, had been so new and strange, the result must be trying and exhausting; thus indeed the human machine always has to pay, in wear and tear, for any out-of-the-way sensations. Hence Jessie became as it were stunned, by her own intensities of feeling, so that she was a good deal prostrated in powers; indeed, a slight dizziness had been spreading over her, ever since Cyril touched the ground. She had been trying a little to get up a pretty speech, about "unable to express her thanks"; but, when the time came, she, like many an orator, could not express herself: and the gentle girl could only cry: and (tears being said to be catching, among the "Female Sex"), she was soon in the thick of crying in concert with the others: and as Cyril gave her up

she was quite sobbing, which made poor Cyril feel miserable. Jessie was not only unable to make any fine farewell speeches to him, but she had not the *power* to say anything to him at all; besides, she had, fluttering about her modest little heart, an instinctive perception, that her existing plight was not fit, for her to talk with a gentlemen: and so the consciousness of undress tied her tongue. The thought was not formed in any definite shape; still, the latent idea insensibly influenced her.

On the whole, as regards "thanks," she had a sort of intuitive consciousness that it did not matter very much, if she *could* not formally *thank* Cyril; feeling as she did, that it would be almost absurd, if not disingenuous, for her to go through the ceremony of rendering any ordinary assurances of obligation, to *one*, who had her very soul's devotion. *Her Cyril who saved her* was to be thanked, not by words, but by life and love. Perhaps if, apart from bashfulness, her real wish could be stated, it would have been more in the style of only hoping, that when next she should see him, under less shame-faced auspices, she might go up to him, and lean her head once more on his shoulder, and avow—not that she could avow to him, how dear to her he was.

Thus then did Cyril make over Jessie to her excited friends; whereon he precipitately drew back, and passed into the roadway, his heart being wrung by Jessie's sobs: he had also an idea that she would cease her tears, the sooner, when he was gone.

He took note of the house; and, not knowing

what else to do, he thought he would see whether at that late hour he could find any professional man who would tell him whether his grilled hand was really a case of permanent damage, or only of passing pain. If it was only to smart a little, it would be of no consequence; but as he had not learnt to write his letters with his left hand, he would not like to hear Mr. Methought's voice say to him, Write no more!

Finding a sensible red-faced practitioner, he was glad to be assured that what he had thought was a contraction of the sinews, was only the swelling of the inflamed metacarpus or palm and so forth of the hand; having indeed the same effect for the moment, in making his paw useless: but, it was a mere case of common care and liniments and unguents, and all would be well again, in a fortnight or less.

While Cyril then, in better spirits, passed as Shenstone would say, "home" to his inn, he observed that the wind was rising quite strongly, with rapidity in proportion to the depth of the preceding calm.

When he gained his well-earned couch, he was much less discouraged than, when musing by the sea, he had thought this night would find him. Here was he, now actually enjoying his bed, yes, the very same Mr. Cyril, who had this very evening been afraid of retiring to his couch, and who had meant to have been a compulsory peripatetic philosopher all night. Thus little do we know what events are arranging for us. He had before been bemoaning,

that, whereas on the previous day he had seen Jessie thrice, he had to-day met her only once. And yet, at an hour when no interview could have been expected, he had been enabled to see her, to speak to her, to touch her, yes, to save her ! obtaining a meeting which alone incomparably transcended all that had passed between him and her before.

But, how would she meet him, when he called on her in the morning ? She might be of course a little embarrassed, but there was no reason why she should be distant. She would at least be friendly to him ! He then with intense satisfaction remembered how his love for her had not betrayed him into taking any undue advantage of the occasion ; how his manipulations of herself had been so truly reverential, and how he had taken no liberties whatsoever with her beauty. He then, indeed, with a start of almost alarm, recollected that he *had* kissed her thrice, dearest Jessie ; but then, she had not known it : besides, it was merely to wake her. He did not seem to think there was any harm, or any liberty, in *that*. Surely, among so extensive and high a connexion as his, he could discover some footing for improving his to-morrow's acquaintance into intimacy ? Yes, he would have her yet ! he would win her heart ! beauteous angel

And among all his rapt reminiscences of the tragic scenes of the fire, none came home to Cyril's heart so potentially, as the memory of Jessie, when he drew her off her bed, and set her to stand before him. O, it would have been no marvel if he

had thrown his enraptured arms around her, and had folded her for one moment to his breast, and had poured forth vows fervent as the flames around ! But, how cruel would it have been on his part, how thoughtless, and unhandsome ; how fatally on herself might have worked the shock or wrench of such a surprise as to find herself so suddenly saluted, however brief, however respectful, however adoring might be the embrace. How bitterly on himself would his inordinate affection have soon reacted ; for, as she could not but then feel somewhat humbled, so he would also feel disgraced before her, as one who did not know how to honor the maiden's helplessness.

Whereas now there was to be none of this misery in the morning. Nothing had in the remotest way degraded her ; nor was he lowered either in her eyes or in his own. Yes, *such a glory of a girl* had been completely in his power, while he had her, utterly, to himself ; and now, that no advantage had been taken of her, was a thought of simple rapture. He felt, blissfully, virtue is worth following for its own sake. And, he thought, perhaps the folding her to his heart, was only a joy postponed, a blessing yet to come.

Again and again did Cyril bring before his mind's eye, that entrancing spectacle of Jessie, as he had set her to stand in front of him. In the darkness of his chamber, he seemed as if he could *see* her before him, like a being of radiance, some seraph in robes of lightning white. No words could describe what

she seemed to him ; he saw *her* alone, supremely brilliant ! for, like as when one looks at the sun, a solar glare afterwards fills the eyes, casting a halo on every object we behold : so also the late scene of Jessie, as she stood, before him, so angelically white, so chaste, so tender, so trustful, so young, so perfect, now seemed to blaze through his remembrance, and literally to *dazzle* his soul. And the image of a “ pillar ” recurred to him again, a pillar of purity and beauty ; and he thought, It is of such white pillars that the human temple of Christ’s own shining ones, is to be constructed. And Cyril may be pardoned when now, under the impulse of youth and love, he clasped and clenched his hands on his pillow, with enthusiasm and prayer, saying “ Dearest Jessie, darling girl, beauteous blessing, good as fair, may every glory and bliss be thine ! ”

Suchlike, though more subdued, were also Jessie’s fond thoughts.

Such warmth of heart indeed is a standing subject of blame, among those sanctimonious gorgons, who are ever ready to say such love is all prurience or lust or madness. But, their own lives are the only sensualities in question. Never have *they* felt the pure fire of love ; their matrimonial alliances are mere sordid coalitions, dictated by considerations of money or convenience or other baser objects. Their nasty coarse carcasses are not capable of any conceptions more spiritual than their glasses of spirits, or the “ perfume ” of their cigars, or their raptures over fine sirloins of beef. No wonder that

such carnal creatures condemn real love, as idolatry, appetency, or lunacy, Their own unions may be "blessed" with babies, and they may consider their own husbanding and wiving a very holy concern; but the whole is as lovelessly mechanical and bestial as the drunken nuptials of queen Caroline and George the Fourth. Their connubiality is a business of bodies, not of souls. Their "love" is as gross as their raw mutton-chops. Their eating and drinking and their loving, are all in the same lewd flesh-born category. They love to browse, and they love to swill, and they love their money, and they "love" each other; and the one love is no loftier than its companion case.

On the contrary, Cyril's love for Jessie, though so impassioned, was altogether soil-less and ethereal, spiritual and pure. It was with her own sacred and undefiled being that he wished to mingle, imparadised for ever. Nothing of the flesh, or of the earth, was muddying this pellucid hope. His aspiration was to gain a congenial soul, to have a glorious and gracious friend, prized for herself, and esteemed for her own excellences, a companion, a consort, for everlasting; that they both might be, as the Bible somewhere says most beautifully, "heirs together of the grace of life." Cyril's and Jessie's *love* was so truly devoid of "self," that, by virtue of fond thought, they as if changed existence with each other. Cyril's very soul, as it were, issued mightily out of himself, to abide in Jessie's bosom; and Jessie's essence crept like a saintly phantom, to

nestle in Cyril's heart. This is the true lover's knot, when two kindred beings bend their spirits into each other, weaving soul with soul, like the inter-twinings of the knot. The world's rough tension can only draw the knot more close, and it endures for time and for eternity. Any bodily charms which each may have for the other, are mere garnish for the Affection, and are almost lost sight of, or swallowed up, in this stainless marriage of souls.

Nothing could be more absurd than to think that there was anything gross in the unsophisticated innocence of Jessie's love. Her love was more gentle than Cyril's, yet both were equally unselfish and unsullied; each thinking not in the least of self, but only of the other. Such love is the highest type of affection that can (even imaginably) exist in any created being; perhaps even the very angels are not capable of such superlatively pure attachment: indeed, with the deepest reverence, I would say, I believe such love is only surpassed by the ineffable union of the Persons in the Triune Deity. Among all the multitudes of lovers on our orb, there are perhaps few who exemplify such guiltless passion. Still, where it exists, it is bright and beauteous. And if here any voluptuous prudes or luxurious puritans would affect to murmur out, against us, such compliments as "Abominable" or even "Blasphemous"; in return, I would, "morally" *hurl my inkstand at their heads*, and tell them that they and their hircine hypocrisies may all go to the gutter together.

Sweet ideas so filled and lulled Cyril's heart, it was no wonder that his sleep was rather longer than usual. His first thought on rising was, at what hour now should he present himself in the morning, to enquire after Jessie and to see her? Not before half-past eleven; this seemed the soonest he dared name: perhaps between that and twelve should be the time.

With his hand condemned to be for the present in a sling, he then strolled about, to while away the brief interval till the glad hour of meeting should arrive, on this happy Wednesday morning. It was market-day, and as he was in good spirits, he was highly amused, watching the goings-on of the different vendors; how more than one policeman went about among them, with a metre rule, measuring their standings, and scolding them and fining them: and how the women made the most of their basket room, and lit their funny little charcoal crucibles, not so big as a stable lantern, and how they thus warmed their coffee (with O. D. V. in it), or *roasted their eggs* or apples, or had other queer little cookeries in progress: thus they fancied they made themselves quite snug, selling their commodities all the while, or huckstering and cheating (?) "like fun." One of the most ingenious things to be seen among them, is, when a butter-woman feels peckish, and wants her lunch; then, first, she invests two sous (one penny) in a beautiful superfine hot roll, such bread as you cannot even fancy in England: and next she turns a tall pound of her own butter

on its beam-ends, and composedly cuts a thick slice clean off the bottom, and at once she sets up the "pound" of butter again on its *cabbage*-leaf, as if nothing had happened: and she like the Sybil sells her treasure for as much as she would have asked for it before she curtailed it. To see her shaving off the base of her own butter, and eating it herself, and then selling the residue as if it was all right, is a laughable exhibition of either very cool knavery or else very good original weight. One woman knew her butter was *too* light, and so, seeing the inspector coming, she thrust a five-franc piece, nearly an ounce of silver, into the butter; but it was still too light, and he went off with butter and five-franc piece and all: O how "desolated" did the poor woman feel: one *half pities* her chagrin: and her husband would "whop" her when she got home, unless she (as is likely) could whop him. The lactometer men suddenly stop all the milk-people in the streets, and any cans that are wrong are emptied out into the gutter; a man looks as silly as his donkey, going back with his empty pails: and he may very possibly have to pay a fine besides, for all I know or care.

Cyril admired the neatness and alertness of the market-women; and he observed that their standing joke was, if a customer offered them less than they would take, to say they would sell it for that "to-morrow," which may be rated as the *French* calends: there is even an argument in it, as if appealing, To-morrow when it is stale it would be

worth that, but to-day when it is fresh it is worth my price, so you had better buy: and this politely circuitous negative reminds one of the Norman-French custom of the British Parliament to reject a measure by putting it off to the To-morrow of this day six months. The Boulogne fish-women are rather more plain-spoken in their version of the metaphor, telling you that you may go to bed till to-morrow.

But if Cyril admired the market-women, he no less felt disgust at the "nuns," who with revolting mock mendicancy, percolated like dirty water among the stalls, begging (of course, not for themselves?) at each basket, and getting a sou tossed to them, or a bunch of turnips or an onion; all seemed grist that they could stow away in their greasy wallets. Yet they looked both ungrateful and unhappy, thankless negatives, meet subsidiaries of Pope Pius, the Ninth, Pio Nono, the im-pio old Opposum of the Non Possumus No—no. There are two very significant pieces of popery, which are very little known. One is, that, at Rome, when the Pope is at church, every *woman* present is expected to be dressed "in black." This is the papal etiquette, the Almacks of that religion. Another feature is, that, at Rome, the hours are counted not only up to twelve, but on to twenty-four; so that you positively speak of 22, 23, 24 o'clock. Truly, the idea of every woman in church in black at 24 o'clock, may summarize the hideous harsh uncouth unnatural effete system, which is all as tumble-

down and heathenish as any of Rome's old ruins.

By a "fierce" transition, Cyril went off to think that the blackness and repulsiveness of the popish apparatus perhaps never can show itself out more grimly, than in the purgatory-looking cemeteries, especially the second-class ones, which are stuck full of small wooden crosses, as unsightly as the old brown pens of Smithfield, and which look from a little distance like a chaos of little gibbets; no words can convey the aspect of horror, that seems to hang over that ghastly muddle of dead men's sticks. It is a scene which might make you believe in ghosts, and for which nothing but the heathen stream Cocytus is appropriate; some river of groans alone ought to encompass that blood-curdling forest of ragged ribs: with the infernal Fires of Phlegethon in front. Perhaps nothing could give a more gloomy idea of death and the grave, than such a hideous stickery, which makes you feel with a shudder how suitable is such an appalling finish, for a purgatory popery. The humbler crosses and wooden tomb-"stones" are covered with little black shapes, in the form of large inverted commas, or young comets, round heads with short tails, or more closely resembling the juvenile *frogs* yclept tadpoles. These shapes are called Larmes, or Tears; but, tears have no tails, and are round globules. Perhaps the shapes are Ames or Souls, not Larmes? Whether or not, the whole has as rank heathenish a tang, as can be conceived.

Still, unfortunately, this sort of thing, with all the pagan parade and pageantry of popery, would seem at present to suit the mass of the people, who do not want a serious religion, and who only desire a religion that can amuse them. Hence among all the wooden crosses, are hung curious, and often ludicrous little remembrances; thus, where a child was buried, there was a box, with a glazed front, and within, you could see the child's doll and other toys, frying-pan and all, which speak perhaps of affection, but the whole is in bad taste: it would have been better to keep the memorial toys at home, rather than nail them in a glass case to the mortuary cross. It might mean to be pathetic; but it rather borders on the droll. It seems as if even French sorrows must be giggish. This helps to explain how a religion of fêtes and shows, suits the "mercurial" throng. The men indeed laugh at both the priests and popery; still they join in the festivals, to do as others do, and to entertain themselves, and pass the time, not knowing any better religion, nor fancying that religion need be any better. But the Frenchwomen are generally more fanatical and sincere, since popery is to them a religion of wreaths and ribbons and banners, and streamers, and processionist bishops, to whom mothers run in mobs, with their children to be blessed—so pretty! quite ravishing! O my! And then, at the grand funerals, it is so charming to see men, as big as Frenchmen ever are, kissing a silver thing like a flat smoothing-iron; and the

children look so nice, masquerading in veils and coronals ! while in the churches the poor children take the "First communion," kneeling in batches, guillotine fashion, with a long slobbering-bib, in shape like a bed valance, held under their row of chins, to catch the drip from the wetted wafers.

Many silly English idlers affect to admire the senseless ceremony ; and on the spur of such admiration ["wondering after the Beast"], they are perhaps ready to turn to popery, which they might safely do, and no loss, for any sterling protestantism which they themselves have, to begin with. If they do "turn," and if they want to become as offensive as possible, they had better act as auxiliaries to the mad old woman, "*Madlle*" Delpierre, who wears a patch over one eye as a penance, because she would be *too* pretty without it. However, I take her black patch to be simply a staring emblem of her own spiritual darkness ; and if she would only stop up the other eye, she would be a still better symbol of Popery, all black blind. Doubtless, her vow is, to wear the patch, till she can "convert" all the English ; and thus she may remind us of Sir Walter Manny, who with other young knights in the reign of Edward the Third, put a black patch over one eye, and made a vow not to take it off, till they had achieved some gallant exploit *against the French*. Thus, copying some of our old monocular Don Quixotes, this "French" female with the black patch is one of the English institutions of the place, and waylays all Cockneys, prowling as a

gratuitous Papist about the Grande Rue, bothering people to take one of her crosses or medals or "little books;" she speaks English, and is said to be herself a pervert to popery, and so she shows a renegade's usual black (patch) zeal: doubtless she will soon turn back again, and then perhaps she will just as much exemplify what Shakespeare (in "Midsummer Night's Dream") says, "Or as the heresies that men do leave Are hated most of those they did deceive." She might be enough undeceived, by the follies of her own little books, which were written for her by a tonsured man who left the popish priesthood to get married. The right way to cross the overtures of this black hen *Poly-phemus*, is, to have ready copied out for her the verse in the Gospel which speaks about hypocrites compassing sea and land to gain one proselyte, and then making him twofold more the child of hell than themselves.

It really would be only fair that some of the English should by their religious or other eccentricities, provide some compensatory recreation for the laughter-loving French, if there be any truth in the common tale of respectable French grocers and the like, who statedly complain that such and such a nominal Captain or Hon. Colonel (perhaps only a whiskered chemist) was supplied with goods for such a time; when suddenly, off he marches, with all his company, leaving neither money nor trace behind. And yet the French tradesmen make money, like Goldsmith's farmer Flamborough, and

prosper, in spite of all the clever and ruined Jenkinsons. As long as the English can pay, they are looked on with sweet indulgence, much as a man eyes his fattening *bull-calf*. The complaisance with which the rich English are treated, is shown (perhaps a little on the "glad to get rid of you" principle) even to the dead; for not only in Boulogne are the defunct English heretics allowed to be interred among the Gallican-Catholics, but also whereas the French rule is that a dead Frenchman must be buried within thirty-six hours after death, English corpses are permitted to be kept above ground for a week, or as long as the relatives may wish. Indeed, as Teddy would say, they are so glad to get "shut" of you on any terms, that when you are dead, you may live above ground as long as you like, nor need you be buried until you have a mind to.

One of the stalest tricks for chousing the French, is, for an Englishman, when cast or fined, to appeal to the superior court; and in the meantime, before the appeal can be tried, he gets clean off, to England or elsewhere, out of the French jurisdiction: with no other disadvantage except that he can never again revisit the French soil, even in Cochin China or Cayenne. One wonders that some detainer or caveat or "ne exeat regno" process, is not enforced against such will-o'-the-wisp appellants. Perhaps the "smartest" trick was that played by an English family who had lived in great style near Boulogne, and got deeply into debt; and then, on a Sunday night, they gave a grand ball, which was kept up

till one or two o'clock: and as soon as the guests were gone, the whole family walked quietly down to the London steamer, which was then starting, and so they got into their berths and bade good-night to their cares and their creditors.

By this time, Cyril had gone on through some funny back streets; and at length he got up to the *Jetée de l'Est*, and went on to his favorite place, the end of the pier.

The wind was now, and had been for some time, blowing quite a gale; this being in fact the same sudden storm in which (as we saw) our friend Teddy gave the aid of his nautical skill to the Boulogne fishermen. The sea was coming in, very rough; and the swell was rolled some way up into the harbour, between the two piers.

It was now just a quarter past eleven o'clock; and the early Folkestone packet was about starting, as the tide served. Cyril heard the shutting off the steam, and he saw the rapid vessel beginning to move towards him.

Before the steam-packet came on to the jaws of the sea, to meet the tempest, the passengers were evidently getting below to shield themselves in the cabin; since only a very few persons were on deck.

The steamer dashed down, very potently and proudly under Cyril, as from the pier he watched its onward rush.

What, however, was his consternation, his maddening amazement, when he, staring as if his eyes would burst out of their sockets, saw distinctly the

heads of Jessie and the maid Arabella, who were just descending into the cabin !

There was no doubt about its being Jessie ; Floss also, who was on his old place on the seat of the pier, saw her and barked furiously, in recognition, if not vexation, but he was not noticed. Yes, it *was* Jessie, with the maid helping her tenderly down to the cabin ; and close behind them, in course of sequence also to the cabin, was the aunt, who did not look up to where Cyril was, because she was looking after Jessie : yet the aunt's head was sufficiently turned, to let him see her aigrette on her brow, so that there was no mistake as to her identity : and there was the servant-man limping up, carrying cloaks and bags to be brought into the cabin.

The revulsion of seeing the ladies gone, gone for ever, was so terrible to Cyril, who had just been contemplating his calling on them, and seeing Jessie under hopeful auspices, at the very time ; he could have dashed into the sea, to swim after them, had there been any use in it.

Or, he could have shouted to them, but they would not have heard it ; nor would the steamer stop for anyone's roar : and at most, if noticed at all, he would be supposed to be merely some maniacal bidder of good-bye.

The whole thing seemed unreal ; it appeared so utterly unfounded, though he saw it, that the Jessie whom he loved, whom he had saved, whom he supposed to have begun to conceive an interest in him,

and whom he was now in a few minutes to have called upon and seen; should thus pass away from him, blankly, coldly, carelessly, as if his relations to her had been the merest cursory trifle, not worthy of continued thought. Cyril felt as if the powers of both body and of mind were paralyzed. He could only gaze at her departure, with mute dismay, and as if he were turned to stone.

CHAPTER XII.

LOST.

“ In peace, love tunes the shepherd’s reed,
In war, he mounts the warrior’s steed ;
In halls, in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets, dances on the green :
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above :
For, love is heaven, and heaven is love.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NEVER perhaps was a young man more deserving of being compassionated than was Cyril, when thus, at the identical time when he had hoped to have been ushered into the presence of his idolized Jessie, under circumstances peculiarly favorable to his most rapturous hopes ; he saw her borne forth bodily away from him, through a tempestuous sea, without any vestige of notice or regard being accorded to him. And thus the whole complexion of things amounted to a definite declaration on her part, that the last thing she personally desired, would be, to meet him, or to encourage him, or to let him cherish any expectation that she could ever favor his anticipated addresses.

Nevertheless, all sorts of desperate expedients presented themselves, almost allowably, to Cyril's agonized brain.

The idea even occurred to him, to rush off to the "authorities," and get the packet recalled. But how is he to do this? is he to accuse the steamer, or someone on board of it, some imaginary M. Melanippe or the like, of forging French banknotes, or of being concerned in a Meal-Tub plot, or anything, so as to get cannon fired, and imperial signals made, as if France's angry order "Come back," which the steamer's little bouncer of a captain would not dare to disobey, or slight, as when Nelson put his telescope to his blind eye?

But, even if he could get such influence evoked, to make the steamer return; what a strange predicament he would lapse into, himself, perhaps put into irons, as a reward for his nonsensical false criminations: and what would be his only veritable extenuation? merely that he wanted to bring back a vessel in which was a girl whom he doated on and who wanted to get away from him!

In this last broad and staring fact, was a consciousness which was stupefying to him. The pang was pitiless. The blow was desolating. When Homer wants to describe a man's being rendered almost torpid by rough usage, the bard of heroes uses the graphic Greek phrase, "*Estuphelixen*," to denote one's being staggered, stunned, and crushed. Cyril had little anticipated, when he had often read and admired the expressive term, that he himself

one day should give so sad an embodiment of the ruining in question. What came home now so clearly to him, was, the conviction, that like as Jessie had taken advantage of the crowd at the bridge, to avoid him, and get away from him; so also now she resorted to the final step of hastening even through a hurricane, and at an early hour, before he could call or be seen, yes, hurrying off, as if through fire and water, to leave him hopelessly behind.

And then he thought, how, so very lately, only twelve hours ago, her glowing arms had been pressed around his neck, amid the deadly dangers of the fire!

Must there not be some mistake? Full of this idea, he set out to run back to the packet wharf, prepared to charter out another steamer, if it cost him five hundred or five thousand pounds, so as to pursue the outgoing vessel, and ascertain the causes of Jessie's flight.

But he soon paused, and reverted to his previous position, staring after the careering vessel, as it went forth. For, he felt, even if he could come up with Jessie, what could he expect more than what had been dealt out to him already, namely, civility in his presence, and studied avoidance of him at the first practicable opportunity? This was something resident in Jessie's own sensations, which could not be altered by any chase, any enquiry, any pursuit. What would be the use of running on headlong, to gain another silent numbing repulse? The reason

of his getting such a moral "slap in the face," would (he argued) seem to be simply this, that the ladies could doubtless feel obliged to him for any services which chance enabled him to perform, just as they would say "Thank you" to a porter who recovered a reticule, or like as they would hand half-a-crown to some useful ragamuffin; thus, they could be under obligation, so far as this. But, once that the awful element, of LOVE for Jessie, entered into the field of consideration; then! every other thought must be merged, and the sole point for contemplation would be, How could he be best eliminated from their presence for ever?

Cyril even canvassed with himself the question, Was Jessie already engaged to some one else?

But he instantly answered this in the negative; for, there was something about her, in every movement, and in her whole air and manner, which so eloquently told of a mind purely virgin and intact, indicating such simple maidenhood, that he felt convinced there was *not* in her case even any State alliance, where she would be the victim of some loveless family compact: and he also felt instinctively certain, that her heart had been quite free, not even solicited by anyone hitherto: *his* love was the first love she ever had come near. His dismissal by such an unshackled heart seemed to him more formidable and decisive, than even a prior engagement would have been. What could he possibly do, in the case of the young maiden's unsympathizing spirit, now that he had incautiously

made known to her his love, and when she only spurned his soft advances, with terror and distaste? It would be as if he sought to draw an oil painting on a sheet of tissue paper; the material itself antecedently repudiated the attempt. How could he essay to sketch love lines on Jessie's youthful unripened, renunciatory texture? He could not any more come into her presence as a mere friend; he was an understood lover: and as a lover, he was not to be for one moment received. Such an impediment would be more insuperable than any barrier, more inflexible than bars of iron, and more exiling than any set formula of rejection.

These would be the views of both ladies. Doubtless (added he, to himself), some "gratitude" was felt for his saving Jessie from the flames; and even tears might be kindly shed for him, in pity for what he must feel: but, the imperative duty, not to mislead him, not to foster the remotest idea of love, would be superior to every other motive: and thus the decree *Begone!* was as stringent against him, as if he had done deeds worthy of indignant detestation.

Cyril, in his agony of mind, tore his hand out of the sling, as if he were going to wave his arm, or else to dash his hair aside, (if not to pluck his hair out), only for the bandage on the hand; and at once, as it were how burningly, did that hand again remind him of *her!*

Nevertheless, it shows that Cyril was a true lover, inasmuch as, amid his torturing throes of

heart, his breast never for one moment formed against Jessie the accusation of ingratitude, nor of anything else that was evil or unkind. It was as if part of his nature, not to blame her; he *must* think well of her, whatever she might do towards him, and however harshly she might seem to use him. Indeed, he, suffering as he did in soul, had even an undefined consciousness that her conduct was noble; she treated him perhaps with Spartan firmness, severe, no doubt: still, she was influenced by a lucid view of what would even be deemed the best for his own peace.

At such a time, amid anguish and disaster, felt to be of the vastest proportions, it is a singular faculty of the human mind that it will sometimes turn, and range low, like birds in a storm, noting little incidents, and fretting over minor features of the misery. Thus it was an additional pain to Cyril, that the ladies did not even look up to that end of the pier where he and they had seen each other first. In this however his sorrow was too exacting. He might perhaps have actually interpreted the event the other way. Had he, instead of now despairing, been on the look-out for sanguine hopes, he might even have imagined that the ladies *had* lingered (as he saw them) longer than others, in order to have a last look for him along the shore in general, but were forbidden to look any more, by the exigencies of the tempest.

The fact is, when the wind sets in on the Boulogne beach, the sea at the entrance of the harbour is

more rough than at any other part of the passage, because of the turbulent ground-swell, which would not be much to a frigate or a 'Great Eastern,' but is enough to make a small despatch-boat bounce about at a great rate. Indeed, if we take into account the proportion between such a little vessel and the great one, we may justly assert that the little bark is tossed more than the great ship ever is in the ocean; and thus those who go in small ships through rough cross seas, know really more of what "pitch and toss" is, than the stately admirals of any imperial marine.

Therefore as to those who knew how "rough and tumble" is the beginning of such a passage, and who saw such distinguished-looking ladies waiting to fall helplessly foul of the place, where, in a few more revolutions of the paddles, the steamer would leave the still water and suddenly plunge into the tumult of billows; such people as the steward and others would naturally urge the ladies not to stay where, amid all the rocking and rolling and pitching, their tender forms might be frightfully bandied and banged about. The right course would be, to hurry them, and almost bundle them, down to the cabin and into their berths, before the steamer came to *leap* into the surges.

So, Cyril's seeing them at all, might show, they *had* been lingering, almost too long, as if they had wished for a last look; nor would they, from the water, think to stare particularly at the *end* of the pier they were passing.

As Cyril gazed, after the ladies and all had descended, he saw the vessel pass forth from the serener waters, into the furious swell of which we speak, where it swayed and gurgled and perked about, but still went lithely on.

The cauldron of the waves, so raging and incoherent, now seemed no inapt image of his whirlwind-tost and agitated soul.

In a very short time, amid the mist and spray, the steamer looked like a phantom, about to vanish from sight. Cyril thought, "Thus is it that Jessie wishes to fade from my view; my love for her being my condemnation, so that she thinks the sharpest course is the most appropriate, because 'the otherwise incurable wound is to be cut out with the steel.'"

The same tendency of a great grief, which drive, its victim to inspect small accompanying troubles, led Cyril to remark fixedly (though without much noting) a large fishing-boat, which now came on quickly with the wind astern, and seemed glad to glide into the still harbour. The boat had several fishermen and rough sailors on board, and among them was a gentlemanly-looking person, who was then divesting himself of some lent pilot-coating and a sou'-wester, and to whom his hat was handed up with a good deal of respect. There was something singular in both the person and the place; the individual in fact was Teddy, but Cyril did not recognize him, and looked away to the steamer, which now seemed quite buried in the haze.

To ease his mind, Cyril felt he must go off and make enquiries.

He went first to the hotel where the fire had occurred. The fire (as he had heard someone say last night) had been got under, the Boulogne fire brigade being very effective. The mischief had been chiefly confined to the stairs and passages, down which it was thought some inflammable fluids had been poured; but only two rooms had been burned out, and these two seemed to have been the two whose doors he had opened, namely, Jessie's room, and the chamber he had first entered.

Cyril had supposed he had only to enquire, to know all he wanted, at the hotel.

But, on his trying to discover some particulars, he soon saw, nothing was known about the ladies. He did not know their name, and even when he mentioned the "lady who was saved from the burnt room, and the other lady with the aigrette," no one seemed to understand who was meant. Getting excited and vexed, he described one lady rather "older than the other, and the younger one unusually beautiful"; but this only appeared to provoke a smile at his expense, and with a lover's usual sensitiveness he fancied he should soon have the tragedy of the "Mistletoe Bough" accommodated to his case, and that both now, and till he got greyheaded, people would point at him, and say, "See, the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

Determining however not to be baulked, he set about discovering all he could; but he soon found

that all persons and things about the hotel were in complete confusion. Getting hold of one consequential-looking person connected with the hotel, he described the ladies; whereon he was solemnly assured that "they came in only yesterday at mid-day from Paris."

Cyril knew this to be untrue, as he himself had met them previously; perhaps indeed the man meant somebody else who had thus come in, and whose name he knew no more than did he (as he confessed) know our ladies' names: nevertheless he had such a swaggering air of being certain as to their identity, that Cyril had to rebuke the man for his presumption, whereon he grew rather insolent: and all this rather impeded Cyril's search. The fact seemed really to be, that at such houses, large and small, so many persons of all sorts came to stop for periods long and short, nobody took much notice of any customers, save those who had been some little time in the establishment. Any new comers might easily be overlooked or unknown, especially if they preferred, as many do, to be incog., and only used a fictitious name.

If indeed Cyril had thought (which he did not) about mentioning the man-servant, it is very possible he would have electrified the people into recognition of the ladies at once; since one's groom or valet in France is often more deferred to, than Milord himself: it is the fact that a regular tip-topping six-footer of a flunkey, in all the full bloom of his regimental livery, is looked on with awe and

admiration, being in literal truth much handsomer than any French officers. So this is a fair return for the fact that the Anglophobic French dukes make their footmen wear cocked-hats, with the cock's-feather bunch of white plumes, exactly like our field-officers'; and this is, no doubt, done by the dukes on purpose! In the French "*Charivari*," and in the "*Petit Journal Pour Rire*" by Nadar, which are very poor and witless in comparison with our "*Punch*" and "*Fun*," it is a standing quiz to make the French sentinel salute the British footman, as if the knee-plush-ultra lackey was a general officer in all his glory.

Searching among the people of the hotel, who seemed all of a fluster, Cyril got hold of another person who seemed a little more veracious and reliable than the "Paris" fellow. This *garçon* rejoiced in the name of Antoine, and he seemed to recognize Cyril's description of the ladies; but he, fairly enough, premised, that there had been so many persons coming and going, it was quite possible he was leading him to mere "cross-purposes." Still, Antoine said, if not mistaken as to their identity, he felt sure the ladies about whom Cyril enquired, had entered the hotel only yesterday. And then Cyril remembered what had struck him in Jessie's room, that all looked as if they had just moved in. His informant added, that while thus what the other man had stated, that they had only just arrived, was so far quite correct; the mistake was, in saying they had come from Paris. "Now," says Antoine, "I hap-

pened to be by, when they first came; and I heard the taller lady mention to the proprietor, that they had moved from some 'other house' in the town' (*en ville*.) "But," says Cyril, "did you not hear their name announced?" "If I did," says Antoine, "I have now lost all memory of it."

"Did you then observe whether it was some other hotel, they were said to have come from?"

Antoine had no idea whatsoever, except that he should suppose the phrase "other house" would imply, not an actual hotel, but a lodging-house. Cyril however judged for himself that if perhaps the word "house" expressed this, nevertheless the word "other" would rather tend to show some other hotel was meant. At least the question was thrown open as wide as all the hotels and lodging-houses of Boulogne, which is almost as much as saying, every house in the place! "But, my good Antoine, did you notice whether they came in a conveyance?"

"That is what I cannot say, sir; being indoors at the time, I did not observe this: but I could fancy that they had walked, which would not be unlikely, if they had only moved from a few streets off, or even from the upper town."

"Surely you have some idea who brought their luggage?"

"No, indeed, sir; I am sorry to say I have not: whatever porters may have been employed, they were not any of the people connected with our hotel: they must have been some persons of their own, or engaged by them."

"But," said Cyril, eagerly, "as to those men, you would know them again if you saw them?"

To which Antoine makes the hopeless response, "I could not, sir; I did not think of noticing them, nor even whether there was more than one: not supposing there was any speciality in the matter."

"So, you have no conception what part of the town they came from; nor can you throw any light on who the ladies were, or why they left their previous abode, or anything at all about them?"

Saying this, Cyril took out a gold twenty-franc piece, and also a gold five-franc piece, and kept fingering the coins in his hands, as if he were considering which of the two, the smaller or the greater, he would give to the man he was interrogating.

Under the high pressure of this seductive influence, Antoine's recollections seemed to become illuminated, and he cried out with a superb grimace, "O, I now remember, that when the lady" (the aunt) "arrived, and made that remark about having moved from some other house in the town, she said at the same time, that she 'probably was only to stay for a day or two,' but that she had been 'so unfairly used and imposed on, where she had been, she would not remain there one hour more, however brief her stay in the town might be.'"

This last item of testimony struck Cyril as possessing some verisimilitude; indeed it sounded very explanatory. Inspired by the feeling that Antoine was both communicative and truthful, Cyril said, "Can you not now think what the lady's name was?"

"No, sir."

And then, rather heedlessly, but more as if talking to himself, Cyril asked, "Was it Edwards?"

To which Antoine, with theatrically assumed triumph, replied, "O, yes, sir; *that* was it!"

Cyril at once felt that this was untrue, and that the man could not resist the lust for ornamentation and fibbing, which is the badge of all his tribe. Cyril saw that he could get no more genuine information out of the man, and that any imaginable clue to the lady's name was now irrecoverably swamped out of the man's memory, and totally expunged by the unlucky suggestion, "Edwards." Still, as it was through Antoine that Cyril had got hold of the only little "needle" he had been able to find among the "bundle of straw," Cyril gave him as his gift the larger coin, which perhaps was an incautious act, since it might have made him invent all sorts of extra tales; however, as it was, all the effect of the donation on Antoine was to extract from him sundry elegant genuflexions, and to make his eyes glisten and his beard waggle with sincere and unalloyed delight.

The other information which Cyril picked up from one and another, was to the effect that all the thorough confusion which reigned in the hotel was caused by the circumstance that immediately after the fire had been extinguished, the master of the hotel was accused of having himself originated the abortive conflagration, in order to reap some great benefit from the insurances. And certainly,

as the story went, there were some strange arrangements of strong-smelling paraffin and turpentine and other combustibles discovered, more than enough suspicious in appearance to favor the ugly rumor. Whether or no the master of the hotel had been so iniquitous, was not known; but either through conscious guilt, or mere fear, or prudence, he had at once fled, and had got clear off, with all his money, books, papers, and so forth. Hence, all order and authority having collapsed, there was a general scatteration of the people of the house; and those who remained after the scramble, were either too alarmed, or too selfish, or perhaps too justifiably anxious about their own interests and prospects, to pay much attention to other people's concerns, and least of all to a young man's longings after nameless ladies who had *gone away*.

The master of the house who had thus decamped, nobody knew whither, was the only individual who could have thrown any positive light on any recondite particulars or fresh names, of new and strange or forgotten people. The man had been very active, and the soul of all in the house; he was his own plenipotentiary, his own factotum, his own All everywhere and everything, and especially his own bookkeeper: nobody on the premises was supposed really to know anything, except himself. We all are aware how when such a mental Argus and Hercules of business, is suddenly removed or laid aside, by death, insanity, paralysis, or otherwise, everybody seems ignorant of everything, and

nobody "knows nothing," as if the only intellectual timepiece of the place had stopped, leaving the residue of people as if all a mere lot of gaping idiots, blank, shiftless, and aghast. The man in question was believed to carry his money, in large amount, always about his person; and his registers and accounts, which he kept himself, were neat and compact, and always in apple-pie order. However, he was gone; and the books were gone too, either destroyed or taken with him.

Here then, Cyril, who had made no researches before, was at once brought to a full stop, when he began to try to discover who the ladies were. It was evident to him, that, in the hotel, out of which they had been driven by the fire, no one now could be produced who knew anything more concerning the ladies, either as regards their name, or where they came from. After he had digested the matter well, he felt, it *was* a true item, that they had moved in, only yesterday, from some other location in the town. Probably their removal had taken place, after he had lost sight of them at the bridge; and so they had been busy about it, during some of the time that he had been fruitlessly looking for them: and the consequent weariness or "bother" had kept them at home all the rest of the afternoon, so that he did not see them.

"Yes," said he, "this fact is the only one I have, that they moved yesterday to the hotel. And what can I make of this? How can I trace them? Shall I go round to all the multitudes of hotels

and lodging-houses in Boulogne and the vicinity, to enquire whether ladies have lately been living there, whose names I do not know?"

It struck Cyril that the most probable result would be, for him at best to stumble on some "party" a little *like* those for whom he was searching, and not the same; and so he should merely be led away on no end of false scents. Besides, if they had departed from their previous residence because of some extortion and a quarrel, the conscious culprit of a landlady would be sure not to volunteer to him, a stranger, any information, whatsoever. And yet, Cyril thought, something might be done, in that very way, afterwards; for, between bribing and wheedling and threatening, he might guide himself to the right clue: nor should he think any toil too great, if he could only compass his object, and he would address himself to it, whether successful or not.

Now however there are researches, which must at least be prosecuted first. Of course the earliest field for investigation must be at the house to which he himself had carried Jessie. He easily found it; but the circumstances were equally unenlightening. It seems, the owner, or rather the tenant, a drunken Englishman, had got into pecuniary difficulties, and his "effects" were to be "submitted to the hammer" on the very next day after the fire. Though this disaster of being sold-up, was impending over him, still his old touter, a man whom he had fee'd for each person enticed to the place, sought for victims

to the last; this was either from habit, or from his wanting some grist, and being low in cash: so he had made out, to the aunt, that a house "so near" was the best: and she in her distress said "Yes," without thinking. But the drunken master was impudent to the ladies, and he used the last remnants of his authority to tell them, as if to indulge his satanic spitefulness, that he "did not want them, and that they must pack out;" with other insolence: for which the man-servant knocked him down handsomely. And then, the place being unbearable, permission was obtained (probably by a large *douceur*) from some of the packet people, to let the ladies move at once into the steamer which was to start at eleven next morning. Accordingly the ladies went straight from the abominable house, to the vessel, about one o'clock at night, and slept comfortably on board. Hence, at the house, there was no one who knew their name, nor was there anybody who cared about aught but self; sauce and sale reigned supreme: nor would any message have been left for him by the ladies, at such an execrable abode.

Thus there had been enough cause for the ladies to move out as expeditiously as they did, because of the tenemental discomforts; even though they might not be afraid of their baggage being seized, in such a den of the spoilers. For, among the few things (!) of which I am ignorant, one is, whether the same vile rule is in force, in France or anywhere else, which is one of the many disgraces of the giant system of injustice called English "law," allowing a

landlord, who comes down upon a lodging-house keeper for rent, to impound the lodgers' trunks and plate; a more cruel piece of "feudal" robbery and oppression cannot be conceived. It is, also, I confess, one among my very few (!) obliquities, to avoid all attorneys and conveyancers and proctors and lawyers of all sorts and sizes; hence I have never cultivated the acquaintance of foreign notaries or "continental jurists," any more than of home solicitors, or counsellors or barristers [except one], or sergeants or judges, in silk or stuff, in ermine or not, in coifs or horsehair, and with or without wigs: I have the bad taste to loathe the fraternity, as the hired harpies of injustice. There really is nothing which a vicious person with the command of money, may not do against another person however innocent, by taking advantage of the machinery of "law." Such is law. Thus I stand aloof from lawyers. Therefore I am under the merited disadvantage of not being able to ask or say whether the French landlord could have grabbed the ladies' luggage; probably he could not: since, surely, such cruelty must belong alone to English jurisprudence, where there is law without equity, and equity without justice, and where the only principle is, to plunder right and left, *6s. 8d.* for ever!

Still, even if it was not feared that the French landlord could swoop on the goods of unoffending lodgers; there were abundant reasons for the ladies flitting into the steamer, and going at once, as they meant to go.

Cyril looked about for the touter fellow, whom he had seen last night, but of whom he had a very imperfect remembrance; him however he could see nothing of: yet Cyril felt he must catch the rascal somehow or other, all in good time, in order to try to extract some information out of him.

Although he felt it was useless to see the drunken master, who of course knew nothing; still, to satisfy his own feeling of making every quest, Cyril discovered him by dint of searching. He was drinking in another house, and his beauty was not enhanced by a black eye; Cyril tried to conciliate him, but when he asked him if he knew who the ladies were who stopped so short a time, the wretch flew in a rage, and with disgusting oaths bellowed, "I don't know, curse you, you beggar!" and so on.

Cyril was of course not in the least angered at such a creature's vituperation; he chiefly had a sickening sensation how sad it is that so many specimens of our countrymen in all parts of the world are no better than this sottish and cursing scamp. Cyril felt much as one may do in reading Byron's ghastly joke, when he says the Thames has quite a Niagara roar of rushing water, only you cannot hear it, because the din of the river is lost in the millions of Goddams, which are uttered by the Londoners on both banks! A joke of this sort is only worthy to be among the pleasantries of such a nice pair as Milton's Sin and Death; and a companion jest, to make them grin horrible a ghastly smile, might be Sydney Smith's description of a

day being so hot that he should like to sit in his bones. Such jests are no more amusing than an inebriated scoundrel's maledictions; they make one almost ashamed of one's species.

Such beings as this drunken man, who are always taking God's name in vain, seem almost the only people on earth who do not believe in a God. Even the Australian and Tasmanian aborigines have some notion of a deity. I observe also in Townsend's "Sporting Excursions in the Rocky Mountains and to the Columbia River" (1840), it is stated, "In this, as in almost every house, there is a large figure, or idol, rudely carved and painted upon a board, and occupying a conspicuous place. To this figure many of the Indians ascribe supernatural powers; (a native) says, that if he is in any danger, and particularly if he is under the influence of an evil spell, he has only to place himself against the image, and the difficulty of whatever kind vanishes at once. This certainly savors of idolatry, although I believe they never address the uncouth figure as a deity. Like all other Indians, they acknowledge a great and invisible Spirit, who governs and controls, and to whom all adoration is due." Surely, such poor savages, amid all their disadvantages, are more enlightened than the atheistic "Christian" Englishman, who goes to another land, to drink and to sot, to swear and to rot, and to curse God and die.

But to return to Jessie! it would not be easy to depict how varied were the emotions which had pervaded her gentle breast, since the time when

Cyril had given her, out of his arms, into the hands of her agitated friends, while she herself was sobbing too acutely to speak. When she grew more composed, her regret was that he was gone, rather than that she had not somehow suitably thanked the dear and "gallant friend" who had saved her life. And her fond remembrance of him was even heightened by the small but gratifying circumstance of all her clothes and trinkets being safe, in the tied-up shawl; yes, all of them, with her shoes, her gloves, and her own darling little church-service, which she had possessed from a child.

"How kind and wise of him, at such a time, to think of such a thing, *for me!*" this was the dulcet thought that gushed through her tender heart.

Short however was the season of repose she had at the disgraceful Englishman's house; and instead of going to rest, she had to dress and hurry across to the steam-packet, through the deep midnight, the wind now becoming boisterous, and ominous of a rough sea on the morrow. She *must* nevertheless go on that to-morrow morning, to England, however turbulent the weather might be; because, there was an imperative summons for them to "come, without a moment's delay!" and the only fear was whether they might not be already too late, in a matter which was serious and urgent enough to be equal to one "of life and death."

And, in such a precipitate departure, Jessie feared much whether she might not miss him whom she loved. She was at first aghast at the probability of

this ! But then she soon felt certain, with a rapturous consciousness, that he loved her ; and therefore she assured herself that his love for her would make him seek her, yes, early, and surely find her. So, she must think of every expedient, every precaution, to obviate if possible the dreaded mischance.

There was in our sweet little Jessie a thoughtfulness or wisdom beyond her years. Her attributes were, taste, order, neatness, and regularity ; and in some respects she was as methodical “as an old maid :” though indeed I doubt the aptness of the common simile, since old bachelors and *literary* old maids are more often *littery* and untidy than natty or precise.

But Jessie’s most gracious characteristic was, her gentleness, her disregard of self, her ingenuous regard for others. This endeared her to everyone she met, and attached all hearts to her, not only in the case of old family retainers, but also of the servants where she might chance to lodge, or the stewardess of a packet in which she might happen to sail, even when it was unknown who she was. The eye could not see her, without blessing her. No one, however humble, could come near her, and gain any insight into what she was, *herself*, without being charmed and chained by her winning ways. Like as she was constantly singing, and trilling some graceful air ; so also there seemed to be a bright hymn of cheerfulness and joy, which radiated from her, to all hearts around : rich with contentedness and bliss and love.

When thus there is love in the heart, and love in the life, this "love" is an actual wellspring of delights, not only to the loving one, but also to all who are within reach. What scene, short (if short?) of the very angels of Heaven, can equal the beauty and attractiveness of such a young Christian girl, artless and amiable, graceful and genial, the triumph of LOVE, yes, loving and beloved!

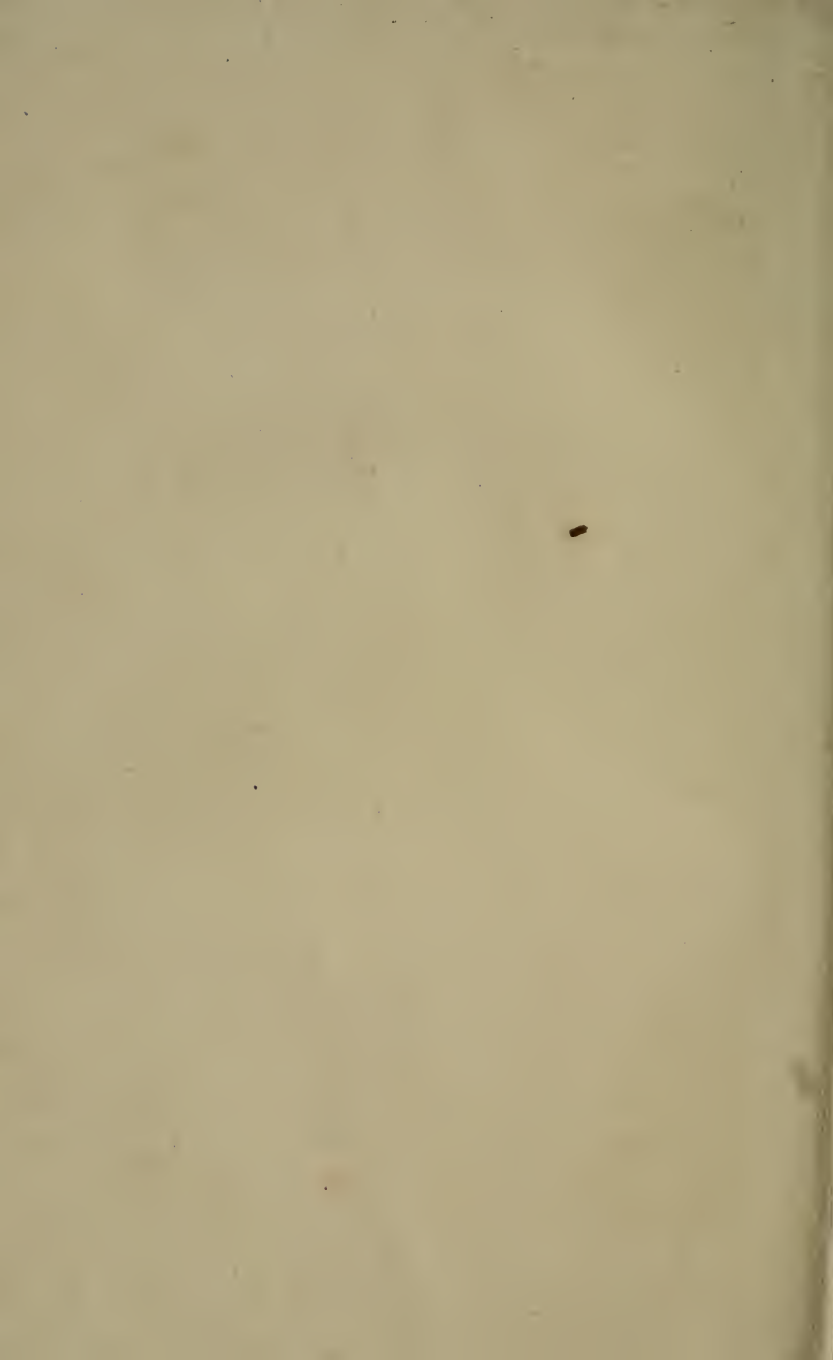
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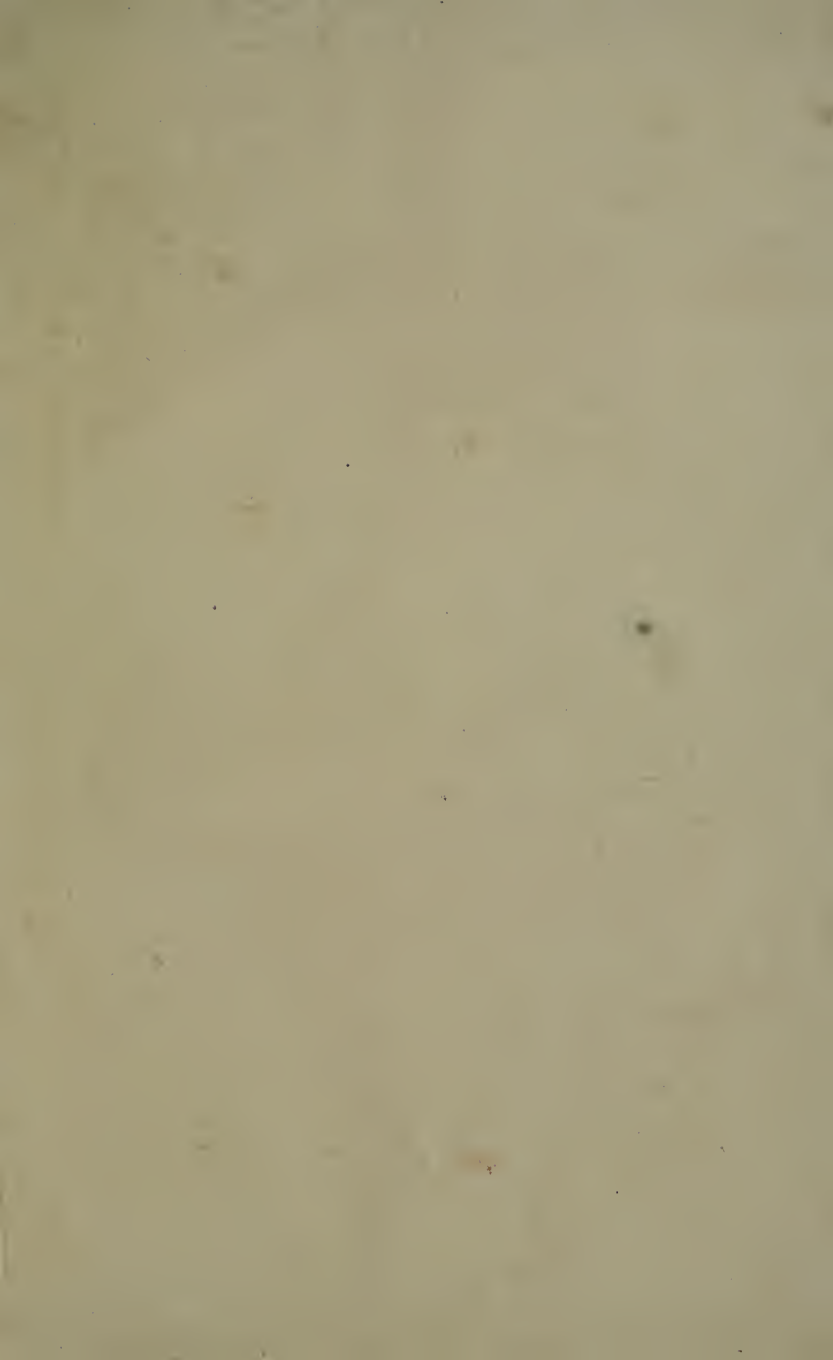


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